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America for God

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Vol. I. God Everywhere.
II. America for God.
III. The Gospel of Health, and other Sermons.
IV. Divine Satire, and other Sermons.
V. Gates of Carbuncle, and other Sermons.
VI. The Ten Plagues of Our Time.
VII. The Christ-Land, and other Sermons.
VIII. Wedding Bells, and other Sermons.
IX. Gospel of the Pyramids, and other Sermons.
X. The Song of the Drunkards, and other Sermons.
XI. Dominion of Fashion, and other Sermons.
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XIII. Recognition of Friends in Heaven, and other Sermons.
XIV. The Sun-Dial of Ahaz, and other Sermons.
XV. The Ivory Palaces, and other Sermons.
XVI. Far Lands, and other Sermons.
XVII. Literature of the Dust, and other Sermons.
XVIII. Angelology, and other Sermons.
XIX. A Passion for Souls, and other Sermons.
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For a Comprehensive General Index to the entire work see Volume Twenty, the last of the series

For Contents of the Twenty Volumes, see advertisement at the end of this volume

500 Selected.. Sermons

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In Twenty Volumes

Vol. 2

The Christian Herald
Louis Klopsch, Proprietor
Bible House—A. D. 1900—New York

PREFACE*

In opening the front door of these twenty volumes—containing over five hundred sermons which were selected from thousands of sermons, first with reference to usefulness, and next with reference to variety—an explanatory statement is appropriate.

Many of these sermons were preached during my pastorates in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Washington, and others in Europe and Asia and the Islands of the Sea. Chronological order has not been observed. Some of them were delivered thirty years apart, a fact that will account for certain dates and allusions. Some reference in almost every discourse will indicate the approximate time of its delivery. The publication of these volumes is partly induced by the kindness with which my previous books have been received by the press here and abroad. I am more indebted than any other man to the newspaper fraternity for the facilities they have given me for preaching the Gospel for over thirty years, without the exception of a single week, in almost every neighborhood of Christendom and in "the regions beyond"; and I gladly avail myself of every opportunity for thanking them and I thank them now.

Of the more than fifty different books published under my name in this country and in other lands, the large majority were not authorized by me for publication, and were pirated. I knew nothing of them until I saw them advertised. I have personally corrected the proofs for these twenty volumes, and their publication is hereby sanctioned. If they shall alleviate the fatigue of some travelers on the rough road of this life, and help some to find the way to the sinless and tearless Capital, whose twelve gates stand wide open, my prayer will be answered.

T. De Witt Talmage

(*Reprinted from Volume I.)

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AMERICA FOR GOD

Rev., 13: 11: "And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb and he spake as a dragon."

Is America mentioned in the Bible? Learned and consecrated men, who have studied the inspired books of Daniel and Revelation more than I have, and understand them better, agree in saying that the leopard mentioned in the Bible meant Grecia, and the bear meant Medo-Persia, and the lion meant Babylon, and the beast of the text coming up out of the earth with two horns like a lamb, and the voice of a dragon means our country; because, among other reasons, it seemed to come up out of the earth when Columbus discovered it, and it has been for the most part at peace, like a lamb, unless assaulted by foreign foe, in which case it has had two horns strong and sharp, and the voice of a dragon loud enough to make all nations hear the roar of its indignation. Is it reasonable to suppose that God would leave out from the prophecies of his Book this whole Western Hemisphere? No, no! "I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon." Germany for scholarship. England for manufactories. France for manners. Egypt for antiquities. Italy for pictures. But America for God!

I start with the cheering thought that the most popular book on earth to-day is the Bible, the most popular institution on earth to-day is the church, and the most popular name on earth to-day is Jesus. From

this audience hundreds of men and women would, if need be, march out and die for him. Am I too confident in saying "America for God?" If the Lord will help me I will show the strength and extent of the long line of fortresses to be taken, and give you my reasons for saying it can be done and will be done. Let us decide, in this battle for God, whether we are at Bull Run or at Gettysburg. There is a Fourth of Julyish way of bragging about this country, and the most tired and plucked bird that ever flew through the heavens is the American eagle; so much so that Mr. Gladstone said to me facetiously, at Hawarden: "I hear that the fish in your American lakes are so large that, when one of them is taken out, the entire lake is perceptibly lowered;" and at a dinner given in Paris an American offered for a sentiment: "Here is to the United States—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment." The effect of such grandiloquence is to discredit the real facts which are so tremendous they need no garnishing. The worst thing to do in any campaign, military or religious, is to underestimate an enemy, and I will have no part in such attempt at belittlement. Indeed, the obstacles in the way are so multitudinous and vast that were it not for promised supernatural aid we would now surrender.

This land to be taken for God, according to Hassel, the statistician, has fourteen million two hundred and nineteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven square miles, a width and a length that none but the Omniscient can appreciate. Four Europes put together and capable of holding and feeding, as it will hold and feed, according to Atkinson, the statistician, if the world continues in existence and does not run

afoul of some other world or get consumed by the fires already burning in the cellars of the planet—capable, I say, of holding and feeding more than one billion of inhabitants. For you must remember it must be held for God as well as taken for God, and the last five hundred million inhabitants must not be allowed to swamp the religion of the first five hundred million. Not much use in taking the fortress if we cannot hold it. It must be held until the Archangel's trumpet bids living and dead arise from this foundering planet.

You must remember it is only about seven o'clock in the morning of our nation's life. Great cities are to flash and roar among what are called the "Bad Lands" of the Dakotas and the great "Columbia Plains" of Washington State, and that on which we put our schoolboy fingers on the map and spelled out as the "Great American Desert," is, through systematic and consummating irrigation, to bloom like Chatsworth Park and be made more productive than those regions dependent upon uncertain and spasmodic rainfall. All those regions, as well as these regions already cultivated, to be inhabited! That was a sublime thing said by Henry Clay, while crossing the Alleghany Mountains, and he was waiting for the stage horses to be rested, as he stood on a rock, arms folded, looking off into the valley, and some one said to him: "Mr. Clay, what are you thinking about?" He replied, "I am listening to the on-coming tramp of the future generations of America." Have you laid your home missionary scheme on such an infinitude of scale? If the work of bringing one soul to God is so great, can a thousand million be captured? In this country, already planted and to be overcome, Paganism has built its altar to Brahma, and the Chinese are already burning incense in their temples, and Mohammedan-

ism, drunk with the red wine of human blood in Armenia, is trying to get a foothold here, and from the minarets of her mosques will yet mumble her blasphemies, saying, "Allah is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Then there are the vaster multitudes with no religion at all. They worship no God, they live with no consolation, and they die with no hope. No star of peace points down to the manger in which they are born, and no prayer is uttered over the grave into which they sink. Then there is Alcoholism, its piled-up demijohns and beer barrels, and hogsheads of fiery death, a barricade high and long as the Alleghanies and Rockies and Sierra Nevadas, pouring forth day and night their ammunition of wretchedness and woe. When a German wants to take a drink he takes beer. When an Englishman wants to take a drink he takes ale. When a Scotchman wants to take a drink he takes whisky. But when an American wants to take a drink he takes anything he can lay his hands on.

Plenty of statistics to tell how much money is spent in this country for rum, and how many drunkards die, but who will give us the statistics of how many hearts are crushed under the heel of this worst demon of the centuries? How many hopes blasted? How many children turned out on the world, accursed with the stigma of a debauched ancestry? Until the worm of the distillery becomes the worm that never dies, and the smoke of the heated wine vats becomes the smoke of the torment that ascendeth up forever and ever, Alcoholism, swearing—not with hand uplifted toward heaven, for from that direction it can get no help, but with right hand stretched down toward perdition from which it came up—swearing that it will not cease as long as there are any homesteads to despoil, any magnificent men and women to de-

stroy, any immortal souls to damn, any more nations to balk, any more civilizations to extinguish.

Then there is what in America we call Anarchism, in France Communism, and in Russia Nihilism—the three names for one and the same thing—and having but two doctrines in its creed: first, there is no God; second, there shall be no rights of property. One of their chief journals printed this sentiment: "Dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists, as well as out of hogs." One of the leaders of Communism left inscribed on his prison wall, where he had been justly incarcerated, these words: "When once you are dead, there is an end of everything; therefore, ye scoundrels, grab whatever you can—only don't let yourselves be grabbed. Amen!" There are in this country hundreds of thousands of these lazy scoundrels. Honest men deplore it when they cannot get work, but those of whom I speak will not do work when they can get it. I tried to employ one who asked me for money. I said, "Down in my cellar I have some wood to saw, and I will pay you for it." For a little while I heard the saw going, and then I heard it no more. I went downstairs and found the wood, but the workman had disappeared, taking for company both buck and saw. Anarchism, Communism and Nihilism mean, "Too wicked to acknowledge God, and too lazy to earn a living," and among the mightiest obstacles to be overcome are those organized elements of domestic, social, and political ruin.

There also are the fastnesses of infidelity and atheism and fraud and political corruption and multiform, hydra-headed, million-armed abominations all over the land. While the mightiest agencies for righteousness on earth are good and healthful newspapers and good and healthful books, and our chief

dependence for intelligence and Christian achievement is upon them, what word among the more than one hundred thousand words in our vocabulary can describe the work of that archangel of mischief, a corrupt literature? What man, attempting anything for God and humanity, has escaped a stroke of its filthy wing? What good cause has escaped its hinderment? What other obstacle in all the land so appalling? But I cannot name more than one-half the battlements, the bastions, the intrenchments, the redoubts, the fortifications to be stormed and overcome if this country is ever taken for God. The statistics are so awful that if we had nothing but the multiplication table and the arithmetic, the attempt to evangelize America would be an absurdity higher than the Tower of Babel before it dropped on the plain of Shinar.

Where are the drilled troops to march against those fortifications as long as the continent? Where are the batteries that can be unlimbered against these walls? Where are the guns of large enough calibre to storm these gates? Well, let us look around and see, first of all, who is our Leader and will be our Leader until the work is done. Garibaldi, with a thousand Italians, could do more than another commander with ten thousand Italians. General Sherman, on one side, and Stonewall Jackson on the other, each with ten thousand troops, could do more than some other generals with twenty thousand troops apiece. The rough boat in which Washington crossed the icy Delaware with a few half-frozen troops was mightier than the ship of war that, during the American Revolution came through the Narrows, a gun at each porthole, and sunk in Hell Gate.

Our Leader, like most great leaders, was born in an obscure place, and it was a humble home, about five miles from Jerusalem. Those who were out of

doors that night said that there was stellar commotion, and music that came out of the clouds, as though the front door of heaven had been set open, and that the camels heard his first infantile cry. Then he came to the fairest boyhood that mother was ever proud of, and from twelve to thirty years of age was off in India (if traditions there are accurate) and then returned to his native land, and for three years had his pathway surrounded by blind eyes that he illumined, and epileptic patients to whom he gave rubicund health, and tongues that he loosed from silence into song, and those whose funerals he stopped that he might give back to bereaved mothers their only boys, and those whose fevered pulses he had restored into rhythmic throb, and whose paralytic limbs he had warmed into healthful circulation—pastor at Capernaum, but flaming evangelist everywhere, hushing crying tempests and turning rolling seas into solid sapphire, and, for the rescue of a race, submitted to court-room filled with howling miscreants, and to a martydom at the sight of which the sun fainted and fell back in the heavens, and then treading the clouds homeward, like snowy mountain-peaks, till heaven took him back again, more a favorite than he had ever been. But, coming again, he is on earth now, and the nations are gathering to his standard. Following him were the Scotch covenanters, the Theban legion, the victims of the London Haymarket, the Piedmontese sufferers, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Huguenots, and uncounted multitudes of the past, joined by about four hundred millions of the present, and with the certainty that all nations shall huzzah at his chariot-wheel, he goes forth, the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara—the Mighty Leader, he of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge and Bannockburn, and the One who whelmed Spanish Armada, "Coming up from Edom,

with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save," and behind whom we fall into line to-day and march in the campaign that is to take America for God. Hosanna! Hosanna! Wave all the palm branches! At his feet put down your silver and your gold, as in heaven you will cast before him your coronets.

With such a Leader do you not think we can do it? Say, do you think we can? Why, many ramparts have already been taken. Where is American slavery? Gone, and the South, as heartily as the North, prays "Peace to its ashes." Where is bestial polygamy? Gone, by the fiat of the United States Government, urged on by Christian sentiment; and Mormonism, having retreated in 1830 from Fayette, New York, to Kirkland, Ohio, and in 1838 retreated to Missouri, and in 1846 retreated to Salt Lake City, now divorced from its superfluity of wives, will soon retreat into the Pacific, and no basin smaller than an ocean could wash out its pollutions. Its recent attempt to invade Congress aroused the resentment of that body and the indignation of the whole country. Illiteracy going down under the work of Slater and Peabody funds, and the Sabbath-schools of all the churches of all denominations! Corruption at the ballot-box, by law of registration and other safeguards, made almost impossible! Churches twice as large as the old ones, the enlarged supply to meet the greatly enlarged demand! Great cities, so often mentioned as great obstacles—the center of crime and the reservoirs of all iniquities—are to lead in the work of Gospelization. Who give most to home missions, to asylums, to religious education, to all styles of humanitarian and Christian institutions? The cities. From what places did the most relief go at the time of Johnstown flood and Michigan fires and Charleston earthquake

and Ohio freshets? From the cities. What place will do more than any other place, by its contribution of Christian men and women and means, in this work of taking America for God? New York city. The way Paris goes, goes France. The way Berlin goes, goes Germany. The way London goes, goes England. The way New York and a couple of other cities go, goes America. May the Eternal God wake us up to the stupendous issue!

Another thing quoted pessimistically is the vast and overtopping fortunes in this country, and they say it means concentrated wealth and luxuriousness and display and moral ruin. It is my observation that it is people who have but limited resources who make the most splurge; and I ask you, who are endowing colleges and theological seminaries? Did you ever hear of Peter Cooper and James Lenox and sainted William E. Dodge and the Lawrences, Amos and Abbott, while I refrain from mentioning living benefactors who, quite as generous and Christian, are at this moment planning what they can do in these days, and in their last will and testament in this campaign that proposes taking America for God? The time is coming—hasten it, Lord!—and I think you and I will see it, when, as Joseph, the wealthy Arimathean, gave for the dead Christ a costly mausoleum, the affluent men and women of this country will rise in their strength and build for our King, one Jesus, the throne of this American continent.

Another thing quoted for discouragement, but which I quote for encouragement, is foreign immigration. Now that from the New York Barge Office we turn back by the first steamship the foreign vagabondism, we are getting people, the vast majority of whom come to make an honest living; among them some of the bravest and the best. If you should turn back

from this land to Europe the foreign ministers of the Gospel and the foreign attorneys and the foreign merchants and the foreign philanthropists, what a robbery of our pulpits, our court-rooms, our storehouses, and our beneficent institutions, and what a putting back of every monetary, merciful, moral, and religious interest of the land! This commingling here of all nationalities under the blessing of God will produce in seventy-five or one hundred years the most magnificent style of man and woman the world ever saw. They will have the wit of one race, the eloquence of another race, the kindness of another, the generosity of another, the æsthetic taste of another, the high moral character of another; and when that man and woman step forth, their brain and nerve and muscle an intertwining of the fibres of all nationalities, nothing but a new electric photographic apparatus, that can see clear through body, mind and soul, can take of them an adequate picture. But the foreign population of America is less than fifteen per cent. of all our population, and why all this fuss about foreign immigration?

Now what are the weapons by which, under our Omnipotent Leader, the real obstacles in the way of our country's evangelization, the ten thousand mile Sebastopols, are to be leveled? The first columbiad, with range enough to sweep from eternity to eternity, is the Bible, millions of its copies going out, millions on millions. Then there are all the Gospel batteries, manned by seventy thousand pastors and home missionaries, over the head of each one of whom is the shield of divine protection, and in the right hand of each one the gleaming, two-edged sword of the Infinite Spirit! Hundreds of thousands of private soldiers for Christ, marching under the one-starred, blood-striped flag of Emmanuel! On our side, the great and mighty theologians of the land, the heavy artillery;

and the hundreds of thousands of Christian children, the infantry. They are marching on! Episcopacy, with the sublime roll of its liturgies; Methodism, with its battle-cry of "The sword of the Lord and John Wesley;" the Baptist Church, with its glorious navy sailing up our Oregons and Sacramentos and Mississippis; and Presbyterianism, moving on with the battle-cry of "The sword of the Lord and John Knox." And then, after awhile will come the great tides of revival, sweeping over the land, the five hundred thousand conversions in 1857 eclipsed by the salvation of millions in a day, and the four American armies of the Lord's host marching toward each other, the Eastern army marching West, the Western army marching East, the Northern army marching South, the Southern army marching North; shoulder to shoulder! Tramp! tramp! tramp! until they meet mid-continent, having taken America for God!

The thunder of the bombardment is already in the air, and when the last bridge of opposition is taken, and the last portcullis of Satan is lifted, and the last gun spiked, and the last tower dismantled, and the last charger of iniquity shall have been hurled back upon its haunches, what a time of rejoicing! We will see it, not with these eyes, which before that will be closed in blessed sleep, but with strong and better vision, when the Lord once in awhile gives us a vacation among the doxologies to come down and see the dear old land, which I pray may always be the lamb of the text, mild and peaceful, inoffensive; but in case foreign nations assail it, having two horns of army and navy strong enough to hook them back and hook them down, and a voice louder than a dragon, yea, louder than ten thousand thunders, saying to the billows of Asiatic superstition and European arrogance, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

Ps., *72*: 8: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea."

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

Ps., 72: 8: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea."

What two seas are referred to? Some might say that the text meant that Christ was to reign over all the land between the Arabian Sea and Caspian Sea, or between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea, or between the Black Sea and the North Sea. No; in such case my text would have named them. It meant from any large body of water on the earth clear across to any other large body of water. And so I have a right to read it: "He shall have dominion from Atlantic to Pacific."

First, consider the immensity of this possession. I unroll before you the map of the regions to be traversed and conquered. If it were only a small tract of land capable of nothing better than sage-brush, and with ability only to support prairie-dogs, I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to his dominion. But its immensity and affluence no one can imagine, unless, in immigrant wagon or stage-coach, or in rail-train of the Union Pacific or the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific or the Southern Pacific, he has traversed it. Having been privileged six times to cross this continent, and twice this summer, I have come to some appreciation of its magnitude. California, which I supposed in my boyhood, from its size on the map, was a few yards across; a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevada on one side, or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other—California, the thin slice of land, as I supposed it to be in

boyhood, I have found to be larger than all the States of New England and all New York State and all Pennsylvania added together; for if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Washington Territory, since launched into Statehood, were giants at their birth. Let the Congress of the United States strain a point and soon admit New Mexico. What is the use keeping them out in the cold any longer? Let us have the whole continent divided into States, with Senatorial and Congressional representatives, and we will all be happy together. If some of them have not quite the requisite number of people, fix up the Constitution to suit these cases. Even Utah, by dropping polygamy, has been permitted to enter. Monogamy has triumphed in parts of Utah. Turn all the Territories into States, and if some of the sisters are smaller than the elder sisters, give them time and they will soon be as large as any of them. Because some of the daughters of a family may be five feet in stature and the others only four feet, do not let the daughters five feet high shut the door in the faces of those who are only four feet high. Among the dying utterances of our good friend, the wise statesman and great author, the brilliant orator and magnificent soul, S. S. Cox, was the expressed determination to move in Congress for the transference of more of our Territories into States.

"But," says some one, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are uncultivated heaps of dry sand, and the 'Bad Lands' of Montana and the Great American Desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within twenty-five years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts a hundred miles of land not reclaimed either by farmers'

plow or miners' crowbar. By irrigation, the waters of the rivers and the showers of heaven, in what are called the rainy season, will be gathered into great reservoirs, and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. Utah is an object lesson. Some parts of that territory which were so barren that a spear of grass could not have been raised there in a hundred years, are now rich as Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, or Westchester farms of New York, or Somerset County farms of New Jersey. Experiments have proved that ten acres of ground irrigated from waters gathered in great hydrological basins will produce as much as fifty acres from the downpour of rain as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts; but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then set it on a table and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty, and never think of drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Montana and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers of reservoirs, and drink out of them whenever they will and refresh their land whenever they will. The work has already been grandly begun by the United States Government. Over four hundred lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the nation for the great enterprise of irrigation. Rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed and corralled and penned up until such time as the farmers need them. Under the same processes the Ohio, the Mississippi, and all the other rivers will be taught to behave themselves better; and great basins will be made to catch the surplus of waters in times of freshet, and keep them for times of

drought. The irrigating process by which all the arid lands between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are to be fertilized is no new experiment. It has been going on successfully hundreds of years in Spain, in China, in India, in Russia, in Egypt. About eight hundred million of people of the earth to-day are kept alive by food raised on irrigated land. And here we have allowed to lie waste, given up to rattlesnake and bat and prairie-dog, lands enough to support whole nations of industrious population. The work begun will be consummated. Here and there exceptional lands may be stubborn and refuse to yield any wheat or corn from their hard fists; but if the hoe fail to make an impression, the miner's pickax will discover the reason for it, and bring up from beneath those unproductive surfaces coal and iron and lead and copper and silver and gold. God speed the geologists and the surveyors, the engineers and the senatorial commissions, and the capitalists and the new settlers and the husbandmen, who put their brain and hand and heart to this transfiguration of the American continent!

But while I speak of the immensity of the continent, I must remark it is not an immensity of monotone or tameness. The larger some countries are, the worse for the world. This continent is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. What a pity the United States Government did not take possession of Yosemite, California, as it has of Yellowstone, Wyoming, and of Niagara Falls, New York! Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tingle? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived! These monarchs of foliage reigned before Cæsar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their scepter! They are the masts of the continent,

their canvas spread on the winds; while the old ship bears on its way through the ages! Their size, of which travelers often speak, does not affect me so much as their longevity. Though so old now, the branches of some of them will crackle in the last conflagration of the planet. That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long and a half-mile wide and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a place as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep, so that neither foot of man or beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth, these are its white pillars. Standing down in this great chasm of the valley you look up, and yonder is Cathedral Rock; vast, gloomy minster built for the silent worship of the mountains. Yonder is Sentinel Rock, three thousand two hundred and seventy feet high, bold, solitary; standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched, until a bride, one Fourth of July, mounted it and planted the national standard, and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with the Stars and Stripes. Yonder are the Three Brothers, four thousand feet high; Cloud's Rest, North and South Dome, and the heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder-storm.

No pause for the eye, no stopping-place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mount Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one mag-

nificent chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks, the water comes down. The Bridal Veil Falls so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite Falls, dropping two thousand six hundred and thirty-four feet—sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of the slain waters ascending in robe of mist seeks the heavens. Yonder is Nevada Falls, plunging seven hundred feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty, and rushes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. My visit there last month made upon me an impression that will last forever. After all poetry has exhausted itself, and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make, and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone Park is the geologists' paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over five thousand years growing! In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water one hundred and eighty-five feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls large

enough for the sepulchre of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower, and of gladiolus. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils, turning the hills into a Luxemburg, or a Vatican picture-gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis Geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and Evangeline Geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates. The so-called Pulpit Terrace, from its white elevation, preaching mightier sermons of God than human lips ever uttered. The so-called Bethesda Geyser, by the warmth of which invalids have already been cured, the angel of health continually stirring the waters. Enraged craters, with heat at five hundred degrees, only a little below the surface. Wide reaches of stone of intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, grizzly as the bear; in circles, in angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites, in stalagmites. Here and there are petrified growths, or the dead trees and vegetation of other ages, kept through a process of natural embalmment. In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off as foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in struggle with his keepers.

But after you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand Canyon. It is here, that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down into eternities. Here, hung up and let down and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and

sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring.

Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals and Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltars and Sebastopols that never can be taken. Alhambras, where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was empearled. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the hills are baptized, while the giant cliffs stand 'round as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped, and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and now this last Testament written on the rocks.

Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Yonder are fifty

feet of emerald on a base of five hundred feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl; turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness; the brown lightening into golden; snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle; flaming red cooling into russet; cold blue warming into saffron; dull gray kindling into solferino; morning twilight flushing midnight shadows; auroras crouching among rocks.

Yonder is an eagle's nest on a shaft of basalt. Through an eyeglass we see in it the young eagles, but the stoutest arm of our group cannot hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped; altars of worship at which nations might kneel; domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry. See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battlefield of the war of the elements. Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven, neither the sapphire, nor the chrysolite, nor the topaz, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the jasper, nor the twelve gates of twelve pearls, wanting. If spirits bound from earth to heaven could pass up by way of this canyon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory. Ascent through such earthly scenery, in which the crystal is so bright, and the red so flaming, would be fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire."

Standing there in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone Park, one August morning, for the most part we held our peace, but after a while it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it! Those waters congealed

and transfixed with the agitation of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of a Judge of quick and dead! And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at his feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a floor on which the nations of the earth might stand, and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges, and from all these caverns, and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built?

Oh, the sweep of the American continent! Sailing up Puget Sound, its shores so bold that for fifteen hundred miles a ship's prow would touch the shore before its keel touched the bottom, I said: "This is the Mediterranean of America." Visiting Portland, and Tacoma and Seattle and Victoria and Fort Townsend and Vancouver and other cities of the Northwest region, I thought to myself: these are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charlestons, and Savannahs of the Pacific coast. But after all this summer's journeying, and my other journeys westward in other summers, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent, and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders, to let you know the comprehensiveness of the text when it says that Christ is going to have dominion from sea to sea; that is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Besides that, the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only thirty-six miles from Asia at the northwest. Only

Bering Straits separate us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge before another century closes, and probably long before that. The thirty-six miles of water between these two continents are not all deep sea, but have three islands, and there are also shoals which will allow piers for bridges, and for the most of the way the water is only about twenty fathoms deep. The Americo-Asiatic bridge which will yet span those straits will make America, Asia, Europe and Africa one continent. The trans Siberian railroad, which the Czar is now building, and which will be finished in 1904, will meet this trans-oceanic bridge. So, you see, America evangelized, Asia will be evangelized; Europe taking Asia from one side and America taking it from the other side. Our great grandchildren will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe, all one, what subtraction from the pangs of seasickness! And the prophecies in Revelation will be fulfilled: "There shall be no more sea." But do I mean literally that this American continent is going to be all Gospelized? I do. Christopher Columbus, when he went ashore from the *Santa Maria*, and his second brother Alonzo, when he went ashore from the *Pinta*, and his third brother Vincent, when he went ashore from the *Nina*, took possession of this country in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Satan has no more right to this country than I have to your pocketbook. To hear him talk on the roof of the Temple, where he proposed to give Christ the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, you might suppose that Satan was a great capitalist, or that he was loaded up with real estate, when the old miscreant never owned an acre or an inch of ground on this planet. For that reason I protest against something I heard and saw while traveling in Montana and Oregon and Wyoming and Idaho and Col-

orado and California. They have given diabolic names to many places in the West and Northwest. As soon as you get in Yellowstone Park or California you have pointed out to you places cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," "The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mush Pot," "The Devil's Teakettle," "The Devil's Sawmill," "The Devil's Machine-shop," "The Devil's Gate," and so on. Now it is very much needed that geological surveyor, or Congressional committee, or group of distinguished tourists go through Montana and Wyoming and California and Colorado, and give other names to these places. All these regions belong to the Lord and to a Christian nation, and away with such Plutonic nomenclature!

But how is this continent to be Gospelized? The pulpit and a Christian printing-press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plow. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology; not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am sick of them, and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm-hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins, and heal all our wounds, and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only Scriptural phraseology, and you will see how quick the people will jump after them. On the Columbia River we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places; I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could only have the right kind of bait, they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Men's Christian Associations of America will also do part of the work. All over the continent I

saw their new buildings rising. In Vancouver I asked: "What are you going to put on that sightly place?" The answer was: "A Young Men's Christian Association building." At Lincoln, Neb., I said: "What are they making those excavations for?" Answer: "For our Young Men's Christian Association building." At Des Moines, Ia., I saw a noble structure rising, and I asked for what purpose it was being built, and they told me for the Young Men's Christian Association. These institutions are going to take the young men of this nation for God; these institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence, or in last will and testament, than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made the Young Men's Christian palace possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America, as they ought to be irrigated, it will cost about one hundred million dollars to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with Gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket, and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the deserts," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs!

THE AMERICAN SHEAF

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

Genesis, 37: 7: "We were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."

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A Josephic dream! At seventeen years of age, and when life is most roseate, Joseph, in vision, saw a great harvest field, himself and his brethren at work in it, and after a while the sheaf that he was binding rose up with an imperial air, and the sheaves of the other harvesters fell flat on their faces as the over-awed subjects of an empire might fall down on their faces before a king. The dream was fulfilled when there was famine in Egypt and Joseph had the care of all the corn-cribs, and his brethren came and implored food from him. Sure enough, all their sheaves bowed to his sheaf. A Thanksgiving Day vision! I am away out in the center of a field where the harvests of all nations are reaping. Here is the great American sheaf. Sheaf of wheat, sheaf of rice, sheaf of corn, sheaf floral; agricultural, homological, mineralogical, literary and moral prosperities—all bound together in one great sheaf. It is kingly, and on its brow is the golden coronal of all the year's sunshine, and in its presence all the sheaves of European and Asiatic harvests bend and fall down, feeling their littleness. Oh, the sheaf, the golden sheaf, the overtopping sheaf of American prosperity! Other nations far surpass ours in antiquities, in cathedrals, in titled pomp, in art galleries; but in most things their sheaves must bow to

our sheaf. I have an idea that the most favored constellation of immensity is the one of which the earth is a star, and of the hemispheres the western is the most favored, and that of the zones the temperate is the more desirable, and the United States are the best part of the American continent. The best place on earth to live is here. Had it not been so, there would have been three hundred thousand Americans last year moving into Europe, instead of three hundred thousand Europeans moving into America.

Human nature has a strong tendency to fault-finding. The pessimists outnumber the optimists. Where there is one man who sings and whistles and laughs, there are ten men who sigh and groan and complain. We are more apt to compare our condition with those who are better off than with those who are worse off.

I propose this Thanksgiving morning, for the purpose of stirring your gratitude, to show you how much preferable is the condition of this nation to all other nations, and how the Italian sheaf and the British sheaf and the Spanish sheaf and the French sheaf and all the other sheaves, must bow down to our American sheaf.

Have you realized your superior blessings atmospheric? Have you thought of the fact that most of the millions of the human race are in climates frigid or torrid or horrid? Take up the map, and thank God that you are are so far off from Arctic icebergs on the one side and seven-feet-long cobras on the other. For what multitudes of the human race, life is an Arctic expedition! Underground huts. Immeasurable barrenness. Life a prolonged shiver. Our front door-steps on a January night are genial compared with their climate. Ask some of the Arctic explorers about the luxuries of life around the North

Pole. Instead of killing so many brave men in Polar expeditions, we had better send messengers to persuade those pale inhabitants of polar climates to say good-by to the eternal snows and abandon those realms of earth to the walrus and white bear, and shut up those gates of crystal and come down into a realm where the thermometer seldom drops below zero. Oh, the beauties of Baffin's Bay, only six weeks in the year open! What a delightful thing when, in those Arctic regions, they milk their cows and milk only ice-cream! Let all those who, like yourselves, live between thirty and fifty degrees of north latitude, thank God and have sympathy for the vast population of both hemispheres who freeze between sixty and eighty degrees of latitude. Then compare our atmosphere with the heated air, infested with reptilian and insectile life, in which most of the human race suffer. Think of India and China and Ethiopia. Travelers tell you of the delicious orange groves, but ask them about the centipedes. They tell of the odor of the forests, but ask them about the black flies. They tell you about the rich plumage of the birds, but ask them about the malarias. They tell you about the fine riders, but ask them about the Bedouins and bandits. They tell you about the broad piazzas, but ask them about the midnights with the thermometer at an insufferable 110. Vast cities of the torrid clime without sewerage, without cleansing, packed and piled-up wretchedness, and all discomfort. What beautiful hyenas! What fascinating scorpions! What sociable tarantulas! What captivating lizards! What wealth of bugs! What an opportunity to study comparative anatomy and herpetology! What a chance to look into the open countenance of the pleasing crocodile. Hundreds of millions of people in such surroundings! I would rather live in one of these

American cities in a house with two rooms than to live in the torrid lands and own all Brazil, all Hindustan, all Arabia, all China.

There is not a land where wages and salaries are so large for the great masses of the people as here. In Ireland, in some parts, eight cents a day for wages; in England, a dollar a day good wages, vast populations not getting as much as that; in other lands, fifty cents a day and twenty-five cents a day, clear on down to starvation and squalor. An editor in England told me that his salary was seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and he seemed satisfied! Look at the great populations coming out of the factories of other lands, and accompany them to their homes, and see what privation the hard-working classes on the other side the sea suffer.

The laboring classes here are ten per cent. better off than in any other country under the sun—twenty per cent., forty per cent., fifty per cent., seventy-five per cent. The toilers with hand and foot have better homes and better furnished. I do not talk an abstraction. I know what I have seen. The stonemasons, and carpenters, and plumbers, and mechanics, and artisans of all styles in America have finer residences than the majority of the professional men in Great Britain. You enter the laborer's house on this side the sea and you will find upholstery and pictures and instruments of music. His children are educated at the best schools; his life is insured so that in case of his sudden demise the family shall not be homeless. Let all American workmen know that while their wages may not be as high as they would like to have them, America is the paradise of industry.

Again, there is no land on the earth where the political condition is so satisfactory as here. Every two years in the State and every four years in the nation we clean house. After a vehement expression of

the people at the ballot-box in the autumnal election, they all seem satisfied; and if they are not satisfied, at any rate they smile.

An Englishman asked me in an English rail train this question: "How do you people stand it in America with a revolution every four years? Wouldn't it be better for you, like us, to have a Queen for a lifetime and everything settled?" England changes government just as frequently as we do. At some adverse vote in Parliament out goes the Conservative and in comes the Liberal; and after a while there will be another admonitory vote in Parliament, and out will go the Liberal, and in will come the Conservative. Administrations change there, but not as advantageously as here, for there they may change almost any day, while here a party in power continues in power four years.

It is said that in this country we have more political dishonesty than in any other land. The difference is that in this country almost every official has a chance to steal, while in other lands a few people absorb so much that the others have no chance at appropriation! The reason they do not steal is they cannot get their hands on it! The governments of Europe are so expensive that after the salaries of the royal families are paid there is not much left to misappropriate.

The Emperor of Russia has a nice little salary of eight million two hundred and ten thousand dollars; the Emperor of Austria has a yearly salary of four million dollars; Victoria, the Queen, has a salary of two million two hundred thousand dollars; the royal plate at St. James' palace is worth ten million dollars; the Queen's hairdresser gets ten thousand dollars a year for combing the royal locks, while the most of us have to comb our hair at less than half that expense, if we have any to comb!

Over there, there is a host of attendants, all on sal-

aries, some of them five thousand and six thousand dollars a year; Master of Buck Hounds, seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. (I translate pounds into dollars.) Gentlemen of the Wine and Beer Cellars, Controller of the Household, Groom of the Robes, Mistress of the Robes, Captain of Gold Stick, Lieutenant of Gold Stick, Lieutenant of Silver Stick, Clerk of the Powder Closet, Pages of the Back Stairs, Maids of Honor, Master of Horse, Chief Equerry, Equerries in Ordinary, Crown Equerry, Hereditary Grand Falconer, Vice Chamberlain, Clerk of Kitchen, Master of Forks, Grooms in Waiting, Lords in Waiting, Grooms of the Great Chamber, Sergeant-at-Arms, Barge Master and Waterman, Eight Bedchamber Women, Eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, Ten Grooms of the Great Chain, and so on, and so on, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam.*

All this is only a type of the fabulous expense of foreign governments. All this paid out of the sweat and the blood of the people. Are the people satisfied? However much the Germans like William, and the Spaniards like their young King, and England likes her glorious Queen, these stupendous governmental expenses are built on a groan of dissatisfaction as wide as Europe. If it were left to the people of England, of Germany, of Austria, of Spain, of Russia, whether these expensive establishments should be kept up, do you doubt what the vote would be?

Now, is it not better that we be overtaxed and the surplus be distributed all over the land among the lobby men, and that it go into the hands of hundreds and thousands of people—is there not a better chance of its finally getting down into the hands of honest people, than if it were all built up, piled up inside gardens and palaces?

Again, the monopolistic oppression is less here than anywhere else. The air here is full of protest

because great houses, great companies, great individuals, are building such over-towering fortunes. Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor stared at in their time for their august fortunes, would not now be pointed at in the streets of Philadelphia or New York as anything remarkable. These vast fortunes for some imply pinchedness of want for others. A great protuberance on a man's head implies the illness of the whole body. These estates of disproportioned size weaken all the body politic. But the evil is nothing here compared with the monopolistic oppression abroad. Just look at their ecclesiastical establishments. Look at those great cathedrals built at fabulous expense and supported by ecclesiastical machinery at vast expense, and sometimes in an audience room that would hold a thousand people, twenty or thirty people gather for worship. The pope's income is eight million dollars. Cathedrals of statuary and braided arch and walls covered with masterpieces of Rubens and Raphael and Michael Angelo, against all the walls dashing seas of poverty, and crime, and filth, and abomination.

Ireland to-day one vast monopolistic devastation. About thirty-five millions of people in Great Britain, and yet all the soil owned by about thirty-two thousand. Statistics enough to shake the earth, Duke of Devonshire owning ninety-six thousand acres in Derbyshire, Duke of Richmond owning three hundred thousand acres at Gordon Castle, Marquis of Breadalbane going on a journey of one hundred miles in a straight line, all on his own property; Duke of Sutherland has an estate as wide as Scotland, which dips into the sea on both sides. Bad as we have it here, it is a thousand times worse there.

Beside that, if here a few fortunes overshadow all others, we must remember there is a vast throng of

other people being enriched, and this fact shows the thriftiness of the country. It is estimated that there are over five thousand millionaires in the United States. In addition to this, you must remember that there are successes on less extended scale. Tens of thousands of people worth five hundred thousand dollars; scores of thousands of people worth one hundred thousand dollars each. Yea, the majority of the people of the United States are on their way to fortunes. They will either be rich themselves or their children will be rich. If I should leave to some men the question: "Will you have a fortune and your children struggle on through their lives in the struggle you have had to make—will you have the fortune, or would you rather that they should have the fortune?" Scores of men would say: "I am willing to fight this battle all the way through and give my children a chance; I don't care so much about myself; it's only for ten or twenty years, anyhow; give my children a chance." If anything stirs my admiration it is to see a man without any education himself sending his sons to college, and without any opportunity for luxury himself, resolved that though he may have it hard all the days of his life, his children shall have a good start. And I tell you, although some of you may have sore commercial struggle, there is going to be a great opening for your sons and your daughters as they come on to take their places in society.

Besides that, the domains of Europe and Asia are already full. Every place occupied unless it be desert or volcano or condemned barrens, while here we have plenty of room, and the resources are only just opening. In other lands, if fortunes fatten they must fatten on others; but here they can fatten out of illimitable prairies and out of inexhaustible mines.

We have only just begun to set the Thanksgiving table in this country. We have just put on one silver

fork, and one salt cellar, and one loaf of bread, and one smoking platter. Wait until the fruits come in from all the orchards, and the meats from all the markets, and the vegetables from all the gardens, and the silver from all the mines, and the dinner bell rings, saying: "Thanksgiving table spread. Come all the people from between the two oceans. Come from between the Thousand Isles and the Gulf of Mexico. Come and dine!" The prospects are so magnificent that for centuries to come all the other sheaves will have to bow to our sheaf.

Again, the nation is more fully at peace than any other. At least fifteen million men belonging to the standing armies of Europe to-day. Since we had our conflict, on the other side the sea they have had Zulu war, Afghan war, Egyptian war, Russo-Turkish war, German-French war. No certainty about the future. All the governments of Europe watching each other lest one of them get too much advantage. Diplomacy all the time nervously at work. Four nations watching the Suez Canal as carefully as four cats could watch one rat.

In order to keep peace, intermarriage of royal families; some bright princess compelled to marry some disagreeable foreign dignitary in order to keep the balance of political power in Europe, the ill-matched pair fighting out on a small scale that which would have been international contests, sometimes the husband holding the balance of power, sometimes the wife holding the balance of power. One unwise stroke of Gladstone's pen after Garnet Wolseley had captured Tel-el-Kebir and all Europe would have been one battlefield. Crowded cities, crowded governments, crowded learned institutions, crowded great cities, close by each other. You get in the cars here and you ride one hundred or one hundred and fifty

miles; then you come to a great city, as from here to Philadelphia, as from here to Albany, as from here to Boston.

I got on the cars at Manchester and closed my eyes for a long sleep before I got to Liverpool. In forty minutes I was aroused out of sleep by some one saying: "We are here; this is Liverpool." The cities crowded; the populations crowded, packed in between the Pyrenees and the Alps, packed in between the English Channel and the Adriatic so closely they cannot move without treading either on each other's heels or toes. Sceptres clashing, chariot wheels colliding. The nations of Asia and Europe this moment wondering what next.

But on this continent we have plenty of room and nobody to fight. Eight million square miles in North America, and all but one-seventh capable of rich cultivation, implying what fertility and what commerce! Four great basins pouring their waters into the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, and Gulf of Mexico. Shore line of twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine miles. The one State of Texas with more square miles than all France, than all Germany.

That our continent might have plenty of elbow room, and not be jostled by the effete governments of Europe, God sank to the depths of the sea a whole continent that once ran from off the coast of Europe to the coast of America—the continent of Atlantis—which allowed the human race to pass from Europe to America on foot, with little or no shipping; that continent dimly described in history, but the existence of which has been proved by archæological evidences innumerable; that whole continent sunken so that a fleet of German, British, and American vessels had to take deep sea soundings to touch the top of it; that highway from Europe to America entirely removed

so that for the most part only the earnest, and the persevering, and the brave, could reach America, and that through long sea voyage.

Did I say the whole continent of ours, this North American continent? Governments on the southern end of this continent are gradually coming to the time when they will beg annexation. On the other hand, beautiful and hospitable Canada. The vast majority of the people there are more republican than monarchical in their feelings, and the chief difference between them and us is that they live on one side the St. Lawrence and we on the other. The United States Government will offer hand and heart in marriage to beautiful and hospitable Canada, and Canada will blush and look down, and thinking of her allegiance across the sea, will say: "Ask mother." Peace all over the continent, and nothing to fight about. What a pity that slavery is gone! While that lasted we had something over which the orators could develop their muscles of vituperation and calumny.

We are so hardly put to it for military demonstration that guns and swords and cannon were called out when we celebrated the bicentennial of William Penn, the peaceful Quaker for whom a gun would never have been of any use except to hang his broad brim hat on. Oh, what shall we do for a fight? Will not somebody strike us? We cannot draw swords on the subject of civil service reform, or free trade, or "corners" in wheat. Our ships of war are cruising around the ocean, hoping for something interesting to turn up. Sumter and Moultrie and Pulaski and Fort Lafayette and Fortress Monroe and all the other shaggy lions of war sound asleep on their iron paws. Gunpowder out of fashion, and not even allowed the juvenile population on Fourth of July. Fire-crackers a sin.

The land is struck through and through with peace. There is hardly a Northern city where there are not Confederate generals in its law offices, or commercial establishments, or insurance companies. There you sit or stand to-day, side by side—you who wore the blue and you who wore the gray; you who kindled fires on the opposite side of the Potomac in the winter of 1862; you who followed Stonewall Jackson toward the North; and you who followed General Sherman toward the South. Why are you not breaking each other's heads?

Ah! you have irreparably mixed up your politics. The Northern man married a Southern wife, and the Southern man married a Northern wife, and your children are half Mississippian and half New Englander; and to make another division between the North and the South possible you would have to do with your child as Solomon proposed with the child brought before him in judgment—divide it with the sword, giving half to the North and half to the South. No, sir; there is nothing so hard to split as a cradle. Intermarriage will go on and consanguinal ties will be multiplied, and the question for generations to come will be, how we people in this generation got into such an awful wrangle and went to digging such an awful grave trench.

But there is now—look! no blood on the cotton, no mark of cavalry hoof on the wheat. Twenty years ago could the wheat sheaf and the palmetto have stood on the same platform? No. Every grain of this wheat would have been a bullet, and every leaf of the palmetto a sword. "Peace on earth, good will to men." Apple and orange; how the colors blend. In the great harvest field of the world's tranquility all sheaves bowing to our sheaf.

Again, we are better off than other nations in

matters of national debt, our debt less than one-half of that of England, and not more than a third that of France. We have for many years, every day, paid one hundred and forty-two thousand dollars toward the liquidation of the national debt. It is going all to melt away like a snowbank under an April sun.

Again, we have a better climate than in any other nation. We do not suffer from anything like the Scotch mist, or the English fogs, or from anything like the Russian ice blast, or from the awful typhus of Southern Europe, or the Asiatic cholera. Epidemics here are exceptional, very exceptional. Plenty of wood and coal to make a roaring fire in winter time; easy access to sea beach or mountain top when the ardors of summer come down; Michigan wheat for the bread; Long Island corn for the meal; New Jersey pumpkins for the pies; Carolina rice for the queen of puddings; prairie fowl from Illinois; fish from the Hudson and the James; hickory, and hazel, and walnuts from all our woods; Louisiana sugar to sweeten our beverages; Georgia cotton to keep us warm; oats for the horses; carrots for the cattle; and oleomargarine butter for the hogs! In our land all products and all climates that you may desire. Are your nerves weak and in need of bracing up? Go North. Is your throat delicate and in need of balmy airs? Go South. Do you feel crowded and want more room? Go West. Are you tempted to become office-seekers? Go to jail! Almost anything you want you can have. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, plenty to read.

"It has been well the past year," says the loom. "It has been well," says the type. "It has been well," say pen and chisel and hammer and plough and fishing-net. "It has been well," answer the groves and orchards and studios and factories and workshops and harvest fields of America.

Our national sheaf is larger this year, and more regal, and riper, and more richly grained, than at any time since the Pilgrim Fathers settled New England, or the Hollanders founded New York, or the Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas. Sheaf of sheaves. While all others bow before it, let it bow in turn before the good Lord of the unparalleled American harvest. Before him come down all the corn shocks; before him come down the sheaf of governmental sceptres, the sheaf of battle-spears, the sheaf of barbaric arrows, the sheaf of commercial yardsticks, the sheaf of joy, the sheaf of family reunion, the sheaf of thanksgiving. All the sheaves of the harvest field bowing down low at the feet of the great Husbandman.

You have in hackneyed phrase heard over and over again that America is the asylum of the oppressed. This glorious Thanksgiving morning I declare it to be the wardrobe of the earth, the wheat-bin of the hemispheres, the corn-crib of all nations.

THE DECORATION OF GRAVES

Solomon's Song, 4: 4: "The tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men."

THE DECORATION OF GRAVES

(Preached on the Sunday before Decoration Day.)

Solomon's Song, 4: 4: "The tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men."

The Church is here compared to an armory, the walls hung with trophies of dead heroes. Walk all about this tower of David and see the dented shields and the twisted swords and the rusted helmets of terrible battle. So we turn our Church to-day into an armory adorned with memories of our departed braves. Blossom and bloom, oh, walls, with stories of self-sacrifice; the shadows gathered into this drapery typical of our grief for the dead, and the light clustered into these constellations symbolical of our national deliverance. You see it is not the blackness of darkness, but night with stellar illumination.

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America, the graves of all the Northern and Southern dead are every year decorated. The nation comes forth with garlands for the graves of the departed and consolation for the bereft who are living. All acerbity and bitterness have gone out of the national solemnity, and as the men and women of the South one month ago floralized the cemeteries and graveyards, so to-morrow we the men and women of the North shall put upon the tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though it fight on the other side; and if a soldier of the Federal army had been a month ago at Savannah he would not have been ashamed to march

in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if to-morrow there be a Confederate soldier walking in Greenwood, he will be glad to put a sprig of heart's-ease on the silent heart of our dead.

In a battle during our last war, the Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life, and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the young man who was picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted, "Hold! Don't fire! That fellow is too brave to shoot." And as the Federal officer, held up by his private soldier, went limping slowly off the field, the Confederates gave three cheers for the brave private; and just before the two disappeared behind a barn, both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude to the Confederate captain. Shall the Gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our Northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the Southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon, so the typical gray and blue of old war-times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James's translation without any revision: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." That you may act intelligently in this matter, I shall make this an ordination service to the beautiful ceremonies of to-morrow.

What do we mean by this great observance? First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Subtract 1865, when the war ended, from our 1881 and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war, or were so young as to have no vivid appreciation. No one under twenty-six years

of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Young man, do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away while she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and that mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house, and they told me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or the tramp of a regiment, or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house. Now it is the religious duty of those who do remember it to tell those who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail-car windows and steamboat wharves, and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was, when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again, and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed and dead! Four years of blood. Four years of hostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness. Four years of grave-digging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning! mourning! mourning! It was hell let loose. What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, announcement that the battle must occur the next day. Then the news of the battle's going on. On the following day still going on. Then news of thirty thousand slain, and of the names of the great generals who had fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded and

a long list of the dead, and a long list of the missing. And among the last list, our boy. When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing! Missing! Was he in the woods or by the stream? How was he hurt? Missing! missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from. In that awful waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps, as she soliloquizes, "Missing! missing!"

What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than that this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by North and South, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the North pay in money for the slaves as property, and set them free." The North said, "We cannot afford to pay." The South said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the North did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the South was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the North better have paid the money and saved the lives of five hundred thousand brave men, and might not the South better have sold out slavery and saved her five hundred thousand brave men? While there are wars that are necessary, and when such wars are forced on us, we must fight in self-defense, I here declare that out of one hundred wars ninety-nine of them are unnecessary, and I swear you by the graves of your fathers and brothers,

and sons to a new hatred for the champion curse of the universe—war! O Lord God, with the hottest bolt of thine omnipotent indignation, strike that monster down forever and ever. Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or moulded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabres that ever glittered in battle, and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the conflagration of the homesteads it ever destroyed. Deeper down let it fall, and in fiercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I curse it! The nations need more the spirit of treaty and less of the spirit of war, less of the Disraelian and more of the Gladstonian.

Again, by this national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle. We to-morrow put a garland on the brow of courage. The world wants more of it. The Church of God is in woeful need of men who can stand under fire. The lion of worldly derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory movements at the first shot how many fall back! The great obstacle to the Church's advancement is the inanity, the vacuity, the soft prettiness, the namby-pambyism of professed Christians. Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afraid of getting their plumes ruffled, they carry a parasol over their helmet. They go into battle not

with warriors' gauntlet, but with kid gloves; not clutching the sword-hilt too tightly, lest the glove split at the back. Deliver us from a womanish man, his hair done up with curling tongs and his feet going with girlish steps. In all our reformatory and Christian work the great want is more backbone, more mettle, more daring, more prowess. We would in all our churches like to trade off a hundred do-nothings for one do-everything. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong."

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

Again, we mean by this national observance to honor self-sacrifice for others. To all these departed men home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out to-morrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive; for the intelligent soldier sees not only battle ahead, but malarial sickness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen, they could have spent last night in their homes, and to-day have beeen seated where you are. They chose the camp, not because they liked it better than their own house; and followed the drum and fife, not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South Mountain and Murfreesboro, and the swamps of Chickahominy were not playgrounds.

These heroes risked and lost all for others. There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three-quarters for ourselves and give one-quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for ourselves and give all for others is magnanimity Christ-like. Put a girdle around your

body and then measure the girdle and see if you are fifty or sixty inches round. And is that the circle of your sympathies—the size of yourself? Or, to measure you around the heart, would it take a girdle large enough to encircle the land and encircle the world? You want to know what we dry theologians mean when we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the soldiers' graves to-morrow and find out. Vicarious! pangs for others, wounds for others, homesickness for others, blood for others, sepulchre for others.

Those who visit the national cemeteries to-morrow at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg will see one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other—"Unknown." When, six or seven years ago, I was called to deliver the oration at Arlington Heights, Washington, I was not as much impressed with the minute guns that shook the earth, or with the attendance of President and Cabinet and foreign ministers and generals of the army and commodores of the navy as with the pathetic and overwhelming suggestiveness of that epitaph on so many graves at my feet. "Unknown!" "Unknown!" Oh, is it not almost time to take off that epitaph? It seems to me that the time must come when the Government of the United States shall take off that epitaph. They are no more unknown! We have found them out at last. They are the beloved sons of the Republic.

Would it not be well to take the statue of the heathen goddess off the top of the Capitol at Washington (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess) and put one great statue in all our national cemeteries—a statue of liberty in the form of a Christian woman with her hand on an open Bible and her foot on the Rock of Ages, with the other hand pointing down to the graves of the unknown, saying, "These

are my sons who died that I might live." Take off the misnomer. Everybody knows them. It is of comparatively little importance what was the name given them in baptism of water. In the holier and mightier baptism of blood we know them, and to-morrow the nation puts both arms around them and hugs them to her heart, crying, "Mine forever!"

Again, by this national ceremony we mean the future defense of this nation. By every wreath of flowers on the soldiers' graves we say, "Those who die for the country shall not be forgotten," and that will give enthusiasm to our young men in case our nation should in the future need to defend itself in battle. We shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed bone of contention, American slavery, has been cast out; although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can't gnaw something off it. We are floating off farther and farther from the possibility of sectional strife. Rutherford B. Hayes wrought four years toward pacification, and President Garfield has no better man in his Cabinet than Secretary Hunt, of New Orleans, Louisiana. The great sectional contest which raged from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for many years, has dwindled down and dwindled down till there is so little of it that a bear-garden at Albany to-day attracts the attention of all the nation.

No possibility of civil war. But about foreign invasion I am not so certain. When I spoke against war I said nothing against self-defense. An inventor told me the other day at Washington that he had invented a style of weapon which could be used in self-defense, but not in aggressive warfare. I said, "When you get the nations to adopt that weapon you have introduced the millennium." I have no right to go on

my neighbor's premises and assault him, but if some ruffian break into my house for the assassination of my family, and I can borrow a gun and load it in time and aim it straight enough, I will shoot him.

There is no room on this continent for any other nation—except Canada, and a better neighbor no one ever had. If you do not think so, go to Montreal and Toronto, and see how well they will treat you. Other than that there is absolutely no room for any other nation. I have been across the continent again and again, and know that we have not a half inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. But I am not so sure that some of the arrogant nations of Europe may not some day challenge us. I do not know that those forts around New York Bay are to sleep all through the next century. I do not know that Barnegat lighthouse will not yet look off upon a hostile navy. I do not know but that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our Civil War there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes much longer it will be the exception. If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1861 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast, Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton. Men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generations on the stage of action will say, "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylums for the orphans in the Civil War, and my country will honor my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the re-

membrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country!"

I have sometimes thought it might need a foreign invasion to make us forget all our sectional strife—I mean, to entirely and forever forget it. If such an invasion should ever come, you would see the North, the South, the East, the West, side by side, as though they had never had any quarrel. I see them in imagination going to the conflict: Fifteenth New York volunteers, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania riflemen, Tenth Massachusettts artillery, Seventh South Carolina sharpshooters. And such a strong conjunction of officers: Blaine and Conkling and Garfield and Grant and Mahone and Cornell and Sherman, and all the stalwarts and half-breeds and full-bloods. I do not know but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our absurd sectional wrangling. I have no faith in the cry, "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano—in the grand march of Union.

Once more, this great national ceremony means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds or in our arms or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries, the straightening up of many a slab planted thirty or forty years ago; and has swung the scythe through the long grass and has brought the stonecutter to call out the half-obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting

place of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington's catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hearts. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of resurrection.

In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial-place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers; and instead of throwing them over our heads, we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kiss at the anguish of the last parting. O my glorified father! O my sainted mother! O my beloved brothers and sisters! O my son! My son! My son! If you pass to-morrow near the new entrance of Greenwood, you who knew him will find his new-made grave. If you go that way, drop a flower on that mound. Your grief is mine, and my grief is yours. But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of crying with Jacob for Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," let us cry with David, "I shall go to him." On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription, "A night's lodging on the way to the city

of the New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with softest tenderness. The Christ of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will enfold you in his arms. The white-robed angels who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the Dead March in Saul shall become the Hallelujah Chorus.

HALF A PLANET

Deut., 3: 27: "Lift up thine eyes westward."

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So God said to Moses in Bible times, and so he said to Christoforo Colombo, the son of a wool-comber of Genoa, more than four hundred years ago. As if to condemn the slur that different ages put upon mothers-in-law, the mother-in-law of Columbus gave him the sea-charts and maps and other navigators' materials out of which he ciphered America. The nations had been looking chiefly toward the East. The sculpture of the world, the architecture of the world, the laws of the world, the philosophy of the world, the civilization of the world, the religion of the world came from the East. But, while Columbus, as his name was called after it was Latinized, stood studying maps and examining globes and reading cosmography, God said to him: "Lift up thine eyes toward the West." The fact was it must have seemed to Columbus a very lop-sided world. Like a cart with one wheel, like a scissors with one blade, like a sack on one side of a camel, needing a sack on the other side to balance it. Here was a bride of a world with no bridegroom. When God makes a half of anything he does not stop there. He makes the other half. We are all obliged sometimes to leave things only half done. But God never stops half-way, because he has the time and the power to go all the way. I do not wonder that Columbus was not satisfied with half a world, and so went to work to find the other half. The pieces of carved wood that were floated to the shores of Europe by a westerly gale, and two dead human faces, unlike anything he

had seen before, likewise floated from the West, were to him the voice of God, saying: "Lift up thine eyes toward the West."

But the world then as now had plenty of Can't-be-Done's. That is what keeps individuals back and enterprises back and the church back, and nations back —ignominious and disgusting and disheartening Can't-be-Done's. Old navigators said to young Columbus, "It can't be done." The republic of Genoa said, "It can't be done." Alphonso V. said, "It can't be done." A committee on maritime affairs, to whom the subject was submitted, declared, "It can't be done." Venetians said, "It can't be done." After a while the story of this poor but ambitious Columbus reaches the ear of Queen Isabella, and she pays eighty dollars to buy him a decent suit of clothes, so that he may be fit to appear before royalty. The interview in the palace was successful. Money enough was borrowed to fit out the expedition.

There they are, the three ships, in the Gulf of Cadiz, Spain. If you ask me which have been the most famous boats of the world I would say, first, Noah's ship, that wharfed on Mount Ararat; second, the boat of bulrushes, in which Moses floated the Nile; third, the Mayflower, that put out from Plymouth with the Pilgrim Fathers; and now these three vessels that on this, the Friday morning, August 3, 1492, are rocking on the ripples. I am so glad it is Friday, so that the prows of those three ships shall first run down the superstition that things begun or voyages started on Friday must necessarily be disastrous. Show me any Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday or Saturday that ever accomplished as much as this expedition that started on Friday. With the idea that there will be perils connected with the expedition, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered.

Do not forget that this voyage was begun under religious auspices. There is the *Santa Maria,* only ninety feet long, with four masts and eight anchors. The captain walking the deck is fifty-seven years old, his hair white, for at thirty-five he was gray, and his face is round, his nose aquiline and his stature a little taller than the average. I know from his decided step and the set of his jaw that he is a determined man. That is Captain Christopher Columbus. Near-by, but far enough off not to run into each other, are the smaller ships, the *Pinta* and the *Nina,* about large enough and safe enough to cross the Hudson River or the Thames in good weather. There are two doctors in this fleet of ships, and a few landsmen, adventurers who are ready to risk their necks in a wild expedition. There are enough provisions for a year. "Captain Columbus, where are you sailing for?" "I do not know." "How long before you will get there?" I cannot say." "All ashore that are not going," is heard, and those who wish to remain behind go to the land. Now the anchors of the three ships are being weighed and the ratlines begin to rattle and the sails to unfurl. The wind is dead east, and it does not take long to get out to sea. In a few hours the adventurers wish they had not started. The ships begin to roll and pitch. Oh, what a delightful sensation to landsmen! They begin to bother Christopher Columbus with questions. They want to know what he thinks of the weather. They want to know when he thinks they will probably get there. Every time when he stands taking observations of the sun with an astrolabe they wonder what he sees and ask more questions. The crew are rather grouty. Some of them came on under four months' advance pay and others were impressed into the service. For sixteen days the wind is dead east, and that pleases the captain, because it blows them further and further away from the European

coast, and further on toward the shore of another country, if there is any. After a while there comes a calm day and the attempt is made to fathom the ocean, and they cannot touch bottom though the line and lead run down 200 fathoms. More delightful sensations for those who are not good sailors! A fathom is six feet and two hundred fathoms are one thousand and two hundred feet, and below that it may be many hundred fathoms deeper. To add interest to the voyage, on the twentieth day out, a violent storm sweeps the sea, and the Atlantic Ocean tries what it can do with the ships *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina*. Some of you know something of what a sea can do with the *Umbria*, the *Majestic*, the *Teutonic* and the *Paris*, and you must imagine what the ocean could do with those three small ships of olden times. You may judge what the ocean was then by what it is now; it has never changed its habits. It can smile like the morning, but often it is the archangel of wrath, and its most rollicking fun is a shipwreck. The mutinous crew would have killed Columbus had it not been for the general opinion on shipboard that he was the only one that could take them back home in safety. The promise of a silk waistcoat and forty dollars in money to the man who should first discover land, appeased them somewhat, but the indignation and blasphemy and threats of assassination must have been awful. Yet God sustained the great sailor commanding the *Santa Maria*. Every evening on shipboard they had prayers and sung a vesper hymn. But, after all the patience of those on board the ships had been exhausted, and the great captain or admiral had been cursed by every anathema that human lips could frame, one night a sailor saw a light moving along the shore, and then moving up and down, and then disappearing. On Friday morning, October 12, 1492, a gun from

the *Pinta* signaled "Land ahead." At two o'clock, just long enough after Thursday to make it sure it was Friday, and to give another blow at the world's ideas of unlucky days. Then the ships lay to, and the boats were lowered, and Captain Christopher Columbus first stepped upon the shore, amid the song of birds and the air a surge of redolence, and took possession in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. So the voyage that began with the sacrament ended with Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

From that day onward, you say there can be nothing for Columbus but honors, rewards, rhapsodies, palaces and world-wide applause. No, no! On his way back to Spain the ship was so wrenched by the tempest and so threatened with destruction that he wrote a brief account of his discovery and put it in a cask and threw it overboard, that the world might not lose the advantage of his adventures. Honors awaited him on the beach; but he undertook a second voyage and with it came all maligning and persecution and denunciation and poverty. He was called a land-grabber, a liar, a cheat, a fraud, a deceiver of nations. Speculators robbed him of his good name, courtiers depreciated his discoveries, and there came to him ruined health and imprisonment and chains, of which he said while he rattled them on his wrists: "I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes." Amid keen appreciation of the world's abuse and cruelty, and with body writhing in the tortures of gout, he groaned out his last words: "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum:" "Into thy hands, Oh, Lord, I commend my spirit."

Of course he had regal obsequies. That is the way the world tries to atone for its mean treatment of great benefactors. Many a man has had a fine ride

to his grave who during this life had to walk all the way. A big funeral, and instead of bread they give him a stone—that is, a tombstone. But death that brings quiet to the body of others did not bring quiet to his. First buried in the church of Santa Maria. Seven years afterward removed to Seville. Twenty-three years afterward removed to San Domingo. Finally removed to Cuba. Four post-mortem journeys from sepulchre to sepulchre. I wish his bones had been transported to our own shores, where they belong, and that in the fifth century after his decease the American continent might have built a mausoleum worthy of him who picked this jewel of a hemisphere out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography.

But the bright noonday sun of that old sailor's prosperity went down in thickest night, and though here and there a monument has been lifted in his memory, and here and there a city called after him, the continent that he was the means of founding was named after another name and no fitting commemoration of his work has been proposed until nearly four hundred years after his body turned to dust. May the imposing demonstration now being made in his honor on the Atlantic coast, and to be made next year in his honor mid-continent, be brilliant enough and far-resounding enough and Christian enough and magnificent enough to atone for the neglect of centuries. May the good Lord allow that most illustrious sailor of all time to look over the amethystine battlements long enough to see some of the garlands wreathed around his name and hear something of the hemispheric shout that shall greet his memory.

What most impresses me in all that wondrous life, which, for the next twelve months, we will be commemorating by sermon and song and military pa-

rade and World's Fair and Congress of Nations, is something I have never heard stated, and that is, that the discovery of America was a religious discovery and in the name of God. Columbus, by the study of prophecies and by what Zechariah and Micah and David and Isaiah had said about the "ends of the earth," was persuaded to go out and find the "ends of the earth," and he felt himself called by God to carry Christianity to the "ends of the earth." Then, the administration of the Last Supper before they left the Gulf of Cadiz, and the evening prayers during the voyage, and the devout ascription as soon as they saw the new world, and the doxologies with which they landed, confirm me in saying that the discovery of America was a religious discovery. Atheism has no right here; infidelity has no right here; vagabondism has no right here. And as God is not apt to fail in any of his undertakings (at any rate, I have never heard of his having anything to do with a failure), America is going to be gospelized, and from the Golden Gate of California to the Narrows of New York Harbor, and from the top of North America to the foot of South America, from Behring Straits to Cape Horn, this is going to be Immanuel's Land. All the forms of irreligion and abomination that have cursed other parts of the world will land here—yea, they have already landed—and they will wrangle for the possession of this hemisphere, and they will make great headway and feel themselves almost established. But at what time they feel themselves secure of domination they will be made to bite the dust. God will not forget the prophecies which encouraged Columbus about the "ends of the earth seeing the salvation of God," nor the Christian anthem which Columbus led on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, on the coast of San Salvador. Like that flock of land birds

which met the *Santa Maria,* and the *Pinta,* and the *Nina* far out at sea, indicating to the commanders of that fleet that they were approaching some country, so a whole flock of promises and hopes, golden-winged and songful, this morning alight around us, assuring us that we are approaching the glorious period of American evangelization. A Divine influence will yet sweep the continent that will make iniquity drop like slacked lime, and will make the most blatant infidelity declare it was only joking when it said the Bible was not true, and the worst atheism announce that it always did believe in the God of Nations. Let others call for Requiem and Dead March; I call for George Frederick Handel's Hallelujah Chorus.

There has been much talk of late about communication with other worlds. Mars has come so near we can see its canals, and it has been hoped that by signals after a while we may communicate with other stars. Ah, that will not be possible until our world has been reformed and evangelized. It would not do for our world in its lost and ruined state to have communication with other worlds. It would spoil their morals. But wait until this world is fully redeemed, as it will be, and then perhaps interstellar correspondence may be opened. Till then, this smitten and sickened world of ours must be quarantined from coming too near the unfallen worlds. But, thank God! the prophecies which cheered Columbus in his undertaking cheer us. America for God! Yea, the round world for God! There can be no doubt about it.

That great Italian navigator also impresses me with the idea that when one does a good thing, he cannot appreciate its ramifications. To the moment of his death, Columbus never knew that he had discovered America, but thought that Cuba was a part of Asia. He thought the Island of Hispaniola was the

Ophir of Solomon. He thought he had only opened a new way to old Asia. Had he known what North and South America were and are, and that he had found a country three thousand miles wide, ten thousand miles long, of near sixteen million square miles, and four times as large as Europe, the happiness would have been too much for mortal man to endure. He had no idea that the time would come when a nation of sixty million people on this side of the sea would be joined by all the intelligent nations on the other side the sea, for the most part of the year reciting his wonderful deeds. It took centuries to reveal the result of that one transatlantic voyage. So it has always been. Could Paul, on that June day, when he was decapitated, have had any idea of what effect his letters and the account of his life would have on Christendom? Could Martin Luther have had any idea of the echoes that would ring through the ages from the bang of his hammer nailing the Latin theses against a church door at Wittenberg? Could Eli Whitney have realized the continents of wealth that would be added to the South by the invention of his cotton gin? Could John Guttenberg, toiling year after year, making type, and laboriously setting them side by side, and with presses changed now this way and that, and sued by John Faust for money loaned, and many of the people trying to cheat Guttenberg out of his invention, he toiling on until he produced the Mazarin Bible, have any idea that, as a result of his invention, there would be librairies that, placed side by side, would again and again engirdle the earth, or the showers of newspapers that snow the world under? When Manhattan Island was sold to the Dutch for twenty-four dollars, neither they who sold, nor they who bought, could have forseen New York, the commercial metropolis of America, that now stands on it.

Can a man who preaches a sermon, or a woman who distributes tracts; or a teacher who instructs a class, or a passer-by who utters encouraging words, realize the infinitudes of useful result? The teacher at Harrow School, who toiled with William Jones, the most stupid boy in school, and at the foot of his class, did not know that he was fitting for his work the greatest Oriental scholar of modern times; his statue now in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Every move you make for God, however insignificant in your own eyes, or in the eyes of others, touches worlds larger than the one Columbus discovered. Why talk about unimportant things? There are no unimportant things. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. On a clear night the smallest dew-drop holds a star. Each one of you is at the centre of a universe, and all you say and do somehow vibrates to the extreme of that universe in all directions.

I promise everlasting renown to those who will go forth with Christian and sympathetic words. After the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson, the admiral, went into a hospital and halted at the bed of a wounded sailor who had lost his arm, and said: "Well, Jack, what is the matter with you?" and the sailor replied: "Lost my right arm, your honor;" and Nelson looked down at his own empty sleeve and said: "Well, Jack, then you and I are both spoiled for fishermen. Cheer up, my brave fellow!" and that sympathetic word cheered the entire hospital. Before you die, you can, out of your own misfortunes, cheer a hundred souls, and start unending echoes. You can no more appreciate the far-reaching results of your life than Columbus could see this continent from Arctic to Antarctic. I say this not to make you proud and arrogant, but to make you tremble with your responsibilities, and put

you on your guard as to what you do and what you say.

While studying the life of this Italian navigator, I am also reminded of the fact that while we are diligently looking for one thing, we find another. Columbus started to find India, but found America. Go on and do your duty diligently and prayerfully, and if you do not find what you looked for, you will find something better. Saul was hunting for the strayed animals of his father's barnyard, but met Samuel, the prophet, who gave him a crown of dominion. Nearly all the great inventions and discoveries were made by men who, at the time, were looking for something else. Professor Morse gone to Europe to perfect himself in chemistry, on returning happens to take the packet-ship *Sully* from Havre, and while in conversation with a passenger learns of some experiments in France, which suggests to him the magnetic telegraphy. He went to Europe to learn the wisdom of others and discovered the telegraph. Hargreaves by the upsetting of a machine, and the motion of its wheels while upset, discovered the spinning-jenny. So, my friend, go on faithfully and promptly with your work, and if you do not get the success you seek, and your plans upset, you will get something just as good and perhaps better. Sail ahead on the voyage of life, keep a correct log-book, brave the tempest, make the best use of the east wind, keep a sharp lookout, and I warrant you in the name of the God of Columbus that if you do not find just what you want of an earthly nature, you will find heaven, and that will be better. What was wornout India, crouching under a tropical sun, compared with salubrious and radiant and almost illimitable America; and what is all that this little world in which we live can afford you compared with that supernal realm, whose foliage, and whose

fruits, and whose riches, and whose population, and whose grandeurs, and whose worship, and whose Christ, make up an affluence that the most rapturous vocabulary fails to utter?

Another look at the career of that Admiral of the *Santa Maria* persuades me that it is not to be expected that this world will do its hard workers full justice. If any man ought to have been treated well from first to last, it was Columbus. He had his faults. Let others depict them. But a greater soul the centuries have not produced. This continent ought to have been called Columbia, after the hero who discovered it, or Isabelliana, after the queen who furnished the means for the expedition. No. The world did not do him justice, while he was alive, and why should it be expected to do him justice after he was dead. Columbus in a dungeon! What a thought. Columbus in irons! What a spectacle. The wife of Robert Murray, after whom Murray Hill, New York, was named, never has received proper credit for detaining at a very rich luncheon the officers of the opposing army until Washington and his army could escape. Mrs. Murray saved American independence. How the wrong men and the wrong women get credit that does not belong to them, while God's heroes and God's heroines go ungarlanded. You have heard of the brave words of dying chieftains, but you probably never heard of what a private soldier said, fallen at Resaca, and bleeding under a shell wound in his mouth, and who though suffering dreadfully from thirst, when a cup of water was offered him declined to drink, saying, "My mouth is all bloody, sir, and it might make the tin-cup bad for others!"

The world knows little or nothing of the bravest words and the bravest deeds. In one of the last letters which Columbus sent to his son, he wrote this

lamentation: "I receive nothing of the revenue due me. I live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of service with such toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no recourse but the inn, and, for the most times, have not wherewithal to pay my bill." Be not surprised, my hearer, if you suffer injustice. You are in the best of company; the men and women who wrought mightily for God and the world's improvement, and got for it chiefly misrepresentation and abuse while they lived, although afterward they have had a long row of carriages at the obsequies, and a gilt-edged set of resolutions unanimously adopted for the consolation of the bereft household. Do your full duty, expecting no appreciation in this world, but full reward in the world to come.

And, now, while I am thinking of this illustrious ship captain of Genoa, let me bespeak higher appreciation for the ship captains now in service, many of them this moment on the sea, the lives of tens of thousands of passengers in their keeping. What an awful responsibility is theirs! They go out through the Narrows, or start from Queenstown or Southampton or Glasgow, not knowing what cyclones, or collisions, or midnight perils are waiting for them. It requires bravery to face an army of men, but far more bravery to face an army of Atlantic surges led on by hurricanes. A more stupendous scene is not to be witnessed than that of a ship captain walking the bridge of a steamer in the midst of a cyclone. Remember those heroes in your prayers; and when worn out in the service, and they have to command inferior craft, or return to the land and go out of service, do them full honor for what they once were. Let the ship companies award them pensions worthy of what they

endured until they start on their last voyage from this world to the next. Ay, that voyage we must all take, landsmen as well as seafarers. Let us be sure that we have the right pilot, and the right chart, and the right captain, and that we start in the right direction. It will be to each of us who love the Lord a voyage more wonderful for discovery than that which Columbus took, for, after all we have heard about that other world, we know not where it is, or how it looks; and it will be as new as San Salvador was to the glorious captain of the *Santa Maria*. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." May the light from that Golden Beach flash on the darkness, and we be able to step ashore amid groves and orchards and aromas, such as the world's atmosphere never ripened or breathed. Ay, fellow-mariners, over the rough sea of life, through the fogs and mists of earth, see you not already the outline of the better country? Land ahead! Land ahead! Nearer and nearer we come to heavenly wharfage. Throw out the planks and step ashore into the arms of your kindred, who have been waiting and watching for the hour of your disembarkation. Through the rich grace of Christ, our Lord, may we all have such blissful arrival!

RESERVATION OF AMERICA

Acts, 17: 26: "And hath made of one blood all nations."

RESERVATION OF AMERICA

Acts, 17: 26: "And hath made of one blood all nations."

That is, if for some reason general phlebotomy were ordered, and standing in a row were an American, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Norwegian, an Icelander, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Russian, and representatives of all other nationalities bared their right arm, and a lancet were struck into it, the blood let out would have the same characteristics, for it would be red, complex, fibrin, globulin, chlorin, and containing sulphuric acid, potassium, phosphate of magnesia, and so on; and Harvey, and Sir Astley Cooper, and Richardson, and Zimmerman, and Brown-Sequard, and all the scientific doctors, allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic, and eclectic, would agree with Paul, as, standing on Mars Hill, his pulpit a ridge of limestone rock fifty feet high, and among the proudest, and most exclusive, and undemocratic people of the earth, he crashed into all their prejudices by declaring, in the words of my text, that God had made "of one blood all nations." The countenance of the five races of the human family may be different as a result of climate, or education, or habits, and the Malay will have the projecting upper jaw, and the Caucasian the oval face and small mouth, and the Ethiopian the retreating forehead and large lip, and the Mongolian the flat face of olive hue, and the American Indian the copper-colored complexion, but the blood is the same, and indicates that they all had one origin, and that Adam and Eve were their ancestor and ancestress.

I think God built this American continent and organized this United States republic to demonstrate the stupendous idea of the text. A man in Persia will always remain a Persian; a man in Switzerland will always remain a Swiss; a man in Austria will always remain an Austrian, but all foreign nationalities coming to America were intended to be Americans. This land is the chemical laboratory where foreign bloods are to be inextricably mixed up and race prejudices and race antipathies are to perish; and this sermon is an ax by which I hope to help kill them. It is not hard for me to preach such a sermon, because, although my ancestors came to this country about two hundred and fifty years ago; some of them came from Wales, and some from Scotland, and some from Holland, and some from other lands, and I am a mixture of so many nationalities, that I feel at home with people from under every sky, and have a right to call them blood relations. There are madcaps and patriotic lunatics in this country who are ever and anon crying out, "America for Americans!" Down with the Germans! down with the Irish! down with the Jews! down with the Chinese! are in some directions the popular cries, all of which vociferations I would drown out by the full organ of my text, while I pull out the stops and put my foot on the pedal that will open the loudest pipes, and run my fingers over all the four banks of ivory keys, playing the chant, "God hath made of one blood all nations." For national selfishness God has nothing but hot indignations.

There are not five men in this audience, nor five men in any audience to-day in America, except it be on an Indian reservation, who were not descended from foreigners, if you go far enough back. The only native Americans are the Modocs, the Shawnees, the Chippewas, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Semi-

noles, and such like. If the principle, America only for Americans, be carried out, then you and I have no right to be here, and we had better charter all the steamers and clippers and men-of-war and yachts and sloops and get out of this country as quick as possible. The Pilgrim Fathers were all immigrants, the Huguenots all immigrants. The cradle of most every one of our families was rocked on the bank of the Clyde or the Rhine or the Shannon or the Seine or the Tiber. Had the watchword, "America for Americans!" been an early and successful cry, where now stand our cities would have stood Indian wigwams; and canoes instead of steamers would have tracked the Hudson and the Connecticut; and, instead of the Mississippi being the main artery of the continent, it would have been only a trough for deer, and antelope, and wild pigeons to drink out of. What makes the cry of "America for Americans!" the more absurd, and the more inhuman, is that some in this country, who themselves arrived here in their boyhood, or arrived here only one or two generations back, are joining in the cry. Escaped from foreign despotisms themselves, they say, "Shut the door of escape for others." Getting themselves on our shores in a lifeboat from the shipwreck, saying, "Haul the boat on the beach, and let the rest of the passengers go to the bottom!" Men who have yet on them a Scotch or German or English or Irish brogue, crying out, "America for Americans!" What if the native inhabitants of Heaven—I mean the angels, the cherubim, the seraphim, born there—should stand in the gate, and when they see us coming up at last should say, "Go back! Heaven for the Heavenians!"

Of course we do well not to allow foreign nations to make this country a convict colony. We would have a wall built as high as heaven and as deep as hell

against foreign thieves, pickpockets, and anarchists. We would not let them wipe their feet on the mat of the outside door of Ellis Island. If England, or Russia, or Germany, or France, send here their desperadoes to get clear of them, we would have these desperadoes sent back in chains to the places where they came from. We will not have America become the dumping-place for foreign vagabondism. But you build up a wall at the Narrows before New York Harbor, or at the Golden Gate before San Francisco, and forbid the coming of the industrious and hard working and honest populations of other lands who want to breathe the air of our free institutions, and get opportunity for better livelihood; and it is only a question of time when God will tumble that wall flat on our own heads with red-hot thunderbolts of his omnipotent indignation.

You are a father, and you have five children. The parlor is the best room in your house. Your son Philip says to the other four children, "Now, John, you live in the small room in the end of the hall, and stay there; George, you live in the garret, and stay there; Mary, you live in the cellar, and stay there; Fanny, you live in the kitchen, and stay there. I, Philip, will take the parlor; it suits me exactly. I like the pictures on the wall; I like the lambrequins at the windows; I like the Axminster on the floor. Now, I, Philip, propose to occupy this parlor and I command you to stay out. The parlor only for Philippians." You, the father, hear of this arrangement, and what will you do? You will get red in the face, and say, "John, come out of that small room at the end of the hall; George, come down out of the garret; Mary, come up from the cellar; Fanny, come out of the kitchen, and go into the parlor, or anywhere you choose; and, Philip, for your greediness and unbroth-

erly behavior, I put you for two hours in the dark closet under the stairs." God is the Father of the human race. He has at least five sons—a North American, a South American, a European, an Asiatic, and an African. The North American sniffs the breeze, and he says to his four brothers and sisters: "Let the South American stay in South America; let the European stay in Europe; let the Asiatic stay in Asia; let the African stay in Africa; but America is for me. I think it is the parlor of the whole earth. I like its carpets of grass, and its upholstery of the front window, namely, the American sunrise; and the upholstery of the back window, namely, the American sunset. Now, I want you all to stay out, and keep to your places." I am sure the Father of the whole human race would hear of it, and chastisement would come; and whether by earthquake, or flood, or drought, or heaven-darkening swarms of locust and grasshopper, or destroying angel of pestilence, God would rebuke our selfishness as a nation, and say to the four winds of heaven: "This world is my house, and the North American is no more my child than is the South American, and the European, and the Asiatic, and the African. And I built this world for all the children, and the parlor is theirs, and all is theirs." For, let me say, whether we will or not, the population of other lands will come here. There are harbors all the way from Baffin's Bay to Galveston, and if you shut fifty gates, there will be other gates unguarded; and if you forbid foreigners from coming on the steamers, they will take sailing vessels; and if you forbid them coming on sailing vessels, they will come in boats; and if you will not let them come in boats, they will come on rafts; and if you will not allow wharfage to the raft, they will leave it outside Sandy Hook and swim for free America. Stop them?

You might as well pass a law forbidding a swarm of summer bees from lighting on the clover-tops, or pass a law forbidding the tides of the Atlantic to rise when the moon puts under it silver grappling-hooks, or a law that the noonday sun should not irradiate the atmosphere. They have come; they are coming now; they will come. And if I had a voice loud enough to be heard across the seas, I would put it to the utmost tension, and cry: "Let them come!" You stingy, selfish, shriveled up, heartless souls, who sit before your silver dinner-plate piled up with breast of roast turkey incarnadined with cranberry, your fork full and your mouth full, and cramming down the superabundance till your digestive organs are terrorized, let the millions of your fellow-men have at least the wishing-bone!

But some of this cry, "America for Americans!" may arise from an honest fear lest this land be overcrowded. Such persons had better take the Northern Pacific, or Union Pacific, or Southern Pacific, or Atlantic and Charlotte air line, or Texas and Sante Fe, and go a long journey and find out that no more than a tenth part of this continent is fully cultivated. If a man with a hundred acres of farm land should put all his cultivation on one acre, he would be cultivating a larger ratio of his farm than our nation is now cultivating. Pour the whole human race, Europe, Asia, Africa, and all the islands of the sea, into America, and there would be room to spare. All the Rocky Mountain barrennesses and all the other American deserts are to be fertilized; and as Salt Lake City and much of Utah once yielded not a blade of grass, now by artificial irrigation have become gardens, so a large part of this continent that now is too poor to grow even a mullein stalk or a Canada thistle, will through artificial irrigation, like an Illinois prairie, wave with

wheat, or like a Wisconsin farm rustle with corn tassels. Besides that, after perhaps a century or two more, when this continent is quite well occupied, the tides of immigration will turn the other way. Politics and governmental affairs being corrected on the other side of the waters; Ireland, under different regulation, turned into a garden, will invite back another generation of Irishmen; and the wide wastes of Russia cultivated, will, with her own green fields, invite back another generation of Russians. And there will be hundreds of thousands of Americans every year settling on the other continents. And after a number of centuries, all the earth full and crowded, what then? Well, at that time, some night, a panther meteor wandering through the heavens will put its paw on our world and stop it; and putting its panther tooth into the neck of its mountain range, will shake it lifeless, as the rat-terrier a rat. So I have no more fear of America being overcrowded than that the porpoises in the Atlantic Ocean will become so numerous as to stop shipping.

It is through mighty addition of foreign population to our native population that I think God is going to fill this land with a race of people ninety-five per cent. superior to anything the world has ever seen. Intermarriage of families and intermarriage in nations is depressing and crippling. Marriage outside of one's own nationality and with another style of nationality is a mighty gain. What makes the Scotch-Irish second to no pedigree for brain and stamina of character, so that such blood goes right up to Supreme Court bench, and to the front rank in jurisprudence and merchandise and art? Because nothing under heaven can be more unlike than a Scotchman and an Irishman, and the descendants of these two conjoined nationalities, unless rum flings them, go right to the

tip-top in everything. All nationalities coming to this land, the opposites will all the while be affianced, and French and German will unite, and that will stop all the quarrel between them, and one child they will call Alsace, and the other Lorraine. And hot-blooded Spaniard will unite with cool-blooded Polander, and romantic Italian with matter-of-fact Norwegian, and a hundred and fifty years from now the race occupying this land will be, in stature, in purity of complexion, in liquidity of eye, in gracefulness of poise, in dome-like brow, in taste, in intelligence, and in morals, so far ahead of anything now known on either side the seas that this last quarter of the nineteenth century will seem to them like the Dark Ages. Oh, then how they will legislate and bargain and pray and preach and govern! This is the land where, by the mingling of races, the race prejudice is to get its death blow. How Heaven feels about it, we may conclude from the fact that Christ, the Jew, and descended from a Jewess, nevertheless provided a religion for all races; and that Paul, though a Jew, became the chief apostle of the Gentiles; and that recently God has allowed to burst in splendor upon the attention of the world Hirsch, the Jew, who, after giving ten million dollars to Christian churches and hospitals, has called a committee of nations, and furnished them with forty million dollars for schools to elevate his race in France and Germany and Russia to higher intelligence, and abolish, as he says, the prejudices against their race; these fifty million dollars not given in a last will and testament, and at a time when a man must leave his money anyhow, but by donation at fifty-five years of age, and in good health; utterly eclipsing all benevolence since the world was created.

I must confess there was a time when I entertained race prejudice, but, thanks to God, that prejudice has

gone; and if I sat in church, and on one side of me there was a black man, and on the other side of me was an Indian, and before me was a Chinaman, and behind me a Turk, I would be as happy as I am now standing in the presence of this brilliant audience; and I am as happy now as I can be and live. The sooner we get this corpse of race prejudice buried, the healthier will be our American atmosphere. Let each one fetch a spade, and let us dig its grave clear on down deeper and deeper till we get as far down as the centre of the earth and half-way to China, but no farther lest it poison those living on the other side the earth. Then into this grave let down the accursed carcase of race prejudice, and throw on it all the mean things that have ever been said and written between Jew and Gentile, between Turk and Russian, between English and French, between Mongolian and anti-Mongolian, between black and white, and put over that grave for tombstone some scorched and jagged chunk of scoriæ spit out by some volcanic eruption, and chisel on it for epitaph: "Here lies the carcase of one who cursed the world. Aged near six thousand years. Departed this life for the perdition from whence it came. No peace to its ashes!"

Now, in view of this subject, I have two point-blank words to utter, one suggesting what foreigners ought to do for us, and the other what we ought to do for foreigners. First, to foreigners: Lay aside all apologetic air, and realize you have as much right as any man who was not only himself born here, but his father and his grandfather and great-grandfather before him. Are you an Englishman? Though during the Revolutionary War your fathers treated our fathers roughly, England has more than atoned for that by giving to this country at least two denominations of Christians, the Church of England and the

Methodist Church. Witness the magnificent liturgy of the one, and hear the Wesleyan hallelujahs of the other. And who shall ever pay England for what Shakespeare and John Milton and Wordsworth and a thousand other authors, have done for America? Are you a Scotchman? Thanks for John Knox's Presbyterianism; the balance-wheel of other denominations. And how shall Americans ever pay your native land for what Thomas Chalmers, and Macintosh, and Robert Burns, and Christopher North, and Robert McCheyne, and Candlish, and Guthrie, have done for Americans? Are you a Frenchman? We cannot forget your Lafayette, who, in the most desperate time of our American revolution, New York surrendered, and our armies flying in retreat, espoused our cause, and at Brandywine and Monmouth and Yorktown, put all America under eternal obligation. And we cannot forget the coming to the rescue of our fathers of Rochambeau and his French fleet with six thousand armed men. Are you a German? We have not forgotten the eleven wounds through which Baron De Kalb poured out his life-blood at the head of the Maryland and Delaware troops in the disastrous battle at Camden, and after we have named our streets, and our cities, and counties, after him, we have not paid a tithe of what we owe Germany for his valor and self-sacrifice. And what about Martin Luther, the giant German, who made way for religious liberty for all lands and ages? Are you a Polander? How can we forget your brilliant Count Pulaski, whose bones were laid in Savannah River after a mortal wound, gotten while in the stirrups of one of the fiercest cavalry charges of the American Revolution? But with no time to particularize, I say, "All hail to the men and women of other lands who come here with honest purpose!" Renounce all obligation to foreign

despots; take the oath of American allegiance; get out your naturalization papers. Don't talk against our institutions, for the fact that you came here, and stay, shows that you like ours better than any other. If you do not like them, there are steamers going out of our ports almost every day, and the fare is cheap, and, lest you should be detained for parting civilities, I bid you good-by now; but if you like it here, then I charge you, at the ballot-box, in legislative hall, in churches, and everywhere, be out-and-out Americans. Do not try to establish here the loose foreign Sabbaths, or transcendentalism spun into a religion of mush and moonshine, or foreign libertinism, or that condensation of all thievery, scoundrelism, lust, murder, and perdition, which, in Russia, is called Nihilism, and in France called Communism, and in America called Anarchism. Unite with us in making, by the grace of God, the fifteen million square miles of America, on both sides the Isthmus of Panama, the paradise of virtue and religion.

My other word suggests what Americans ought to do for foreigners. By all possible means explain to them our institutions. Coming here, the vast majority of them know about as much concerning republican or democratic form of government as you in the United States know about the politics of Denmark, or France, or Italy, or Switzerland, namely, nothing. Explain to them that liberty in this country means liberty to do right, but not liberty to do wrong. Never in their presence say anything against their native land, for, no matter how much they may have been oppressed there, in that native land there are sacred places, cabins or mansions, around whose doors they played, and perhaps somewhere there is a grave into which they would like, when life's toils are over, to be let down, for it is mother's grave; and it would be like

going again into the loving arms that first held them, and against the bosom that first pillowed them. My! my! how low down a man must have descended to have no regard for the place where his cradle was rocked. Do not mock their brogue, or their stumbling attempts at the hardest of all languages to learn, namely, the English language. I warrant you they speak English as well as you could speak Scandinavian. Treat them in America as you would like to be treated, if, for the sake of your honest principles or a better livelihood for yourself or your family, you had moved under the shadow of Jungfrau, or the Rigi, or the Giant's Causeway, or the Bohemian Forest, or the Franconian Jura. If they get homesick, as some of them are, suggest to them that God is as near to help them here as he was near them before they crossed the Atlantic, and that the soul's final flight is less than a second, whether from the beach of the Caspian Sea, or the banks of Lake Erie. Evangelize their adults through the churches, and their children though the schools, and let home missions, and tract societies, and the Bible, translated in all the languages of these foreign people, have full swing.

Rejoice as Christian patriots that, instead of being an element of weakness, the foreign people, thoroughly evangelized, will be our mightiest defence against all the world. The Congress of the United States built new forts all up and down our American coasts, and a new navy was projected. But let me say that three hundred million dollars expended in coast defence will not be so mighty as a vast foreign population living in America. With hundreds of thousands of Germans living in New York, Germany would as soon think of bomb-shelling Berlin as attacking us; with hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen in New York, France would as soon think of firing on

Paris; with hundreds of thousands of Englishmen in New York, England would as soon think of destroying London. The mightiest defence against European nations is a wall of Europeans reaching all up and down the American continent—a wall of heads and hearts consecrated to free government. A bulwark of foreign humanity heaved up all along our shores, reinforced by the Atlantic Ocean, armed as it is with tempests, and Caribbean whirlwinds and giant billows ready to fling mountains from their catapult, we need as a nation fear no one in the universe but God; and, if found in his service, we need not fear him. As six hundred million people will yet sit down at our national table, let God preside. To him be dedicated the metal of our mines, the sheaves of our harvest-fields, the fruits of our orchards, the fabrics of our manufactories, the telescopes of our observatories, the volumes of our libraries, the songs of our churches, the affections of our hearts, and all our lakes become baptismal fonts, and all our mountains altars of praise, and all our valleys amphitheatres of worship; and our country having become fifty nations consolidated in one, may its every heart-throb be a pulsation of gratitude to him who made "of one blood all nations," and ransomed that blood by the payment of the last drop of his own.

ALLEVIATIONS OF WAR

Ps., 27: 3: "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

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The ring of battle-axes, and the clash of shields, and the tramp of armies, are heard all up and down the Old Testament; and you find godly soldiers like Moses, and Joshua, and Caleb, and Gideon, and scoundrelly soldiers like Sennacherib, and Shalmaneser, and Nebuchadnezzar. The High Priest would stand at the head of the army, and say: "Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies, let not your hearts faint, fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them!" and then the officers would give command to the troops, saying: "What man is there that hath built a new house, and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle and another man dedicate it? And what man is he that hath planteth a vineyard and hath not eaten of it? Let him also go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle and another man eat of it. And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle and another man take her." Great armies marched and fought. In time of Moses and Joshua all the men were soldiers. When Israel came out of Egypt they were six hundred thousand fighting men. Abijah commanded four hundred thousand, Jeroboam commanded eight hundred thousand men, of whom five hundred thousand were slain in one battle. Some of these wars God approved, for they were for the res-

cue of oppressed nations, and some of them he denounced, but in all cases it was a judgment upon both victors and vanquished. David knew just what war was when he wrote in the text: "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

David is encouraging himself in stormy times, and before approaching battles administers to himself this consolation. So to-day my theme is the "Alleviations of War." War is organized atrocity. It is the science of assassination. It is the convocation of all horrors. It is butchery wholesale. It is murder glorified. It is Death on a throne of human skeletons. It is the coffin in ascendancy. It is diabolism at a game of skulls. But war is here, and it is time now to preach on its alleviations, and make up our mind what ought to be the style of our behavior while passing through this national ordeal.

First, I find an alleviation in the fact that it has consolidated the North and the South after long-continued strained relations. It is thirty-four years since our Civil War closed, and the violences are all gone and the severities have been hushed. But ever and anon, in oration, in sermon, in newspaper editorial, in magazine article, on political stump, and in congressional hall, the old sectional difference has lifted its head; and for the first time within my memory, or the memory of any one who hears or reads these words, the North and the South are one. By a marvelous providence, the family that led in opposition to our government thirty years ago is represented at the front in this present war. Nothing else could have done the work of unification so suddenly or so completely as this conflict between the United States and Spain. At Tampa, at Chattanooga, at Richmond, and in many other places, the regiments are forming, and it will be side by side, Massachusetts and Alabama,

New York and Georgia, Illinois and Louisiana, Maine and South Carolina. Northern and Southern men will together unlimber the guns and rush upon the fortification and charge upon the enemy and shout the triumph. The voices of military officers who were under Sidney Johnson and Joseph Hooker will give the command on the same side. The old sectional grudges forever dead. The name of Grant on the Northern side and of Lee on the Southern side exchanged for the names of Grant and Lee on the same side. The veterans in Northern and Southern homes and asylums are stretching their rheumatic limbs to see whether they can again keep step in a march, and are testing their eyesight to find whether they can again look along the gun-barrel to successfully take aim and fire. The old war cry of "On to Richmond!" and "On to Washington!" has become the war-cry of "On to Havana!" "On to Porto Rico!" "On to the Philippine Islands!" The two old rusty swords that in other days clashed at Murfreesboro and South Mountain and Atlanta, are now lifted to strike down Hispanic abominations.

Another alleviation of the war is the fact that it is the most unselfish war of the ages. While the commercial rights of our wronged citizens will be vindicated, that is not the chief idea of this war. It is the rescue of hundreds of thousands of people from starvation and multiform maltreatment. At least two hundred thousand graves are calling to us to come on and remember by what process their occupants died. It is the twentieth century crying out to the nineteenth: "Do you mean to pass down to me the curse with which you have been blasted? Or will you let me begin under new auspices and turn the island of desolation into an island Edenic?" It is a war inspired by mercy, which is an attribute in man imitative

of the same attribute of God. In no other age of the world could such a war have been waged. The Gospel of kindness needed to be recognized throughout Christendom in order to make such a war possible. The chief reason why most of the European nations are not now banded together against us is because they dare not take the part of that behemoth of cruelty, the Spanish government, against the crusade of mercy which our nation has started. Had it been on our part a war of conquest, a war of annexation, a war of aggrandizement, there would have been by this time enough flying squadrons coming to this country across the Atlantic to throw into panic every city on our American seaboard. Most of the wars of the world have been wars of ambition or conquest; but in this Hispanic-American war every drummer-boy or picket or gunner or standard-bearer or skirmisher or sharpshooter or cavalryman or artilleryman or engineer who falls, falls in the cause of mercy, and becomes a martyr for God and his country.

Another alleviation of this war is that it is for the advancement of the sublime principle of liberty, which will yet engirdle the earth. Not only will this war free Cuba, but finally will free Spain. By what right does a dynasty like that stand, and a corrupt court dominate a people for centuries, taxing them to death, riding in gilded chariot over the necks of a beggared population? There are ten thousand boys in Spain growing up with more capacity to govern that nation than the weak boy now in the Madrid palace will ever possess. Before this conflict is over, the Spanish nation will be well on toward the time when a constitutional convention will assemble to establish a free government, instead of the worn-out dynasty that now afflicts the people. The liberty of all nations, trans-Atlantic as well as cis-Atlantic, if not already estab-

lished, is on the way, and it cannot be stopped. Napoleon III thought he had successfully driven the principle out of France, when, on the second day of December, 1851, he rode down the Champs Elysees of Paris, constitutional government seemingly crushed under the hoofs of his steed. But did it stay crushed? Let the batteries on the heights above Sedan answer, and the shout of two hundred and fifty thousand triumphant troops and the letter of surrender to Emperor William tell the story. "Sire, my Brother: Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in your Majesty's hands. I am, your Majesty, your good brother, Napoleon. Sedan, 1 September, 1870." That monarchy having fallen, then the French Republic resumed its march.

Another alleviation is that the war opens with a great victory for the United States. It took our government four years to get over the fiasco at Bull Run. A defeat at the start of this present war would have been disheartening to the last degree, and would have invited foreign intervention to stop the war before anything practical for God and humanity had been accomplished, and would have prolonged the strife, for which we are hoping a quick termination. In the most jubilant manner let this victory of our navy be celebrated. With the story of the exploding battleship fresh in the minds of the world, it required no ordinary courage to sail into the harbor of Manila and attack the Spanish ships. That harbor, crowded with sunken weaponry of death; to enter it was running a risk enough to make all nations shiver. But Manila is ours, and the blow has shaken to the foundation the palaces of Madrid, and for policy's sake the doubtful nations are on our side. For Commodore Dewey and all who followed him let the whole nation

utter its most resounding huzza; and more than that, let us thank the Lord of hosts for his guiding and protecting power. "Praise ye the Lord! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!"

Another alleviation is the fact that in this war the might is on the side of the right. Again and again have liberty and justice and suffering humanity had the odds against them. It was so when Benhadad's Syrian hosts, who were in the wrong, at Aphek, came upon the small regiments of Israel, who were in the right, the Bible putting it in one of those graphic sentences for which the book is remarkable: "The children of Israel pitched before them like two little flocks of kids, but the Syrians filled the whole country." It was so in the awful defeat of the Lord's people at Gilboa and Megiddo. It was so recently when gallant and glorious Greece was in conflict with gigantic Mohammedanism, and the navies of Europe hovering about the Bosphorus were in practical protection of the Turkish government, fresh from the slaughter of one hundred thousand Armenians. It was so when, in 1776, the thirteen colonies, with no war shipping and a few undrilled and poorly-clad soldiers were brought into a contest with the mightiest navy of all the earth, and an army that commanded the admiration of nations. It was so when Poland was crushed. It was so when Hungary went under. It has been so during all the struggles heretofore for Cuban independence. But now it is our powerful navy against a feeble group of incompetent ships, crawling across the Atlantic to meet our flotillas, which have enough guns to send them as completely under as when the Red Sea submerged Pharaoh's army. It is so in these times, when only a few thousand Spaniards at most can reach our hemisphere, and we go out to meet them with one hundred and twenty-five thousand armed men, to be

backed up speedily with five hundred thousand more if needed. We do not have to ask for any miracle, but only a fair shot at the ships headed this way, and time enough to demolish them. This is one of the cases in the world's history where might and right are shoulder to shoulder.

Another alleviation is the fact that such an atrocity as the destruction of two hundred and sixty-six lives in Havana harbor in time of peace cannot with impunity be perpetrated in this age of the world's civilization. The question as to who did that infernalism is too well settled to need any further discussion. But what a small crime it was, compared with the systematic putting into their graves of hundreds of thousands of Cubans, or leaving them unburied for the buzzards to take care of! If Spain could destroy two hundred thousand men, women and children, the slaughter of two hundred and sixty-six people was not a very great undertaking. But this one last deed will result in the liberation of Cuba, and the driving of Spain from this hemisphere.

There was danger that the long-continued oppression of our neighbors in Cuba might be continued from generation to generation without sufficient protest on our part and the pronounced execration of people on both sides of the Atlantic, but that bursting volcano of destruction in the harbor of Havana fired the nation and shocked the whole civilized world. All nations will learn that such an act cannot be repeated without the anathema of all Christendom. As individual criminals must be punished for the public good, and we have for them courts of oyer and terminer, and penitentiaries, and electric chairs, and hangman's gallows, so governments committing high crimes against God and humanity must be scourged and hung up for the world's indignation. When in Spanish

waters our battleship, looking after our commercial interests and intending nothing but quietude, was hurled into demolition, and the men on board, without time to utter one word of prayer, were dashed into the eternal world, the final doom of the reigning house of Spain was pronounced in tones louder than the thunder of explosion which that night rolled out over the sea.

Another alleviation is the fact that we have a God to go to in behalf of all those of our countrymen who may be in especial exposure at the front, for we must admit the perils. It is no trifling thing for one hundred thousand young men to be put outside of home restraints and sometimes into evil companionship. Many of the brave of the earth are not the good of the earth. To be in the same tent with those who have no regard for God or home; to hear their holy religion sometimes slurred at; to be placed under influences calculated to make one reckless; to have no Sabbath, or such a Sabbath as in most encampments amounts to no Sabbath at all; to go out from homes where all sanitary laws are observed into surroundings where questions of health are never discussed; to invade climes where pestilence holds possession; to make long marches under blistering skies; to stand on deck and in the fields under fire, at the mercy of shot and shell—we must admit that those thus exposed need especial care, and to the Omnipresent God we have a right to commend them and will commend them. Postal communication may be interrupted, and letters started from camps or homes may not arrive at the right destination, but however far away our loved ones may be from us, and however wide and deep the seas that separate us, we may hold communication with them *via* the throne of God.

A shipwrecked sailor was found floating on a raft

near the coast of California. While in hospital he told his experience, and said that he had a companion on the same raft for some time. While that companion was dying of thirst he said to him: "George, where are you going?" and the dying sailor said: "I hope I am going to God." "If you do," said the rescued sailor, "will you ask him to send some water?" After the death of his companion, the survivor said, the rain came in torrents, and slaked his thirst and kept him alive until he was taken to safety. The survivor always thought it was in answer to the message he had sent to heaven asking for water. Thank God we may have direct and instantaneous communication with the Lord Almighty through Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, and in that faith we may secure the rescue of our imperiled kindred. Is not that a mighty alleviation?

Until this conflict is ended let us be much in prayer for our beloved country. Do not let us depend upon the friendship of foreign nations. Our hope is in God. Out of every misfortune, he has brought this nation to a better moral and financial condition, and so let us pray that he will lift us out of this valley of trouble into a higher mountain of blessing.

It is a mystery that, just as this country was recovering from a long season of hard times, so many of our industries should now be halted; that business men who thought they could see their way to pay their debts and build up more prosperous enterprises and endow their homes with more advantages should have to halt and wait until the perfidious oppressor of Cuba shall be turned back. But individual and national life is always clothed with mysteries, and we make ourselves miserable by stabbing ourselves with sharp interrogation points, and plying the everlasting questions of "Why?" and "How?" and "What?" and

"When?" While we must, of course, try to be intelligent on all public affairs, it is a glorious thing to do our duty, and then fully and confidently trust all in the hands of God, who has proved himself the friend of our country from the time when the Spanish government fitted out an expedition to discover it, to this time, when Spaniards would like to destroy it.

Morning, noon and night, let us commend this beloved land to the care of a gracious God. That he answers prayer is so certain that your religion is an hallucination if he does not answer it. Pray that in reply to such supplications, the farmers' boys may get home again in time to reap the harvest of next July; that our business men may return in time to prepare for a fall trade such as has never yet filled the stores and factories with customers, and that all the homes in this country, now saddened by the departure of father or brother or son, may months before the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays be full of joy at the arrival of those who will for the rest of their lives have stories to tell of double-quick march, and narrow escape, and charges up the parapets, and nights set on fire with bombardment, and our flag hauled up to places from which other flags were hauled down.

Now that we have started on the work, let us make that Spanish government get out of this hemisphere. We do not want her any more, with her injustices and barbarism, and stilettos of cruelty, hanging around the shores of this free land. She must not breathe her foul breath on our winds; she must not again redden our seas with her butcheries. There bids fair to be a scene on the deep as disastrous to the Spanish as that which whelmed their Armada in 1588. Philip the Second, King of Spain, resolved on the conquest of Europe, and already in the compass of his dominions, besides Spain, were Naples and Sicily, and the Nether-

lands, and the East Indies, and the Canary and Molucca and Sunda and Philippine Islands, and Mexico and Cuba and some of the most splendid parts of America. All the nations of the earth, except England, were to her underlings, and the Spanish king resolved that even England must bow the knee. Although the destructive strength of modern battleships was then unknown, the Spanish Armada started for the subjection of England with about one hundred and forty great ships, with two thousand six hundred guns, four thousand cavalry horses, and thirty-two thousand men. The battleships were provisioned with one hundred and forty-seven thousand casks of wine, and six months of provisions. The commanders and officers of these war vessels were dukes and marquises and noblemen.

A storm such as had never swept the coast of England or aroused the ocean swooped down upon that Spanish Armada. Most of the ships soon went down under the sea, while others were driven helplessly along, to be splintered on the coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Norway. Another Spanish Armada is crossing the Atlantic, and we are ready to meet them. The same God who destroyed the Armada in 1588 reigns in 1898. May he, in his might, either through human arm or dumb element, defeat their squadron, and give victory to the old flag of Admiral Farragut and David Porter!

Yet what the world most wants is Christ, who is coming to take possession of all hearts, all homes, all nations; but the world blocks the wheels of his chariot. I would like to see this century, which is now almost wound up, find its peroration in some mighty overthrow of tyrannies and a universal building up of liberty and justice. Almost all the centuries have ended with some stupendous event that transformed

nations and changed the map of the world. It was so at the close of the fourteenth century; it was so at the close of the fifteenth century; at the close of the sixteenth, at the close of the seventeenth, at the close of the eighteenth century. May it be more gloriously so at the close of the nineteenth century! "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory." Amen.

POLITICS AND RELIGION

Daniel, 6: 16: "Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions."

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Darius was king of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him Prime Minister, or Secretary of State. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning. These demagogues asked the king to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to any one except the king during a period of thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting any foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day, and is found on his housetop making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. I hear the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the fiery eyeballs snap in the darkness. These monsters approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with

hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth, they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters. They fawn around him, they lick his hand, they bury his feet in their long mane. That night he has calm sleep with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

But not so well does Darius, the king, sleep. He has an attack of terrific insomnia. He loves Daniel, and hates this stratagem by which he has been condemned. All night long the king walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts, and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the dawning of the morning. At the first streak of the daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of the lions; he looks in. All is silent. His heart stops. He feels that the very worst has happened; but gathering all his strength, he shouts through the rifts of the rock, "O Daniel! is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the deep darkness a voice which says: "O king! live forever. My God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me." Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den than their flesh was rent, and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar, they announce to all ages that while God will defend his people, the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Learn first from this subject that the greatest crime that you can commit in the eyes of many is the crime

of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He got to be Prime Minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of unsanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are running the gauntlet between landlord and tax-gatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say: "Poor man, I am sorry for him; he ought to succeed, poor man." But after a while the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought just at the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are in some department successful, and your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street, and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you pass by them. "Stuck up," says one; "Got it dishonestly," says another; "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves. Every item of your success has been to them an item of discomfiture and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says: "Stay down, or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," says the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh," said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics,

young artists, young farmers, at certain times there are those to sympathize with you, but now that you are becoming a master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Again, my subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions, but having set his compass well, he sailed right on. For the lack of that element of decision of character, so eminent in Daniel, many men are ruined for this world, and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their minds. Perhaps they will go West; perhaps they will go East; perhaps they will not; perhaps they will go North; perhaps they may go South; perhaps they will not; perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads; perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that should go out of New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day should change for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston, and the next for Boston, and the next for Liverpool. These men on the sea of life everlastingly tacking ship and making no headway. Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes it to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, the curse of all styles of architecture. Young man, start right and keep on. Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfinch of Tonquin; it is magnificent while standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old

associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions, and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes, they grimace, and wink, and chuckle, and say, "There goes a saint." O, young man! have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men, who are affronted because you will not go to hell with them? When the grave cracks open under their feet, and grim messengers push them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

I learn also from my subject that men may take religion into their worldly business. This is a most appropriate thought at this season of the year, when business is brightening, and so many men are starting out in new enterprises. Daniel had enough work to do to occupy six men. All the affairs of state were in his hands: questions of finance, questions of war, of peace; all international questions were for his settlement or adjustment. He must have had a correspondence vast beyond all computation. There was not a man in all the earth who had more to do than Daniel, the Secretary of State, and yet we find him three times a day bowing before God in prayer. There are men in our day who have not a hundredth part of Daniel's engagements, who say they are too busy to be religious. They have an idea somehow that religion will spoil their worldly occupation, that it will trip the accountant's pen, or dull the carpenter's saw, or confuse the lawyer's brief, or disarrange the merchant's store shelf. They think religion is impertinent. They would like to have it very well seated beside them in church on the Sabbath, to find the place in the Psalm

book, or to nudge them awake when they get sleepy under the didactic discourse; or they would like to leave it in the pew on Sabbath evening, as they go out, closing the door, saying, "Good-night, religion; I'll be back next Sunday!" But to have religion go right along by them all through life, to have religion looking over their shoulder when they are making a bargain, to have religion take up a bag of dishonest gold and shake it, and say, "Where did you get that?" They think that is an impertinent religion. They would like to have a religion to help them when they are sick, and when the shadow of death comes over them, they would like to have religion as a sort of night-key with which to open the door of heaven; but religion under other circumstances they take to be impertinence.

Now, my friends, religion never robbed a man of a dollar. Other things being equal, a mason will build a better wall, a cabinet-maker will make a better chair, a plumbler will make a better pipe, a lawyer will make a better plea, a merchant will sell a better bill of goods. I say, other things being equal. Of course when religion gives a man a new heart, it does not propose to give him a new head, or to intellectualize him, or to change a man's condition when his ordinary state is an overthrow of the philosophical theory that a total vacuum is impossible; but the more letters you have to write, the more burdens you have to carry, the more miles you have to travel, the more burdens you have to lift, the more engagements you have to meet, the more disputes you have to settle, the more opportunity you have of being a Christian. If you have a thousand irons in the fire, you have a thousand more opportunities of serving God than if you only had one iron in the fire. Who so busy as Christ? And yet who a millionth part as holy? The busiest men the best men.

All the persons converted in Scripture busy at the time of their being converted. Matthew attending to his custom-house duties; the Prodigal Son feeding swine; Lydia selling purple; Simon Peter hauling in the net from the sea; Saul spurring his horse toward Damascus, going down on his law business. Busy! busy! Daniel with all the affairs of state weighing down upon his soul, and yet three times a day worshiping the God of heaven.

Again, I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had all the affairs of state on hand, yet a servant of God. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician; and yet all the thrusts of officials and all the danger of disgrace did not make him yield one iota of his high-toned religious principle. He stood before that age, he stands before all ages, a specimen of a godly politician. So there have been in our day and in the days of our fathers men as eminent in the service of God as they have been eminent in the service of the state. Such was Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York in the time of your fathers. Such was John McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Such was George Briggs, of Massachusetts. Such was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey—men faithful to the state at the same time faithful to God. It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation; and our hope is in the young men who are coming up, that they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot-box and cast their first vote, and that they swear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as the government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less to them than Calvary, and Lexington

mean less to them than Bethlehem. But because there are bad men around the ballot-box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or forsake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of Choctaws; and the last time to surrender the ballot-box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly, though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics. But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking religion into national politics who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics; as though a man were intelligent about the welfare of his neighborhood, and had no concern about his own home.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. No man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare morsel that fair young man would have been for the hungry monsters! If they had plunged at him, he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the snatch of their tooth. They came pleased all around about him, as hunters' hounds at the well-known whistle come bounding to his feet. You need not go to Numidia to get many lions. You all have had them after you—the lion of financial distress, the lion of sickness, the lion of persecution. You saw that lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostril he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, misfortune after misfortune, lion after lion; and yet they have never hurt you if you put your trust

in God, and they never will hurt you. They did not hurt Daniel, and they cannot hurt you. The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into sea-shells would turn into pearls; and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. You need be afraid of nothing, putting your trust in God. Even death, that monster lion whose den is the world's sepulchre, and who puts his paw down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot affright you. When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knighthood, he was compelled to go fully armed the night before, among the tombs of the dead, carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and, amid the sound of cornet and great parade, he would get the honors of knighthood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven, as fully armed with spear and helmet of salvation, he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns, and then he will take the honors of heaven amid that great throng with snowy robes, streaming over seas of sapphire.

THE BRIDE OF NATIONS

Isa., 62: 4: "Thy land shall be married."

THE BRIDE OF NATIONS

Isa.. 62:4: "Thy land shall be married."

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exhilarant, unique, divine imagery of the text. At the close of a week in which for three days our National Capitol was a pageant, and all that grand review, and bannered procession, and National Anthems could do, celebrated peace, it may not be inapt to anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation, and "thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits, and on platforms, and in places of public concourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange-blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march; for "thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of the suitors who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected. Even if your ad-

vice in regard to national betrothal is not regarded, you will have discharged your responsibility.

In the first place, I remark: there is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of Monopoly. His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things went on from bad to worse until in the three legislatures of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, for a long time Monopoly decided everything. If Monopoly favor a law, it passes; if Monopoly oppose a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in the railroad depot, putting into his pockets in one year two hundred million of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for services; Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam power of locomotion, and in the other the electricity of swift communication; Monopoly has the Republican party in one pocket and the Democratic party in the other pocket; Monopoly decides nominations and elections —city elections, State elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators, giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative positions, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods fifteen per cent. less if they are merchants; and if he find a case very stubborn, as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But Monopoly is not so easily caught now as when, during the term of Mr. Buchanan, the legislative committee in one of our States explored and exposed the manner in which a certain railway company had obtained a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the senators of that State received one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars among them, sixty members of the lower

house of that State received between five thousand dollars and ten thousand dollars each, the Governor of that State received fifty thousand dollars, his clerk received five thousand dollars, the Lieutenant-Governor received ten thousand dollars, all the clerks of the Legislature received five thousand dollars each, while fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobby agents. That thing on a larger or smaller scale is all the time going on in some of the States of the Union; but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not so easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that the overshadowing curse of the United States today is Monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal, and every man, woman and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four States of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in the work of liberation.

I have nothing to say against capitalists; a man has a right to all the money he can make honestly; I have nothing to say against corporations as such; without them no great enterprise would be possible; but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without any adequate compensation, I am a thief; and if a railway damages the property of the people without making any adequate compensation, that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds of thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness, and in the United States proposes to take the wealth of sixty or seventy millions of people and put it in a few silken wallets.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, iron-fingered, vulture-hearted Monopoly, offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes, and up the great railroads, and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people North, South, East and West forbid the banns of that marriage, forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all-devouring Monopoly that this land is to be married.

Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is Nihilism.

He owns nothing but a knife for universal cut-throatery, and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and no hell, except what he can make on earth! He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps many a king practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth; and if he had the power, would climb up until he could drive the God of heaven from his throne and take it himself, the universal butcher. In France it is called Communism; in the United States it is called Anarchism; in Russia it is called Nihilism, but that last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash-up. It would make the holding of property a crime, and it would drive a dagger through your heart, and put a torch to your dwelling and turn over this whole land into the possession of theft, and lust, and rapine, and murder.

Where does this monster live? In all the towns

and cities of this land. It offers its hand to this fair republic; it proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly; it would take this land and divide it up, or, rather, divide it down; it would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther having prowled across other lands, has set its paw on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It was Nihilism that burned the railroad property at Pittsburg during the great riots; it was Nihilism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the war; it was Nihilism that mauled to death the Chinese immigrants years ago; it is Nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. I pray God its power may never be fully tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse and college in ashes.

Let me say it is the worse enemy of the laboring classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferation for anarchy. The criminals and vagabonds who range though our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary; if they could be hushed up, and the downtrodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. In this land, riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, not the shillalah, not firearms, but the ballot. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of Nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater. Yet this Nihilism, with feet

red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for this republic. Shall the banns be proclaimed? If so, where shall the marriage altar be? and who will be the officiating priest? and what will be the music? That altar will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the smothered groan of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruits must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to Nihilism, the sanguinary monster, that this land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is Infidelity. When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but Infidelity proposes something worse than that, the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and substitute the words, "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and tear it up into fragments so small that you cannot read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken-hearted, and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the President of the United States, and the Supreme Court, and the Governors of States, and the witnesses in the court room with their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason," or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the Book that makes the difference between the United States and the Kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornesian cannibalism. If infidelity could destroy the Scriptures, it would in two hundred years

turn the civilized nations back to semi-barbarism, and then from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English Magna Charta and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that holy Book in his hand, stood before an infidel club in Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince Albert to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

I tell you that the worst attempted crime of the century is the attempt to destroy this book; yet Infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic. It stretches it out through seductive magazines, and through lyceum lectures, and through caricatures of religion. It asks for all that part of the continent already fully settled, and the two-thirds not yet occupied. It says: "Give me all east of the Mississippi, with the keys of the church and with the Christian printing presses; then give me Wyoming, give me Alaska, give me Montana, give me Colorado, give me all the States west of the Mississippi, and I will take those places and keep them by right of possession long before the Gospel can be fully entrenched.

And this suitor presses his case persistently. Shall

the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the West, a martyr band of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues and malaria and starvation. "No! not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered, we forbid the banns of that marriage!" "No!" say all patriotic voices, "our institutions were bought at too dear a price and were defended at too great a sacrifice to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill and Independence Hall and Gettysburg, "I did not start this nation for such a farce." "No!" cry ten thousand voices, "to Infidelity this land shall not be married."

But there is another suitor that presents his claim for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text where it says: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure; it is the figure of the Bible. Christ is so desirous to have this world love him that he stops at no humiliation of simile. He compares his grace to spittle on the eyes of the blind man. He compares himself to a hen gathering the chickens, and in my text he compares himself to a suitor begging a hand in marriage. Does this Christ, the King, deserve this land? Behold Pilate's hall and the insulting expectoration on the face of Christ. Behold the Calvarean massacre and the awful hemorrhage of five wounds. Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, but Christ, my Lord, the King, suffered in torture thirty-three years to win the love of this world. As often princesses at their very birth are pledged in treaty of marriage to princes of kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for divine marriage.

Before Columbus and his one hundred and twenty men embarked on the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the

Nina, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They sat down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? *Gloria in excelsis*. After Columbus and his one hundred and twenty men had stepped from the ship's deck to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee, and uplifted face, and heaven besieging prayer, they took possession of this continent for God. How was the first American Congress opened? By prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And then see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent, and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metaled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal; one hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather hardly ever lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No

South American earthquakes; no Scotch mists; no London fogs; no Egyptian plagues; no Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy; for the industrious, more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good he has been to us and our children. To him! Blessed be his mighty name! To him of Cross and triumph, to him who still remembers the prayers of the Huguenots, and Holland refugees, and the Pilgrim Fathers—to him shall this land be married. Oh! you Christian patriots, by your contributions and your prayers, hasten on the fulfilment of the text.

We have been turning an important leaf in the mighty tome of our national history. One year at the gates of this continent over five hundred thousand immigrants arrived. I was told by the Commissioner of Immigration that the probability was that in that one year six hundred thousand immigrants would arrive at the different gates of commerce. Who were they, the paupers of Europe? No. At Kansas City I was told by a gentleman, who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate eight hundred dollars. I was told by an officer of the Government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging one thousand dollars in possession each. I was told by the Commissioner of Immigration that twenty families that had recently arrived brought eighty-five thousand dollars with them. Mark you, families, not tramps. Additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn books, thanking God for his kindness in helping them cross the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steerage all

across the waves, and they will have Christ in the rail trains which at five o'clock every afternoon start for the great West. They are being taken by the Commissioner of Immigration in New York, taken from the vessels, protected from the Shylocks and the sharpers, and in the name of God and humanity passed on to their destination; and there they will turn your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches and establish for them schools, and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah, that shows you have not been to California; that shows you have not been to Oregon; that shows you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian Empire, yet the Austrian Empire supports thirty-five million people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports thirty-six million people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic Empire, yet the Germanic Empire supports forty-one million people. I tell you the great want of the Western States is more population.

While some people may stand at the gates of the city saying, "Stay back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come! all ye people who are honest and industrious and God-loving!" But say you: "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them,

and they want free America! Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, and "thy land shall be married." But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards, and orchards, and grain fields. Then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on the one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Atlantic coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of him who would take the hand of this bride of nations, saying, "as a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits of Northern orchards, and the spices of Southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven. "And so thy land shall be married."

BEFORE THEY ADJOURN

Psalm, 105: 22: "And teach his senators wisdom."

BEFORE THEY ADJOURN*

Psalm, 105: 22: "And teach his senators wisdom."

Senators in this text stand for law-makers. Joseph was the Lord Treasurer of the Egyptian government, and among other great things which he did, according to my text, was to teach his senators wisdom; and if any men on earth ought to be endowed with wisdom, it is senators, whether they stand in congresses or parliaments or reichstags or assemblies or legislatures. By their decisions nations go up or down. Law-makers are sometimes so tempted by prejudices, by sectional preferences, by opportunity of personal advancement, and sometimes what is best to do is so doubtful that they ought to be prayed for and encouraged in every possible way, instead of severely criticised and blamed and excoriated, as is much of the time the case. Our public men are so often the target to be shot at, merely because they obtain eminence which other men wanted but could not reach, that more injustices are hurled at our national Legislature than the people of the United States can possibly imagine. The wholesale belying of our public men is simply damnable. By residence in Washington I have come to find out that many of our public men are persistently misrepresented, and some of the best of them, the purest in their lives and most faithful in the discharge of their duties, are the worst defamed. Some day I want to preach a sermon from the text in II Peter: "They are not afraid to speak evil of

* Preached in Washington on the eve of the adjournment of the Fifty-fifth Congress.

dignities. Whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not." So constant and malignant is this work of depreciation and scandalization in regard to our public men that all over the land there are those who suppose that the city of Washington is the centre of all corruption; while, what with its parks, and its equestrian statuary, and its wide streets, and its architectural symmetries, and its lovely homes, it is not only the most beautiful city under the sun, but has the highest style of citizenship. I saw but one intoxicated man in the first six months of my residence, and I do not think any man can give similar testimony of any other city on the American continent. The depressing things written and spoken concerning this Capitol are inspired by reasons not at all complimentary to those who utter them.

The gavels of our two houses of national legislature will soon fall, and adjournment of two bodies of men as talented, as upright, and as patriotic as ever graced the Capitol, will take place. The two or three unfortunate outbreaks which you have noticed only make more conspicuous the dignity, the fraternity, the eloquence, the fidelity which have characterized those two bodies during all the long months of important and anxious deliberation. We put a halo around great men of the past because they were so rare in their time. Our Senate and House of Representatives have five such men where they once had one. But it will not be until after they are dead that they will get appreciated. The world finds it safer to praise the dead than the living, because the departed, having a heavy pile of marble above them, may not rise to become rivals. But, before the gavels of adjournment drop

and the doors of Capitol Hill shut, there are one or two things that ought to be done, and let us pray God that they may be accomplished. More forcibly than ever before, Congress has been implored to acknowledge God in our Constitution. The Methodist Church—a church that is always doing glorious things—has in its recent Wilmington conference requested our Congress to amend the immortal document which has been the foundation and wall and dome of our United States government, by inserting the words, "Trusting in Almighty God." If that amendment is made, it will not only please all the good people of the country, but will please the heavens. It was only an oversight or a mental accident that the fathers who made the Constitution did not insert a divinely worshipful sentence. They all, so far as they amounted to anything, believed in "God, the Father Almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." The Constitution would have been a failure had it not been for the Divine interference. The members of the convention could agree on nothing until, in response to Benjamin Franklin's request that the meetings be opened by prayer, the Lord God was called on to interfere and help, and then the way was cleared, and all the States signed the document—an historical fact that all the rat-terriers of modern infidelity cannot bark out of existence.

I know that there was an exception to the fact that the prominent men of those times were good men. Tom Paine, a libertine and a sot, did not believe in anything good until he was dying, and he shrieked out for God's mercy. And Ethan Allen, from one of whose descendants I have received within a few days a confirmation of the incident I mentioned in a recent sermon, as saying to his dying daughter that she had better take her mother's Christian religion than his

own infidelity. The article sent me says: "The story has been denied by some of the Allen family, but the Bronson family, some of whom were with the dying girl, affirm that it is substantially true. In such a matter one confirmation is worth more than many denials." So says the article sent me. But all the decent men of the Revolution believed in God, and our American Congress, now assembled, will only echo the sentiments of the fathers when they enthrone the name of God in the Constitution. We have now more reason for inserting that acknowledgment of Divinity than our fathers had. Since then the continent has been peopled and great cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific built, and all in peace, showing that there must have been supernal supervisal. Since then the War of 1812, and ours the victory! Since then great financial prostrations, out of which we came to greater prosperity than anything that preceded. Since then sanguinary 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864 and 1865, and, notwithstanding the fact that all the foreign despotisms were planning for our demolition, we are a united people, and to-morrow you will find in both houses of Congress the men who fought for the North and the South, now sitting side by side, armed with no weapon except the pen, with which they write home to their constituents who want to be appointed postmasters. The man who cannot see God in our American history is as blind of soul as he would be blind of body if he could not at twelve o'clock of unclouded noon see the sun in the heavens. As a matter of gratitude to Almighty God, gentlemen of the American Congress, be pleased to insert the four words suggested by the Methodist Conference!

Not only because of the kindness of God to this nation in the past should such a reverential insertion be made, but because of the fact that we are going to

want Divine interposition still further in our national history. This gold and silver question will never be settled until God settles it. This question of tariff and free trade will never be settled until God settles it. This question between the East and the West which is getting hotter and hotter, and looks towards a republic of the Pacific will not be settled until God settles it. We needed God in the one hundred and twenty years of our past life, and we will need him still more in the next one hundred and twenty years. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates of our glorious Constitution, and let the King of Glory come in! Make one line of that immortal document radiant with Omnipotence! Spell at least one word with Thrones! At the beginning, or at the close, or in the centre, recognize him from whom as a nation we have received all the blessings of the past and upon whom we are dependent for the future. Print that word "God," or "Lord," or "Eternal Father," or "Ruler of Nations," somewhere between the first word and the last. The Great Expounder of the Constitution sleeps at Marshfield, Massachusetts, the Atlantic Ocean still humming near his pillow of dust its prolonged lullaby; but is there not some one now living, who, in the white marble palace of the nation on yonder hill, not ten minutes away, will become the Irradiator of the Constitution by causing to be added the most tremendous word of our English vocabulary, the name of that Being before whom all nations must bow or go into defeat and annihilation—"God"?

Again, before the approaching adjournment of our American Congress, it ought to be decidedly and forever settled that no appropriations be made to sectarian schools, and that the courtship between Church and State in this country be forever broken up. That question already seems temporarily settled. I wish it

might be completely and forever settled. All schools and all institutions, as well as all denominations, should stand on the same level before American law. Emperor Alexander of Russia, at his Peterhof Palace, asked me how many denominations of religion there were in America, and I recited their names as well as I could. Then he asked me the difference between them, and there I broke down. But when I told him that no religious denomination in America had any privileges above the others, he could hardly understand it. The Greek Church first in Russia. The Lutheran Church first in Germany. The Episcopal Church first in England. The Catholic Church first in Rome. Mohammedanism first in Constantinople. The Emperor wondered how it was possible that all the denominations in America could stand on the same platform. But so it is, and so let it ever be. Let there be no preference, no partiality, no attempt to help one sect an inch higher than another. Washington and Jefferson and all the early Presidents, and all the great statesmen of the past, have lifted their voice against any such tendency. If a school or an institution cannot stand without the prop of national appropriation, then let that school or that institution go down. On the other side of the sea the world has had plenty of illustration of Church and State united. Let us have none of the hypocrisy and demoralization born of that relation on this side of the Atlantic. Let that denomination come out ahead which does the most for the cause of God and humanity; men, institutions, and religions getting what they achieve by their own right arm of usefulness, and not by the favoritism of government. As you desire the welfare and perpetuity of our institutions, keep politics out of religion.

But now that I am speaking of national affairs from a religious standpoint, I bethink myself of the fact

that two other gavels will soon lift and fall, the one at St. Louis and the other at Chicago, and before those national conventions adjourn, I ask that they acknowledge God in the platforms. The men who construct those platforms are here this morning or will read these words. Let no political party think it can do its duty unless it acknowledges that God, who built this continent, and revealed it at the right time to the discoverer, and who has reared here a prosperity which has been given to no other people. "Oh," says some one, "there are people in this country who do not believe in a God, and it would be an insult to them." Well, there are people in this country who do not believe in common decency or common honesty or any kind of government, preferring anarchy. Your very platform is an insult to them. You ought not to regard a man who does not believe in God, any more than you should regard a man who refuses to believe in common decency. Your pocket-book is not safe a moment in the presence of an atheist. God is the only source of good government. Why not, then, say so, and let the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions in your national conventions take a pen full of ink and with bold hand head the document with one significant "Whereas" acknowledging the goodness of God in the past, and invoking his kindness and protection for the future?

This country belongs to God, and we ought in every possible way to acknowledge it. From the moment that, on an October morning in 1492, Columbus looked over the side of the ship and saw the carved staff which made him think he was near an inhabited country, and saw also a thorn and a cluster of berries (type of our history ever since, the piercing sorrows and cluster of national joys), until this hour our country has been bounded on the north, south, east and

west by the goodness of God. The Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas, in the name of God. William Penn settled Philadelphia, in the name of God. The Hollanders took possession of New York, in the name of God. The Pilgrim Fathers settled New England, in the name of God. Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill, at the voice of prayer all heads uncovered. In the War of 1812, an officer came to Gen. Andrew Jackson and said: "There is an unusual noise in the camp; it ought to be stopped." General Jackson said, "What is the noise?" The officer said, "It is the voice of prayer and praise." Then the General said, "God forbid that prayer and praise should be an unusual noise in the encampment. You had better go and join them." Prayer at Valley Forge. Prayer at Monmouth. Prayer at Atlanta. Prayer at South Mountain. Prayer at Gettysburg. "Oh!" says some infidel, "the Northern people prayed on one side and the Southern people prayed on the other side, and so it did not amount to anything." And I have heard good Christian people confounded with the infidel statement, when it is as plain to me as my right hand. Yes; the Northern people prayed in one way, and the Southern people prayed in another way, and God answered in his own way, giving to the North the reestablishment of the government, and giving to the South larger opportunities, larger than she had ever anticipated, the harnessing of her rivers in great manufacturing interests, until the Mobile and the Tallapoosa and the Chattahoochee are Southern Merrimacs, and the unrolling of great Southern mines of coal and iron, of which the world knew nothing, and opening before her opportunities of wealth which will give ninety-nine per cent. more of affluence than she ever possessed; and instead of the black hands of American slaves, there are the more industrious black hands of

the coal and iron mines of the South, which are achieving for her fabulous and unimagined wealth.

And there are domes of white blossoms where spread the white tent,
And there are ploughs in the track where the war wagons went,
And there are songs where they lifted up Rachel's Lament.

Oh, you are a stupid man if you do not understand how God answered Abraham Lincoln's prayer in the White House, and Stonewall Jackson's prayer in the saddle, and answered all the prayers of all the cathedrals on both sides of Mason and Dixon's Line. God's country all the way past; God's country now. Put his name in your pronunciamentos. Put his name on your ensigns. Put his name on your city and State and national enterprises. Put his name in your hearts. We cannot sleep well the last sleep, until we are assured that the God of our American institutions in the past will be the God of our American institutions in the days that are to come. Oh, when all the rivers that empty into Atlantic and Pacific seas shall pull on factory bands; when all the great mines of gold and silver and iron and coal shall be laid bare for the nation; when the last swamp shall be reclaimed, and the last jungle cleared, and the last American desert Edenized, and from sea to sea the continent shall be occupied by more than twelve hundred million souls, may it be found that moral and religious influences were multiplied in more rapid ratio than the population. And then there shall be four doxologies coming from North and South and East and West, four doxologies rolling toward each other, and meeting mid-continent, with such dash of holy joy that they shall mount to the Throne—

And Heaven's high arch resound again
With peace on earth, good will to men.

I take a step further, and say that before the gavels of our Senate and House of Representatives and our political conventions pound adjournment, there ought to be passed a law or adopted a plank of intelligent helpfulness for the great foreign populations which are coming among us. It is too late now to discuss whether we had better let them come. They are here. They are coming this moment through the Narrows. They are this moment taking the first full inhalation of the free air of America. And they will continue to come as long as this country is the best place to live in. You might as well pass a law prohibiting summer bees from alighting on a field of blossoming buckwheat; you might as well prohibit the stags of the mountain from coming down to the deer-lick, as to prohibit the hunger-bitten nations of Europe from coming to this land of bread—as to prohibit the people of England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Norway, Sweden and Germany, working themselves to death on small wages on the other side the sea, from coming to this land where there are the largest compensations under the sun. Why did God spread out the prairies of the Dakotas and roll the precious ore into Colorado? It was that all the earth might come and plough, and come and dig. Just as long as the centrifugal force of foreign despotisms throw them off, just so long will the centripetal force of American institutions draw them here. And that is what is going to make this the mightiest nation on the earth. Intermarriage of nationalities! Not circle intermarrying circle, and nation intermarrying nation. But it is going to be Italian and Norwegian, Russian and Celt, Scotch and French, English and American. The

American of a hundred years from now is to be different from the American of to-day. German brain, Irish wit, French civility, Scotch firmness, English loyalty, Italian æsthetics packed into one man, and he an American! It is this intermarriage of nationalities that is going to make the American nation the greatest nation of the ages. But what are we doing for the moral and intellectual culture of the five hundred thousand foreigners who came in one year, and the six hundred thousand who came in another year, and the eight hundred thousand who came in another year, and the one million who are coming into our various American ports? What are we doing for them? Many of them have no acquaintance with our laws. Now, I say, let the Government of the United States, so commanded by one political party or both political parties, give to every immigrant who lands here a volume, in good type and well bound for long usage—a volume containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and a chapter on the spirit of our Government. Let there be such a book on the shelf of every free library in America. While the American Bible Society puts into the right hand of every immigrant a copy of the Holy Scriptures, let the Government of the United States, commanded by some political party, put into the left hand of every immigrant a volume instructing him in the duties of good citizenship. There are thousands of foreigners in this land who need to learn that the ballot-box is not a foot-stool, but a throne—not something to put your foot on, but something to bow before.

There are three great reasons why you and I should do our best for this country—three great reasons: Our fathers' graves, our cradle, our children's birthright. When I say your father's graves, your pulses

run quickly. Whether they sleep in city cemetery or country graveyard, their dust is very precious to you. I think they lived well and that they died right. Never submit to have any government over their tombs other than that government under which they lived and died. And then this country is our cradle. It may have rocked us very roughly, but it was a good cradle to be rocked in. Oh, how much we owe to it! Our boyhood and girlhood, it was spent in this blessed country. I never have any patience with a man who talks against this country. Glorious place to be born in, and a glorious place to live in. It has been our cradle. Ay! it is to be our children's birthright. You and I will soon be through. We will perhaps see a few more spring blossoms, and we will perhaps see a few more summer harvests, and we will perhaps gather a few more autumnal fruits; but we are to hand this government to our children as it was handed to us—a free land, a happy land, a Christian land. They are not to be trampled by despotism. They are not to be frightened by anarchies. We must hand this government to them over the ballot-box, over the school-desk, over the church altar, as we have received it, and charge them solemnly to put their life between it and any keen stroke that would destroy it.

And thou, Lord God Almighty! We put, with a thousand-armed prayer, into thy protection this nation. Remember our fathers' bleeding feet at Valley Forge. Remember Marion and Kosciusko. Remember the cold, and the hunger, and the long march, and the fever hospital. Remember the fearful charge at Bunker Hill. Remember Lexington, and Yorktown, and King's Mountain, and Gettysburg. Remember Perry's battle on the lake, and Hampton Roads, where the Cumberland went down. Remember Washington's prayer by the camp-fire. Remember Plymouth Rock,

and the landing amid the savages. Remember Independence Hall, and how much it cost our fathers to sign their names. Remember all the blood and tears of three wars—1776, 1812, 1862. And more than all, remember the groan that was mightier than all other groans, and the thirst that stung worse than all other thirsts, and the death that was ghastlier than all other deaths, the Mount on which Jesus died to make all men happy and free. For the sake of all this human and divine sacrifice, O God, protect this nation! And whosoever would blot it out, and whosoever would strike it down, and whosoever would turn his back, let him be accursed!

Go home to-day in high hopes of the future. The Eternal God is on the side of this nation. Our brightest days are yet to come.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that will never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before the Judgment-seat.
Be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet.
Our God is marching on.

THE NATION'S WOE

Isa., 40: 1: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God."

THE NATION'S WOE*

Isa., 40: 1: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."

This reiterated command to the ministers of religion centuries ago is just as appropriate this terrible morning, while we are awaiting tidings from the suffering couch of our chief magistrate.

"The President shot!" was sounded through the rail-train as we halted a few moments on the morning of July 2d, at Williamstown, Mass., the place at which the President was expected in three days. "Absurd and impossible," I said. I asked then, as I ask you now, Why should any one want to kill him? He had nothing but that which he had earned with his own brain and hand. He had fought his own way up from country home to college hall, and from college hall to the House of Representatives, and from House of Representatives to the Senate Chamber, and from the Senate Chamber to the Presidential chair. Why should any one want to kill him? He was not a despot who had been treading on the rights of the people. There was nothing of the Nero or the Robespierre in him. He had wronged no man. He was free and happy himself and wanted all the world free and happy. Why should any one want to kill him? He had a family to shepherd and educate, a noble wife and a group of little children leaning on his arm, and holding his hand, and who needed him for many years to come. If any one must shoot him, why shoot

* Preached August 18, 1881, during the anxious time when the nation waited the result of the shooting of President Garfield.

him then, just as after with indescribable perplexity and fatigue, he had launched his administration and was off for a few days of recreation which he had so dearly earned? How any man could take steady aim at such a good, kind, sympathetic heart, and draw the trigger and see him fall is inexplicable.

But the deed is done. There is a black shadow on every hearthstone in America. It seems as if there were one dead in each house. Again and again we have prayed as we prayed this morning, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from us." God will hear our prayer, if not in one way, then in another. God's way is sometimes different from man's way, but it is always the best way.

I am thankful to my friends who have sent me a great multitude of telegrams this morning, showing their interest in this subject—telegrams from gentlemen who are my friends, and from others who are strangers, official telegrams from the public office of telegraphy—and they give a ray of hope. Who knows but our President may come forth again and ride through these very streets in triumph? God grant it! But the indications are not in that direction. I have hastened before my time of expected return, because I wanted in your presence to obey the text, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." While I comfort you I must comfort my own soul, for no public event has ever so overwhelmed me. My personal acquaintance with him, though not intimate, filled me with faith in his capacity to guide and bless this nation.

I could dwell on the aggravations of this event, and say, what a pity that he could not have carried out the excellent policy proposed; what a pity that he could not longer have enjoyed the high honor bestowed by the suffrages of the people; what a pity that he should go out of life by the hand of violence; what

an awful thing for his family and the nation and the world if he should die. But instead of dwelling upon the aggravations I shall obey my text, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," and present only the alleviations of this stupendous horror.

Alleviation the first: James A. Garfield is prepared to exchange worlds if God sees fit to call him. Long ago he settled that matter. He was not dependent for happiness upon the course of a bullet or the whim of an assassin. On his knees and in days of health and with deliberation he had made all right for eternity. There has been nothing of cant or whining or lugubriousness in his religion, but a manly out and out profession of faith in God. Yea! he has preached this very Gospel. A minister said to me the other day, "I heard him preach; he preached for me in my own pulpit." I said, "What style of sermon was it?" He responded, "Excellent, excellent." But in all places he had preached—in Wall Street to the excited throng the day after Lincoln was shot; at Chickamauga among the wounded soldiers; in the Congress of the United States in many a noble speech.

Religion was with him no new thing. When a college boy, and encamped among the mountains for summer recreation, at eventide he takes out his Bible and says: "Boys, at this time of evening I am apt to read a passage of the Scripture; if you would like to hear it, I will read a chapter now." And then one of the comrades was called upon for prayer, and they all knelt in their summer tent. The last thing he did before leaving Mentor for Washington, was to take the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, the tears of emotion rolling down the cheek of the communicant. The first opportunity he had after he was shot, he declared that he trusted all in the Lord's hand—was ready to die or to live. Surely he was ready then.

After these eight weeks of purifying distress, he is ready now.

I want all the world to mark that this illustrious bed, if it be a death-bed—illustrious for patience, illustrious for courage, illustrious for gentleness—is no infidel's death-bed, no scoffer's death-bed, a Christian death-bed. Though canopied and surrounded with the elegance of a ruler's mansion, it is the same kind of pillow that your old Christian father and mother died on, and the same pillow which shall be offered in our last sickness, however humble our lot may be. It puts me more than ever in love with the old Gospel—the Gospel of the One who died at the hand of cruel assassins. O! thou assassinated Christ, by thy own wounds in the side and the hands and the feet and the brow, pity the head, the feet, the side, the physical anguish of our beloved President!

There have been other Christian men in the Presidential chair of this country, but the most pronounced Christian since the days of Washington, in the Presidential chair, is James A. Garfield. If he go—God forbid that he should go now—but if he go, he goes straight to the bosom of a merciful God. Death will be promotion. He will lose nothing, but gain everything. On the steps of the Capitol, that stormy day in March, he took the oath of high office. If he go now, at the gate of heaven he will take the crown of triumph. Whether he live or die, I shout for him, "Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Alleviation the second: his family will be magnificently provided for. It is an awful thing when the bread-winner of a family falls, if there be no estate left, and the wife must go forth, with her helpless children at her back, to fight for a livelihood. The mother, weak and sick with long watching, goes out to look for a place, and the children are taken by friends who,

perhaps, get tired of the burden they assumed under sudden impulse of sympathy. But the more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars already subscribed to the Garfield fund are a hint that there is not one of us amid the fifty millions of America who will allow that afflicted family to suffer need. If this stroke come, the widow, the children, the aged mother will be the sacred charge of this nation. I see so many bereft women in the awful struggle for bread dying by inches, and finding no rest until they get inside the grave, that I am sure I am right when I present among the alleviations of this great sorrow the complete financial deliverance of our President's family.

Alleviation the third: if our President die, this nation, without a moment's halting, will march right on in its career of prosperity. The death of rulers in other lands often means bloody revolution. This nation endured the death of Presidents Harrison and Taylor and Lincoln, when it was not half as strong as it is now, and it will not be discomfited by this calamity. It will take more than one murderous wretch to stop this nation, when God commands it to march on. If on that awful second of July the President had been instantly slain, I know not what would have occurred. There would have been other pistol shots and panic, and perhaps national delirium. How good God was to spare our President these two months, until the nation could gather its equipoise; for I tell you that while the heart of this nation is very sore, its head is level.

There will be but one life taken, and that by the hand of the law. I have no admiration for the organizations that I hear are forming to tear down the Washington jail, and maul the desperado. No, no! Let the judge of the court take his place and the jury be impaneled, and the witnesses testify, and the ver-

dict be rendered, and the judge, amid a silence like the grave, give the sentence, and the scaffold be raised, and, with a stout rope, this accursed Guiteau be hung by the neck until he be dead. All that excitement will soon be in the rear, and the nation chastened by this affliction, will move on and up.

"But," you say, "what if the President die, what of his successor?" I answer, I have no acquaintance with the one who would be the incoming President, but I beg of you, the American people, to give him a fair chance; do as you would like to be done by if you were put in the same crisis. The nation would make nothing by throwing any impediments in his way. Others make a prophecy in regard to this incoming President in case of the death of our present ruler—I make a prophecy. They make prophecy from a political standpoint—I make mine from a religious standpoint. If our President die, judging from what seems God's design of kindness to this nation, I think he will give especial blessing for especial emergency, and the chief ideas of President Garfield's administration will be carried out by President Arthur's administration.

There are men now in the Cabinet who have inaugurated such a great work that they will certainly be retained. Postmaster General James has sent such consternation among the scoundrels of the Star Routes, saving our country millions of dollars, and making his department more illustrious than have any of his predecessors, that I know his hand will be kept in that reformation. Secretary Windom has wrought what merchants and bankers all over the land have called a miracle of financiering, and I am sure he will not be dethroned while he is saving the land more millions than I dare to state. Robert Lincoln, Secretary of War, admired by all parties, first for his own sake and

next for his martyred father's sake, will, I am sure, continue in the councils of the nation.

And others of the Cabinet, whose brilliant and world-renowned services cannot afford to be stopped, will stay in their places; and with all the Episcopal churches of America, by the command of their liturgy, praying Sabbath by Sabbath for the President of the United States, and all the non-liturgical churches of America uniting in the same supplication, I am sure upon the new Chief Magistrate would come, straight from God, the spirit of good government. You say that his position, if called to it, will be one of great delicacy. I know it. But it will be one of unlimited and unparalleled opportunity. Mark that. Fellow citizens, fellow patriots, fellow Christians, fellow mourners, now is the time to trust God.

Alleviation the fourth: if our President die, he dies at what must be the best time. It does not seem to suit me, it does not seem to suit you; but God's time is always the best. Do you say this is the teaching of fatalism? It is the teaching of your Bible and my Bible that God sets the limit of our life. Had it been best, the President by this time would have been amid the cooling sea-breezes of Long Branch. Men with more bullets in them and in worse directions, are walking your streets to-day.

If he die—God avert the sorrow!—if he die, he will go at the time when he has the love of all the people. If he live he could not be an exception to the universal rule, that a brisk and decisive and reformatory administration rouses rancor and invective. Look up the files of the newspapers and see what surges of obloquy rolled over Lincoln and Madison and Monroe and Jefferson and Washington. Do you suppose Mr. Garfield could have carried out his intention of extirpating Mormonism, and that there

would have been no wincing under the national surgery? He had other plans revolutionary for good.

It seems to me he suffered enough abuse in the political campaign of last autumn to suffice for one lifetime. If in addition to that there should be the insults of three or four years of contumely, it would be more than his share of bombardment. If James A. Garfield now dies, he dies in time to escape more insult than was ever heaped upon any of his predecessors, for by so much as he proposed greater reforms, he must have had to endure worse outrage. I was with him a few days before the bloody assault. I never saw a more anxious or perturbed countenance, and it seemed a relief to him to talk to my child, turning his back on the perplexities of State. What he has escaped, or seems about to escape, God only knows. The storm is lulled. If he goes, ours will be the grief —his the congratulation.

Six months seems to be a very short administration, but in those six months he has accomplished what forty years of his predecessors failed to do—the complete and eternal pacification of the North and South. There are more public meetings of sympathy in the South than in the North, on this subject. His sick bed, in eight weeks, has done more for the sisterhood of States than if he had lived out eight years, namely, two terms of the Presidency. The North, the South, the East, the West, stand on the four sides of his bed looking into each other's eyes with a kindliness that never before characterized them. If he expire, do not think his administration, because of its brevity, is a failure. There has gone out from the sick room an influence that will be felt as long as the American Government continues. Oh! measure not a man's life by days, or months, or years; measure it by the

sweep of its influence. Out of six months of time a good man may build an eternity.

Alleviation the fifth: this calamity makes the business of office seeking disgustingly disreputable. Guiteau was no more crazy than thousands of other place-hunters. He had been refused an office, and he was full of unmingled and burning revenge. There was nothing else the matter with him. It was just this: "You haven't given me what I want; now I'll kill you." For months after each presidential inauguration the hotels of Washington are roosts for these buzzards. They are the crawling vermin of this nation. Guiteau was no rarity. There were hundreds of Guiteaus in Washington after the inauguration, except that they had not the courage to shoot. I saw them some two months after, or six weeks after. They were mad enough to do it. I saw it in their eyes.

They killed two other Presidents, William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor. I know the physicians called the disease congestion of the lungs or liver, but the plain truth was that they were worried to death; they were trampled out of life by place-hunters. Now, in God's name, let this thing stop. Three Presidents sacrificed to this one demon are enough. Let the Congress of the United States at the next session start a work of presidential emancipation. Four Presidents have recommended civil service reform, and it has amounted to little or nothing. But this assassination will compel speedy and decisive action, and so some good will come of it.

But is it not sadly strange that the world makes no advance except through the sacrifice of human life? The Church is to be reformed, but Wycliffe and John Oldcastle must perish; and the scenes of Piedmont and Brussels market-place must be enacted. The French depotism must be destroyed; but the streets

of Paris must be incarnadined with human gore. The United States are to be separated from foreign rulers; but the frosts of Valley Forge must devour, and the bayonets of Yorktown must stab. National contests about slavery must be settled; but a million brave Northern and Southern men must die. Official patronage is to be regulated: but James A. Garfield must be assassinated. Alas! alas! without the shedding of blood there seems to be no reformation for the suffering state, and no atonement for the sin-cursed world. It seems for every reformation there must be a Messiah born in a manger and dying on a cross.

Alleviation the sixth: this calamity has resulted in an outburst of sympathy glorious and sublime. There never was anything like it since the world stood. You tell me this is a selfish world, and it is every man for himself, and there is no kindness or generosity left. You make a mistake. Throne and cottage, Victoria and the village schoolgirls, parlor and kitchen, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, trans-Pacific and cis-Pacific, Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, Eastern hemisphere and Western hemisphere, have by voice, by pen, by telephone, by telegram, by day, by night, poured forth sympathy for our President and his family and the nation. That man expressed the feeling of many in this country when last week he offered to spare part or all the blood from his veins, if it was necessary, to invigorate the President. We go back to ancient history to find a scene like that, and we speak of it in poetry and in song. We need not go so far back now. There are men here to-day who, wrought upon by the same power in this great sorrow, would bare their arm for the lancet, crying, like that old hero of centuries ago: "Pour my blood into his veins that he die not." I think we must be brothers and sisters all; I think that nations must belong to one family, and that they

must have the same great mother—God. A little foretaste this of the good time when all misunderstanding shall cease and everybody shall say pleasant things about everybody else, and the embroidered eagle and lion and bear will be taken off the banners, and there shall be substituted the lamb and the dove. How strange that one sick-bed should have given us such a glimpse of a millennium!

The President's son was said to be keeping a scrapbook with all the expressions of sympathy and kindness, that he might show them to his father after he got well. Unsuccessful attempt! No book that ever went forth from earthly bindery would be large enough to contain the story. It will require the infinite book of God's remembrance to keep the record of the earthly and celestial sympathy that has hovered these long, dreadful weeks over the emaciated form of our suffering President.

Alleviation the last: the fact that this nation has impressed upon it as never before the uncertainty of human life starting out on a holiday tour—coming back in an ambulance. Strong health no warrant against fatality. The President had a model physique. Out of a hundred men you would have selected him as the most healthy. Fine intellect no warrant. He was decidedly the most brilliant mind that ever occupied the White House. Able to select what food he would, what residence he would, what defence he would, yet we have been told more than once during the last two or three days that he is dying. Out of all this come lessons of perpetual readiness. It was a wonderful eulogy day before yesterday pronounced by the surgeons when they said: "There is no need of telling him he has to die, for he said at the start he had no preparations to make." Be ye also ready, so that whether by flying bullet or falling scaffold, or col-

liding rail-trains, or in gradual decrease of ordinary sickness ye be called away you may not die unprepared.

I have this morning tried, at the behest of my text, to comfort you by the rehearsal of the alleviations of the national calamity; but, after all, there will remain in all our hearts a grief for many a day. I know just what you all feel. Oh, that he only could get well! How we would ring the bells and thunder the cannon, and set the night afire with pyrotechnic display. Oh! if he only could get well! But it does not seem to me at this crisis—although I have been hopeful until now—that he will recover.

I fear the message very soon will come shuddering along the lines: "President Garfield is dead!" If so, then with the pomp of great processions, and the tolling of bells, and the booming of minute guns, his silent form will move through these great cities toward his western home. He started from it with the congratulations of his country neighbors only a few months ago. They will at the same depot take up his palled casket, and with blinding tears carry it to the quiet graveyard and lay it down among his old friends.

We have no Westminster Abbey in which to bury kings, but we have a great national heart in which we enshrine those who have suffered for our land. Into that great shrine of the national heart we will carry our beloved President, and lay him down beside Adams and Lincoln and Washington and the other mighty men who loved God and toiled for the betterment of the race. Then we will sound forth, partly in requiem and partly in grand march of triumph, the words which Garfield employed after another famous assassination: "The Lord reigneth. Though clouds and darkness are around about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." God save the President! God save the nation!

THE NATION KNEELING

II Kings, 20: 7: "And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered."

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Good Hezekiah had been given up to die by the surgeons and by the clergy. Recovery was pronounced an impossibility. Then God came to the rescue and prescribed for the illness, and a great change took place. A lump of figs was the cool and strong poultice applied to the carbuncle, and Hezekiah rises from his sick bed for fifteen more years of earthly existence.

Our afflicted United States President in his sufferings has been the anxiety of all Christendom for the last eight weeks. More recently attention was diverted from the wound by the assassin to the virulent swelling which resisted the poultice, and the danger which the doctors said was imminent and the worst. Convalescence after convalescence, relapse after relapse, and last Saturday a week he was given up to die. All the six or seven surgeons decided that he must die; all the medical men throughout the United States, so far as heard from, declared that death was just at hand; all the newspapers said that soon the President would pass out of life. Those who had been most hopeful became despairing. Just in that darkest hour, in answer to the prayers that have been going up day and night from church and store-house, from rail-train and ship's deck, from all the civilized nations of the earth, a change took place, and the symptoms of the patient are more promising now than at any time since

* Preached during the illness of President Garfield.

the murderous revolver attempted its work. I rejoice with trembling, but I rejoice and hope, that President Garfield will get well. But never within your memory or mine has there been such a conspicuous and indisputable evidence of the fact that God honors prayer. Men who for forty years had not offered a supplication bent the knee during the last eight weeks. People who had no suspicion that they were praying, at the first calamity cried out, "God help us!" And last Sabbath afternoon, when the cheerful bulletin came in, exclaimed, "Thank God!" You may call that what you will; I call it prayer. Sublimest of all spectacles! We have seen nations in controversy, and nations in war, but here was a nation in prayer.

In that corps of six or seven surgeons there is some of the most eminent talent of this land, and of all lands —some of them of more ability, and others of less ability, but all admit they have done their very best. When I have thought of those surgeons under the nervous strain of the last eight weeks, all nations seeming to hold them responsible for the life of their illustrious patient, toiling on day and night amid the most depressing circumstances, all my sympathies have been aroused in their behalf, and my daily prayer has been, "God help and inspire and sustain and reward the doctors!" But, my friends, it was after all that combined medical and surgical skill had been defeated God stepped in; and he shall have all the glory, whether of present improvement, or in case of final restoration.

An unbeliever comes and says: "Oh! it was the result of natural causes; it was from subsidence of the parotid gland." My wise friend, who made the parotid gland go down? If the Divine Physician, at the call of prayer, had not come to the bedside, the obsequies of your President would have already been concluded.

This is the way God deals with nations. The Prince of Wales was down with typhoid fever. Worse and worse the case, until the official bulletin announced that he could not survive three hours. Meanwhile, his queenly mother was at prayer, and all England was at prayer, cathedral and coal shaft, House of Lords and the factory operatives, the mighty and the mean at prayer, and the tides of life which had been going out so rapidly suddenly began to rise, and the Prince of Wales got well. Had it not been for the prayers of the Christian people of this country, I believe that leaden bullet would seven weeks ago have completed its work. As surely as there is a God in Heaven, he heard prayer on the first Sabbath after the calamity, and the second Sabbath and the third Sabbath and the fourth Sabbath and the fifth and the sixth and the seventh and the eighth. I demand that you hereafter acknowledge prayer as an important factor in national prosperity. Have you not noticed in this case that every Saturday it seemed to dip to the lowest point, as if God on Sabbath morning would call upon the nation for prayer, saying, "You have called upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer!" And then almost invariably Monday morning has presented a cheerful bulletin.

We have had in this country four great consecutive harvests, and everybody supposed that the same natural causes would produce the same results, and this year we would have larger crops than ever before, because more corn had been planted, and more wheat had been sown, and more fruit had been grafted; but in all the year I have not heard one audible prayer for a great harvest. What is the consequence? The corn crop, the wheat crop, the fruit crop, almost a failure in Michigan, almost a failure in Iowa, almost a failure in Pennsylvania; and the Associated Press reports

giving to us the information from Cincinnati and from Toronto and from Pittsburg and from Chicago and from the great centres of trade, "no rain here in three weeks," "no rain here in four weeks," "no rain here in six weeks," "no rain here all summer." What does it mean? Why, it means that we want some Elijah to go up on the mountain top, and with strong hands of prayer squeeze out the sponge of the cloud on the dry and thirsty land. "Oh!" you say, "we haven't any such man as Elijah now." We have. The Bible distinctly says he was a poor, sinful man like ourselves. How does it read? "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are; and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth gave forth her fruit." I remember in my boyhood days that the Governor of New Jersey proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer on account of a great drought. We gathered in the country meeting-house, and I remember well that before the close of the service the sky began to darken with clouds, and that night the earth was saturated. "Oh!" you say, "it just happened so." Well, if you want to worship the blind god Fate, the helpless god Fate, who is the crippled idiot of the universe, you can worship him. I am glad to know that the vast multitudes of the American people during the past few weeks have preferred to worship the God of Elijah, the God of Hezekiah, the God of earth and Heaven, the God sympathetic, as well as omnipotent; Father, as well as King.

"But," says some one, "suppose now there should be a bad turn in the President's case, and, what is possible, that he should die, then your prayer would be a failure." Ah, no! What do we mean when we pray for the President? We mean his welfare and the wel-

fare of this nation; and if God takes him it will be because it is best for his welfare, and, in some inscrutable way, best for this nation. You and I cannot understand it, but there is where Christian faith comes in. Two things you can always depend on. One is that God is always good. The other is that God is always right. Agassiz says that America was first created. So it seems that this continent is the senior of Europe, Asia and Africa—the Yosemite older than the Alps, Lake Cayuga older than Lake Como. Now, if Agassiz be right in this great geological fact that America was the continent first created, then I say let it be the first in loyalty to God, first in worship, first in consecration to all that is good and holy and Christian.

The first great use of this national calamity is that it has driven the nation to prayer. If you ask me what to do next, I say, Go on as now, pray and pray and pray. Queen Elizabeth said to Walter Raleigh: "Walter, when will you cease begging?" Raleigh replied: "When your Majesty ceases giving." The time for us to stop imploring the divine mercy in our behalf, and in behalf of the nation, is the time when God's ear becomes deaf, and his heart becomes hard, and his hand, now open in supply, is clenched in eternal denial. Have you not noticed that just as the sceptics of this country and the infidels thought that they had fully persuaded the great masses of the people in America that prayer is an absurdity, the wounding of the President makes millions of people cry to God for help? What a scene it was when the Roman army was surrounded and water was inaccessible, and the twelfth legion, all made up of Christians, knelt before God and prayed for rain. It is not a Christian record, but it is a profane record that very soon the clouds gathered and the rains descended in torrents, and these

soldiers caught the rain in their helmets, holding the helmet with the left hand and then drinking, while with their right hand they continued to fight. So let this nation ever be looking up for the rain of divine help, while at the same time it goes right on in the struggle of righteousness and order and good will to men.

Another great use of this national calamity is a revelation of woman's courage, woman's faith in God, and woman's endurance. It is the domestic side of this calamity that has most deeply stirred the people. There never was a more difficult position opened before any woman than on the fourth of March last at the White House was opened before Mrs. Garfield. The position had been occupied four years by a very queen of womanly character and attractiveness, a model of simplicity, her presence in this nation a constant rebuke to the hollowness of fashion and the womanly extravagance which more than once directly or indirectly has plunged this nation into bankruptcy. It was no easy thing to be the successor of Mrs. President Hayes. But this national calamity has made a dark background to a beautiful picture of womanly courage and womanly sacrifice and womanly faith in God. Those two queens of modern society will go down side by side through history.

But what I want to impress upon you this morning is that all this is only a revelation of what is in woman's nature, and that in ten thousand inconspicuous spheres of which you have never heard, there is just as much faith in God, womanly faith in God, womanly self-sacrifice, womanly courage. The story has never been told, and it will never be told on earth; it will be told in Heaven. Of course, there are among women fools, as there are fools among men; but you have known many a wife who would sit four months, six

months, by the bedside of a sick husband, giving the medicine at just the right time, no professional nurse to help, no encouraging bulletins placarded, no help from outside; with her own needle at the same time earning a livelihood for the household, buying medicines and bread, coughing her own life away in slow consumption until she dropped a martyr into the grave.

Now, while you admire, as you ought to admire, the womanly courage and faith in God, as seen in the White House, do not think it is exceptional. Greenwood is full of them; Mount Auburn is full of them; Laurel Hill is full of them; the graveyards and cemeteries of the earth are full of them. Women who lived, toiled, sacrificed, suffered, died for others. Are you surprised that one good woman should expect her husband's recovery after all the world said he must die? I have seen that a score of times in my parishes. After all the physicians said there was no hope, she had hope; and when death had set the signal on the brow and the life was gone, still violently resisting anything that implied that he was dead, saying: "He is not dead; he is no more dead than you are; he will come to." Rev. Dr. Burchard, the useful minister of Christ, admired by all who know him, and many of you were baptized by him, and received into the church of Christ, and the pronunciation of his name makes you reverential — Dr. Burchard, after severe surgery, was pronounced dead by a group of surgeons who stood in the room. One of the surgeons was deputed to go to another room and tell his wife of the death of her husband. He went with that information, and she came into the room where her husband lay. She said: "He is not dead; he will preach the Gospel yet for many a long year." She took command of the scene and of the occasion. She told one surgeon to inflate the lungs; she told another surgeon to apply

friction to the hands and to the limbs, appointing to each one his work; and they, to gratify the wish, and what would seem to be the insane wish, of a bereft wife, went to work, and after three-quarters of an hour had passed, he breathed. I suppose this very Sabbath morning he is preaching the Gospel, as he has been for twenty years since that supposed death-scene.

That is woman in awful crisis of suffering. The heroine, God's heroine. Why, there are five hundred women in this house this morning who have within them the elements of the heroine—Ida Lewises and Grace Darlings, not with oar of lifeboat on raging sea, but on the awful surge of domestic calamity, if God called them to it. I say this not in any compliment or flattery. I say it because I want every honest man to know what a grand and glorious blessing God has given him if he have a good wife. She may be a little fretful and nervous under household cares, but you get down flat on your back with pneumonia, or fever, or under the wounds of an assassin, and you know better than I can tell you who would be the best watcher, and who would speak the brightest encouragement, and who for you would drop dead in her tracks. I thank God for this revelation from the White House of woman's courage and woman's faith in God and woman's endurance, not a revelation of something new, but a revelation of something very old.

Another practical use of this great national calamity is that it has disgusted more than ever people with this free use of firearms. There is too much shooting going on in this country. If a man insults you, shoot him; if a man doubts your veracity, shoot him; if a man stand in the way of your advancement, shoot him. It is bang, bang, bang! And there are Guiteaus in all the towns and villages and cities of this country.

There are too many pistols, and human life is too cheap. I wish that this Washington ruffian going about with a navy revolver in his pocket, practising at a mark so as not to fail hitting the heart of the President, might disgust all our young men with the habit of carrying deadly weapons.

On the frontier, or if it is your business as an officer of the law to make arrest of desperados, you had better be armed. Armed police, armed sheriffs, armed explorers, armed jail-keepers, are well enough; but it is high time that all respectable citizens snap in two their sword canes and unload their deadly weapons. If you move in reputable society in Brooklyn or New York or Washington or London you have no need of any more weapons than the two weapons which God gave you, two honest fists. If you feel the need of having a pistol in your pocket, you are a miserable coward. If you are afraid to go down the street unarmed, you had better get your grandmother with her knitting needles to go with you! I am glad that the Common Council of Brooklyn last week passed an ordinance forbidding the carrying of deadly weapons, or gave new emphasis to a law previously enacted. A pistol is the meanest and most infernal weapon ever invented. It is compact and portable murder. There is some dignity about a sword. If you are going to take a man's life with a sword you have to expose your own life, and so some courage is demanded; but a pistol is the weapon of a sneak. I would as soon carry a toad in my vest pocket! And what is more, the people who carry deadly weapons in this country are people of ungovernable temper. Now, if a man be cold and phlegmatic and calculating in his nature, there is not much danger in his carrying deadly weapons; but if a man be quick and sharp and irritable and violent and gunpowdery and explosive in his nature,

he ought not to carry anything more dangerous than a dull jack-knife. You do not know what, under temptation, you might do. Away with this pistol business. Let Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth have all the honors of assassination.

Another practical use of this great national calamity is the ordination of suffering. If President Garfield get well—and he has conquered so many occasions of relapse and collapse that I shall expect him to get well until I know he is buried—if the President get well, he will go forth to his work with an ordination such as no President ever had. Ordination, not by the laying on of human hands, but ordination by the laying on of hands of pain, hands of fever, hands of midnight anguish, hands of national solicitude, hands of mercy, both hands of God. During these whole eight weeks our President has looked over into the next world and he will feel his responsibility; if he comes back to us, he will come as from the very presence of God; and though all this year should be absorbed in convalescence, from fourth of March to fourth of March, he would have left three full, round years in which to scourge the seven devils of American politics and bury the putrescent carcass of Mormonism where it can no longer poison the nation.

If he get well, I say, he will have an ordination that no other man ever had. Our other Presidents, for the most part, so far as reform has been concerned, have been divided into two classes—those who had the moral disposition but not the courage, and those who had the courage but not the moral disposition. President Garfield, during the past eight weeks, has shown he has the courage, for if a man is not afraid of death, he is not afraid of anything, and he has shown also that he has the moral disposition. If he shall come forth from the sick bed under this ordination of

suffering, look out, political corruption; look out, polygamy, look out. There will be hundreds of people who, now praying that he may live, will pray that he may die. If fully recovered, he goes forth from this ordination of suffering, he will be a thunderbolt in the right hand of God launched against the gigantic evils that are afflicting this country. But, my friends, we have all felt this ordination of suffering, and are we not ready to do better work as patriots, as reformers, as philanthropists, and as Christians? National suffering, political suffering, financial suffering, domestic suffering, ought to be ordination. It is not health, it is not gladness, it is not prosperity, which qualify for especial work, but suffering, sharp suffering, intense suffering, long-continued suffering. Fire of pain, fire of persecution, fire of bereavement, are ordination. It was not until Beethoven had become so deaf he could not hear the fortissimo of a full orchestra that he composed his chief oratorio. It was not until John Milton had become stone-blind that he could dictate the sublimest poem of the ages. It was not until Walter Scott was kicked off the horse and confined to the house for many days that he could write the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The painter who mixes his colors with blood from his own broken heart makes the best pictures. The mightiest men of all the ages have been mightiest in their agonies. Oh, my friend, do not think that God sent trouble on you to break you down; it is for inspiration and for lifting up. God grant that this national trouble may be national ordination!

I remark once more, this great calamity ought to teach us to be contented with our humble lot. What a time our new President has had! Not one moment of rest, or quiet, or peace since he stepped into the White House. Weary, worn out, shot. There is not

one person in this house this morning, who, so far as comfort and quiet are concerned, but is better off than he. Public men are targets to be shot at, belied, pursued, misinterpreted, assassinated. But it is no new story; it has always been so. I was surprised to read what Macaulay wrote in one of his intense sentences, after all his bright career in the English Parliament, and after being renowned the world over by all who could admire fine writing and great thought—Macaulay says: "Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics." Daniel Webster, after his wonderful career and in the close of his life, writes: "If I were to live my life over again, with my present experiences, I would under no considerations allow myself to enter public life. The public are ungrateful. The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history those acts which have been before God most disinterested, and the least stained by selfish considerations, have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused. No, no, have nothing to do with politics. Sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your duty as a private citizen to your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard life, a thankless life. I have had in the course of my political life, which is not a short one, my full share of ingratitude; but the unkindest cut of all, the shaft that has sunk the deepest in my heart, has been the refusal of this administration to grant my request for an office of small pecuniary consideration for my only son."

That is the testimony of a man who ought to know. My friends, better stay down than be shot down. He who has a good occupation, a good home, a good character, a good field of usefulness, and a good hope in Jesus Christ has all that is worth having. More

than that is exposure, is chagrin, is worriment, is exhaustion, is death. By the turmoil, and the consternation, and the horror of the White House, for the last eight weeks, I solemnly charge you, "Be content with such things as you have; you brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content."

MIGHTIER DEAD THAN ALIVE.

Judges, 16: 30: "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

MIGHTIER DEAD THAN ALIVE*

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Samson in the text was deified and became the Hercules of Greece. He was a giant warrior, born to be a leader, and Paul applauds him as a man who "through faith subdued kingdoms." He was a friend of God and an enemy of unrighteousness. But the most memorable scene in his life was the death-scene. The Philistines, his enemies, gathered round him in a great building to mock him. With supernatural strength he laid hold of the pillars and flung everything into ruin, destroying the lives of the three thousand scoffers, among them the lords of Philistia. He had slain many of the enemies of God during his life; but my text says his last achievement was the mightiest. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." It is sometimes the case that after a most industrious, useful, and eminent life, the last hours are more potent than the long years that preceded.

In the overshadowing event of this day we find illustrations of my text. President Garfield, as many orators will say, was all his life the enemy of sin, the enemy of sectionalism, the enemy of everything small-hearted, impure and debasing, and he made many a crushing blow against those moral and political Philistines, but in his death he made mightier conquest. The eleven weeks of dying have made more illustrious record than the fifty years of living. "So the dead

* Preached after the death of President Garfield.

which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

As a matter of inspiration and comfort, I propose to show you that President Garfield's expiration is a mightier good than a prolonged lifetime possibly could be. Mind you, there was no time at which his death-bed could have been so emphatic. If he had died a few years before, his departure would not have been so conspicuous. If he had died one month before, his administration would not have been fairly launched. If he had died six months later, his advanced policy of reform would have cut the friendship of a great multitude, and if he had died years after, he would have been out of office and in the decline of life. But he died at the time when all parties had turned to him with unparalleled expectation. There has not been a time in all the fifty years of his past when his death-bed could have been so effective; and in the next fifty years there could not have been a time when his death-bed would have been so overwhelmingly impressive. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

First, our President's death, more than his life, eulogizes the Christian religion. We all talk about the hope of the Christian and the courage of the Christian and the patience of the Christian. Put all the sermons on these subjects for the last twenty years together, and they would not make such an impression as the magnificent demeanor of this dying Chief Magistrate.

He was no more afraid to die than you are to go home this morning. Without one word of complaint he endures an anguish that his autopsy alone could reveal to the astonished world. For eighty days in inquisition of pain, yet often smiling, often facetious, always calm, giving military salute to a soldier who

happened to look in at the window, talking with Cabinet officers about the affairs of state, reading the public bulletins in regard to his condition, watching his own pulse; and so undisturbed of soul that I warrant you if it had not been for his dependent family and the nation, whom he wanted to serve, he would have been glad to depart any time right up to the God who made him, and the Christ who redeemed him, and the Holy Ghost who comforted him.

Oh, sirs! all he ever did in confirmation of religion in days of health was nothing compared with what he did for it in this last crisis. James A. Garfield learned his religion from his mother in the days when she was trying in widowhood and poverty to bring up her boys aright; from that same old mother that sat with her Bible in her lap in her bedroom last Tuesday morning, when the dreadful news came that her son was dead. James A. Garfield had no new religion to experiment with in his last hours. It was the same Gospel into the faith of which he was baptized, when in early manhood he was immersed in the river in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. That religion had stood the test through all the buffetings and persecutions, through the hard work of life, and did not forsake him in the solemn close. There have been thousands of death-beds as calm and beautiful as this, but they were not so conspicuous. This electrifies Christendom. This encourages all the pain-struck in hospitals, and scattered all up and down the world, to suffer patiently. The consumptive, the cancered, and the palsied, and the fevered, and the dying of all nations lift their heads from their hot pillows, and bless this heroic, this triumphant, this illustrious sufferer. The religion that upheld him under surgeon's knife, and amid the appalling days and nights at Long Branch and at Wash-

ington, is a good religion to have. Show us in all the ages among the enemies of Christianity a death-bed that will compare with this radiant sunset!

Again, our President's death will do more for the consummation of right feeling between North and South than all his administration of four years could have accomplished. This is not "shaking hands across the bloody chasm," according to the rhetoric of campaign documents. This is shaking hands across the palpitating heart that was large enough to take in both sections. This expiring man took the hand of the North and the hand of the South and joined them together, and practically said, with a dying pathos that can never be forgotten: "Be brothers!" Where now are the flags at half mast? At New Orleans and Boston, Chicago and Charleston. There is absolutely to-day no Republican party and no Democratic party. A new party has swallowed up all—a party of national sympathy. The bulletins on the south side of Mason and Dixon's line have been as carefully watched as on the north side. We have been trying to arbitrate old difficulties and settle old grudges, yet the old quarrel has ever and anon broken out in a new place. But this requiem which shakes the land forever drowns out all sectional discords. After all that has been done and said during the last eleven weeks the people of the South will be welcome in all our homes as we shall be welcome in theirs. He who tries hereafter to kindle the old fires of hatred will find little fuel and no sulphurous match. Alabama and Massachusetts, stand up and be married! South Carolina and New York, join hands in betrothal! Georgia and Ohio, I pronounce you one! Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. The seal is set by the cold, emaciated hand of our dead President. No living man could have accomplished it. More of the sec-

tional prejudices, and the misinterpretations, and the bitternesses of old war times have perished in the last eleven weeks than in all the seventeen years since the war ended; and so the dead which Garfield slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his whole life.

Again, President Garfield's sickness and death have educated the world, as all his life and the life of a thousand men beside could not have educated it in the wonders of the human body. For the last two months all Christendom has been studying anatomy and physiology. Never since the world stood has there been so much known about respiration, about pulsation, about temperature, about gunshot wounds, about febrile rise, about digestion, about convalescence. The vast majority of the race have hitherto wandered about stupidly ignorant of this masterpiece of God, the human mechanism. The last eleven weeks have educated ten thousand nurses for the sick. The invalids of all lands for this experience will have better attendance, more kindness, more opportunity for restoration. Never has there been such examination of dictionaries to find the meaning of a medical phrase. One new word of the morning bulletins has set the leaves of all the lexicons in America a-flutter. Garfield, during his life, had often talked on these themes in college class-rooms and on lecture platforms, and he was a scientist in these things, but he did more for the slaying of popular ignorance on this subject in his death than he did in all his life.

Since the time when David the Psalmist, probably returned from an Oriental dissecting-room, wrote the autopsy, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made," and Solomon, who was wise in physiology as well as in everything else, called the spinal marrow the silver cord (or "ever the silver cord be loosed"), and

called the head the "golden bowl," because the skull is round like a bowl, and the membrane which contains the brain is yellow like gold (or "the golden bowl be broken"); and called the veins of the human body a pitcher, because they carry the crimson liquid from the heart, the fountain, all through all the organs of the body (or "the pitcher be broken at the fountain"); and called the lungs a wheel, because they draw to themselves and let go away like a well-bucket, and called the stomach the cistern (the "wheel broken at the cistern") and showed that he knew what Harvey thought he was discovering thousands of years after concerning the circulation of the blood—I say since those obscure times down to these days, when all physicians are busy instructing the people, and all medical colleges, and all high schools, are scattering physiological and anatomical information, there has never been so much wisdom on these subjects as to-day; and the most potent of all the teachers has been the sick and dying bed of our President, mightier in his death than in his life.

Again, these last scenes must impress the world, as no preachment ever did, that when our time comes to go, the most energetic and skilful physicians cannot hinder the event. Was there ever so much done to save a man's life as the life of President Garfield? Is the season too hot, there is manufactured for his sick room in August an October day. Is he to be transported to the seaside? all the wheels and all the steam whistles and all the voices along the line of progress are hushed for two hundred miles, and a new section of railroad is built to let him pass over. Added to the medical skill of the Capital are the skill of Philadelphia and New York. All the medical ingenuity of the last three hundred years flashes its electric light upon the wound. Paris and London and Edin-

burgh applaud the treatment. He had all the courage that comes from the hand of a wife who was sure he would get well. He had physicians who did not stand with cold, scientific calculation, studying the case; but splendid men whose hearts grew strong or faint as the patient's pulse was strong or faint, and they were as great nurses as they were great surgeons. But the doctors could not keep him. His wife could not keep him. All the arms of five children hung around his neck could not keep him. His great spirit pushes them all back from the gates of life, and soars away into the infinities. My Lord and My God! solemnize us with this consideration.

My hearer, if you and I were sick I am sure we would have good medical attendance and good nursing, plenty of watchers and plenty of attendants. The world is naturally very kind to the sick. We who have good homes would have sympathetic though trembling hands to hold ours in the last exigency. We all have those who love us as we love them, but when the time fixed by the merciful God arrives we must be off. There is no need of our getting nervous about it or fretting about it. All we have to do is to keep our hearts right with God and do our best, and then be as unfluttered as was our dying President. After the mightiest surgery of America and the world had to surrender on that Monday night at the stroke of the Death Angel, surely we cannot resist it!

In the emphasizing of all these great truths, James A. Garfield is mightier lying on his catafalque at Cleveland than in the White House receiving the honors of foreign embassage. Who knows but that his death will save millions of people for this world and the next? Fifty millions of people—nay, North and South America, and Europe, and parts of Asia—called to thoughts of mortality and the great future! Who

knows but it may awaken whole nations from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel? When last week I saw one line of mourning from Detroit, Michigan, to Brooklyn, I wondered if God would not use this great grief for the purification of the nation. O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the nation! Enough the Sabbath breakings, and the impurities, and the blasphemy, and the official corruption in this country! By the result of this terrific event let these dogs of hell be driven back to their fiery kennels. Against all these evils the Presidential giant is mightier dead than when alive.

But while the nation has this comfort there are three words that will leap to our lips, and they have been reiterated oftener than any other words for the past few days. Poor Mrs. Garfield! More pathetic words I never read than these in the Friday newspapers which said that with two of her children she had gone over to the White House to get the property of her family and have it sent to her home in Ohio. Can you imagine anything more full of torture than to walk through the room filled with associations of her husband's kindness, of her husband's anxieties, and of her husband's long-continued physical anguish?

She had with her womanly arms fought by his side all the way up the steep of life. She had helped him in their economies when they were very poor; with her own needle clothing their family, with her own hands making him bread. When the world frowned upon him in the days of scandalous assault she never forsook his side. They had together won the battle, and had seated themselves at the very top to enjoy the victory. Then the blow came. What a reversal of fortune! From what midnoon to what midnight! It is said that this will kill her. I do not believe it. The God who has helped her thus far will help her

all the way through. When the broken circle gathers in the future days at the old home at Mentor, the mighty God who protected James A. Garfield at Chickamauga and in the fiery hell of many battles will protect his wife, his children, and his old mother.

Upon all the seven broken hearts let the comfort descend! What consolations they have! It was a great thing to have had such a son! It was a great thing to have been the wife of such a man! It was a great thing to have been the children of such a father! While theirs and ours is the grief, I am glad on his account that he has gone. He had suffered enough. Enough the cut of the lancets, and the thrusts of the catheter, and the pangs of head and side and feet and back! Ascend, oh, disenthralled spirit, and take thy place with those who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes made white in the blood of the Lamb!

This Samson of intellectual strength, this giant of moral power, had—like the one in the text—in other days slain the lion of wrathful opposition, and had carried off the gates of wrong from the rusted hinges. But the peroration of his life is stronger than any passage which went before. The dead which this giant slew in his death were more than those whom he slew in his life.

May we all learn the practical lessons with which our subject is filled! Behold the contrast between Friday, the fourth of March, 1881, and Friday, the twenty-third of September, 1881! On the former day Washington was ablaze with banners. Each State of the Union had its triumphal arch. Great men of this country and vast populations filled the streets! Procession such as had never moved from the White House and the Capitol! Military display that would have confounded hostile nations. The city shaken

with cannonading by day, and the night on fire with pyrotechnics! Thousands of all political parties who congratulated the President pronounced that fourth of March the brightest day that had ever shone on American institutions. That night, or soon after, in some room of the Presidential mansion, I warrant you, there assembled husband and wife and five children, and the aged mother, taking a long breath after the excitement of the inauguration. The highest point of honor that mortal man can reach had been won.

But behold Friday, September 23d, the dead President in the Rotunda, his bereaved wife at a friend's house; a dangerously sick child four hundred miles away at Williamstown, Mass.; military on guard around the casket; hundreds of thousands of people gazing on the face so emaciated that none would know it; the poor black woman falling on her knees beside the coffin, expressing the anguish of speechless multitudes when she said: "Oh, dear! how he must have suffered!" Friday, fourth of March, 1881! Friday, September 23, 1881!

To the words of comfort I have uttered to-day I add this lesson, which seems to sound out from the tramp of pall-bearers and from the rolling of the draped rail-train moving westward, and from the open grave now waiting to receive our dead President: "Put not your trust in princes nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." Fare thee well, departed chieftain!

WERE THE PRAYERS FOR PRESIDENT GARFIELD A FAILURE

II Corinthians, 12: 8, 9: "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee."

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II Corinthians, 12: 8, 9: "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee."

There was something the matter with Paul in the text. He spoke of something that irritated him, or annoyed him or hurt him or mortified him, under the figure of a "thorn in the flesh." Some think it was a crooked back. Others think it was a stuttering tongue. More persons think, and among them the learned Kitto and Dr. John Brown, the Scotch essayist, that it was diseased eyes, amounting almost to total blindness. They think this because he almost always wrote by the hand of an amanuensis, once mentioning it as a rare occurrence that he had written a large letter with his own hand; and they think this also because he was always accompanied wherever he went, although he was much of the time a poor man and could not have paid attendants; and also because he seems to refer to his trouble with his eyes when, in describing the enthusiastic love of the Galatians he says: "ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me." In other words, "you love me so much you would have been willing to trade off your good eyes for my poor eyes." Those lands always have been afflicted with ophthalmia, and damaged eyesight was as common there and then as good eyesight here and now. But whatever may have been the trouble, Paul prayed to have it cured. I suppose he prayed hundreds of times on this matter,

but he made three agonizing prayers. Did God answer those prayers? He did, by giving something better than Paul asked for. Not by straightening the back, or by unloosing the tongue, or by curing the disordered eyesight, but by giving him grace to turn into glorious advantage that which had been an irritating detriment. Instead of curing the physical misfortune, he sanctified that trouble until Paul became the greatest apostle of the Gentiles, the greatest and the grandest Christian of all the centuries. "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee." So it was then—so it is now. In the six thousand years of the world's existence there have not been one hundred right-hearted prayers unanswered. Nor fifty, nor ten, nor five, nor has there been one. If there had in six thousand years been just one right-hearted prayer unanswered, it would have impeached the character of God. If there be any truth well set forth in the Bible it is that God answers prayers. God gives you what you ask for always, or something better; and there is no exception.

During the eleven painful weeks of our President's suffering, all good people prayed for his recovery. The Sabbaths were full of supplication. Days were set forth for special fasting and prayer. There never was so much prayer offered on any one subject in any eleven weeks since the world by the wings of the Almighty was brooded out of chaos. And yet the body of President Garfield lies in the Lakeview Cemetery at Cleveland. "Your prayers were a dead failure," says the sceptic. "Your prayers were a dead failure," think a thousand men who do not just like to say so. "You wasted your breath. The laws of nature had their way. Don't hereafter mix theology and medicine." But I will undertake to show you this morn-

ing that all the right-hearted prayers made in behalf of the President may be divided into two classes—those which have been answered, and those which will be answered. Every right-hearted prayer in that direction had two ideas—the President's welfare and the best interests of this nation. Has the first half of your prolonged prayer of eleven weeks in behalf of the President's welfare been answered?

The autopsy declares if he had been continued in life he would have been a paralytic—that he never again could have walked—that he would have been incompetent for the work of his high office. But suppose a miracle had been performed and he had come forth in entire health? Could he have met the expectations aroused in regard to him? Not if he had been an angel from heaven, with the power of a hundred Garfields. Could he in a prolonged administration, in which thousands of questions would arise, have pleased everybody? Oh, no, no! Suppose that, during that prolonged administration, a question had arisen as between the Democratic party and the Republican party, both of which parties were equally sympathetic and equally eulogistic and equally helpful in all those eleven weeks of sickness, he certainly would have had to decide against one of the parties. Then that party, in remembrance of its sympathy during the weeks of sickness, would have pronounced him an ingrate, and there would have been a vehemence against him that has never been witnessed within our memory. They would say, "Here, this is the pay we get for all our sympathy for you, and all our kindness for you, and all our prayers for you;" and he would have been in an awful plight as between the two great parties. Suppose a question during the three coming years had arisen as between monopoly and anti-monopoly, as it will arise, how

could he have met those questions? On the one side, leading anti-monopolists of the country, during all those eleven weeks of sickness, especially kind, especially sympathetic, especially helpful, especially eulogistic; while on the other hand, among the monopolists, was the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, that had given him the free rail-train to Long Branch, and extended the railroad when it was not long enough; and among those monopolists many in New York and throughout the country who had subscribed their five hundred dollars and their one thousand dollars and their five thousand dollars to Mrs. Garfield, and if you think that she did not tell him all about it in his better moments it is because you have never been married. Suppose he had been restored to health, how could he have met the expectations of monopolists and anti-monopolists? Suppose a question of international right had arisen, as between England and the United States. In the memory of the fact that from the first day of his wounding, the Queen and the Court and the mighty men and women of England had been bending over his suffering couch in sympathy—how could he have adjusted questions as between England and the United States? How could he have been impartial? How could he have acted at all?

Besides that, during his illness, he was put under obligation to a great multitude of people—some in one way and some in another way, and the hotels in Washington, and a new line of hotels encircling the city of Washington would not have held the people who would come to get reward for their favors. "I gave you an invalid chair; give me a consulship." "I manufactured the cooling apparatus; give me a post-office." "I subscribed five thousand dollars to Mrs. Garfield; recognize my services." "I wrote the mightiest editorials of sympathy during your sickness;

send me to Belgium." "I got the Washington malaria waiting on your case as a newspaper correspondent; send me to some place within reach of the air that blows off the Alps." The kindnesses and sympathies of those eleven weeks would have surrounded his administration with embarrassments mountain high; and in his inability to reward his benefactors, and in his adoption of an independent policy, he would have aroused feelings different from those which now exist; and instead of being the centre of the nation's admiration and the object almost of its idolatry, he would, during the three coming years, have been more denounced and more caricatured and more hated than any man that ever occupied the Presidential chair. He will have escaped during the next three years enough calumny to have covered up these continents with vituperative newspapers from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego. If Washington and Adams and Monroe and Jefferson and Lincoln could not escape, much less could Garfield have escaped; for there were larger and more unreasonable expectations excited in regard to him than in regard to any of his predecessors. If, therefore, the first half of your prolonged prayers of eleven weeks meant the President's welfare, your prayers have been answered, completely answered, grandly answered, gloriously answered, triumphantly answered, forever answered, and could have been answered in no other way. His body never rested so well as now in the cemetery of Ohio. His soul never rested so well as now in the bosom of his God. Your prayers have been answered. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

But has the last half of your prolonged prayer of eleven weeks been answered—the part of the prayer that pertained to the welfare of the nation? I remark, in the first place: the nation has never been

so sanctified under trial and trouble as it is this very moment. When Booth shot Lincoln, the nation had been for four years drunk on war and massacre and blood, and that assassination seemed only another paragraph in a book of horrors. Before that time I never could endure to look upon a scene of suffering, and since that time I have never for a long while been able to continue looking upon a scene of suffering; and yet I went down to Sharpsburg during the conflict and preached to fifty Federals shattered and dying, and in a barn to a hundred Confederates shattered and dying, and somehow I got through the discourse. You say it was especial grace. Ah! yes, but I think the whole nation, constantly standing in the presence of blood and bruises and wounds and death, got hardened. But this last assassination comes at a time of peace, and the nation falls prostrate and sick under the calamity. The nation was never so chastened, never so gentle, never so sympathetic, never so worshipful as now. Blasphemers have gone down on their knees before God, and men who had not prayed since they knelt at the trundle-bed in childhood have formulated appropriate petition. While the nation's heart is far from what it ought to be, it is a better nation to-day than it has ever been. So that section of your prayer has been answered.

Another consideration: after what you know of our late Chief Magistrate, you must know that the paragraph in his inaugural which spoke against Mormonism was the most earnest paragraph in it. That institution is an insult to every home in America. James A. Garfield felt ordained of God, not only as President of the United States, but as a husband and a father, to annihilate that abomination. Within one year the lightning would have struck it. By an enactment of Congress the President would have proclaimed

that that institution of Mormonism is at war with our best interests as a government, and while the polygamist, considering the present complications, might have remained in the possession of his numerous wives, it would have been understood by law that after that any one who attempted to select more marital companionship than is allowed in other States would go to prison and be denied his vote. Just back of Salt Lake City is the United States military encampment, with guns that could rake that Sodom into ashes, in one forenoon; and that regiment, aided by other regiments, could have enforced the law. You say President Buchanan failed to do the work. I know he did. Great and good man, but he was a bachelor, and it needed a father and a husband like Garfield, understanding the value of a Christian home, to annihilate that abomination of Mormonism. But perhaps the time had not quite come. Perhaps it was necessary that the indignation of this nation should be aroused to a greater pitch against Mormonism before the work should be thoroughly attempted, and the death of Garfield under these circumstances ought to arouse the nation. Do you know that while all good people throughout the world were praying for our President's recovery, the Mormons were praying for his death? In Utah, in Wyoming, in Arizona, in New Mexico, praying for his death!—some of their papers utterly ignoring the whole subject, or else slily congratulatory at the prospect of our President's early decease. Why? Mormonism decreed long ago that its potent enemies should perish, if not in one way, then in another; and the whole work should be done in the name of the Lord! Brigham Young declared in his church, in a sermon which I could show you, that he who destroys the life of an anti-Mormon does God a service. Mountain Meadow massacre, where-

in hundreds of men, women, children, and the little babes had their throats cut, and then were left unburied for the ravens and the wolves—that was all done in the name of the Lord! Dr. Robinson and Almand Babbitt and the Parishes all butchered by the Mormons, they said, in the name of the Lord! The assassins Hickman and Brigham Young, and that group of men called "Destroying Angels," because their only work is assassination—they did all their work in the name of the Lord. Now I will not say that Guiteau was a Mormon, nor will I dare to say that he was not a paid emissary. He says he shot Garfield in the name of the Lord. Everything he has said and written on the subject implies that it was done by divine commission, and in the name of the Lord. I will not say that he was a Mormon, but he has all the Mormon theories. He was a member of the Oneida Community, the chief doctrine of which is that it is right to have a profusion of wives. He had the ugliness of a Mormon, the licentiousness of a Mormon, the cruelty of a Mormon, the murderous spirit of a Mormon, the infernalism of a Mormon. Why, he says he sat in the park opposite the President's house, in the name of the Lord, and he went to the Baltimore depot on the second of July, and aimed at the heart of our beloved Chief Magistrate, and fired in the name of the Lord! I say there is an ugly sound in that cry when a man goes out to do the work of darkness in the name of the Lord.

I suppose that his crime originally started from his revenge at not getting a consulship; but I should not wonder if, in the great day when all secret things are revealed, it should be found that he was a paid agent of that old hag of hell which sits, making mouths at high heaven, between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. If the death of Garfield shall arouse

the nation to more hatred of that institution of Mormonism, which was Garfield's especial disgust, he will not have died in vain, and another section of your prayer is answered.

Again I remark: your prayers have been answered in the sanctification of the home circle. Husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister were beautiful names before; but they never meant so much in this country as they do now. What an example we have had in the White House of a model Christian home! There have been Christian homes in the White House before this, but this by circumstances was more conspicuous as a Christian home. Well, you see as a nation we need toning up on that subject. For the last twenty-five years the country has been filled with trash about free-lovism and elective affinity, and divorce made easy. There has nothing happened in your day or mine that has done so much for the homes of America as that beautiful and overwhelming example we have recently had in the White House.

Where are things going? I suppose New England is as good a part of the country as any other—perhaps better. In 1878, in the State of Maine, there were four hundred and seventy-eight divorces; in the State of Connecticut, four hundred and one divorces; in New Hampshire, two hundred and forty-one divorces; in Rhode Island, one hundred and ninety-six divorces; in Massachusetts, six hundred divorces, making an aggregate of two thousand one hundred and thirteen divorces, in 1878 in New England. In Cook County, Illinois, last year, eight hundred and thirty divorce cases began. We need toning up on the subject of the family relation. You know that in some circles it gives a little piquancy to a man's character if he is said to be a little loose in his morals. Right in this time, when the nation needs so much instruc-

tion in the right direction on this important theme, we have this revelation of a Christian home circle. God grant that that influence may be potent for all years that are to come. The influence already felt in every home of this congregation, in every home of America, proves that your prayers have been answered.

Again, I want you to understand, my friends, that, in addition to the prayers which have already attained a blessing, from your prayers and from the prayers of the nation during the last few months, there will be born blessings for a thousand years to come, if American institutions stand so long. The astronomer tells us that worlds ages ago created have just reached us with their light, and so there are blessings which are a thousand years in flight. God gathers up all these prayers. He gathers them from the north and from the south; he gathers them from this side of the sea and the other side of the sea, from this side of the Atlantic and from the other side of the Atlantic; he gathers them all up in a reservoir at the foot of the throne—a great suspended blessing, a flood made up of the tears of many generations, and then at his own good time, from that reservoir of divine remembrance the streams of blessings will pour down upon the nations, and their harvests will be richer, and their schools will be better, and their institutions will be more prospered, and the Christian religion will be more triumphant. I should not wonder if it took God many centuries fully to answer the three hundred million hearted prayers of two hemispheres. The sins of the nation cry to heaven for vengeance; but the prayers of the nation cry to heaven for mercy; and the latter are going to overbalance the former. Does not the Psalmist intimate that God takes the tears of one of his children and puts them in a bottle, and then am I

far out of the way when I suppose that God gathers up the tears of nations in a reservoir?

I am very glad that God does not answer all the prayers in our time. I am not so anxious about our present condition as a nation as I am anxiously concerned about the future. You and I can get along very well during the few years of our allotted time on earth, even if we do not like American politics. But how about the generations following? There are forces of darkness struggling to get possession of this continent, and I want some great storehouse of prayer filled for that exigency. Only the first wheel, as it were, has begun to turn in our manufacturing capacity. We have gathered only the first sheaf of agricultural resources, we have picked up only the first lump of coal or iron or copper or silver or gold of our American mining. What will be the condition of this country when the last arable acre is doing its very best, and when all our rivers are pulling their utmost at the factory bands, and when Nevada and Colorado and California and Arizona shall have disgorged all their treasures, and from ocean to ocean the continent shall be fully peopled? During the next twenty-five years there will be one hundred million people on this continent. During the next century, at the close of a century from now, there will be at least three hundred million people in the United States. What is to be the character of that population? You cannot shirk the responsibility, nor can I shirk it. Your prayers this morning and your prayers during those eleven weeks, and the prayers of all your past time, and your patriotic prayers for the future, and the prayers of the good of all ages, will help decide that question. Columbus, two hours before midnight, said to Pedro Gutierrez, of the king's wardrobe, "Look, look! see the light on the shore; that must be a conti-

nent!" But gladder will be the man who two hours before the daybreak of national purification shall hail the morning of regenerated America. I tell you the signs are most encouraging. The prayers of God's people are going to hand over this continent. I am just as certain of it as that I stand here and you sit there. Have you noticed the rapidly increasing momentum? During the first fifty years of this century, in our country there were three million converts added to the evangelical churches. There have been as many added to the evangelical churches in America during the last ten years. In other words, the last ten years have been equal to the first fifty years of this century. Clear the track for the Lord's chariot. The white horses that draw the chariot started on a slow walk. For the last few years they have been upon a gallop. They will soon be down to full run.

"Oh!" say you, "I can't see how my poor prayers are going to have any effect upon that grand result." Well, rivers might as well, when the mist rises and is drawn up and floats away into the heavens, say: "That moisture will never be heard of again." God would say: "Be patient;" and when the earth wanted rain then this despised mist would take the form of an angel of the shower and would float down through the air, and from the silver chalice of a cloud would dip the water and baptize all the valleys, while the mountains stood up as sponsor. So the Sun of righteousness exhales our prayers, and so they come back again in gracious distillation. Your prayers have been answered, your prayers will be answered.

It is something like this: I say God answers prayer, if not giving just what you want, giving something greater. It is as though a son should say: "Father, give me five thousand dollars," and the father should say: "I hear your request; I will do better than that; I will put that

five thousand dollars into an education, and then it will be worth to you ten times five thousand dollars." It is as though a wayward son had come home and found his mother dying, and he should kneel by the bedside and pray for her recovery, and God should say to that wayward young man, "I hear your prayer, but I will do better than what you ask for. I will, by your mother's death, give you reformation, and give you an eternal home with her in heaven." So I meet this question differently from the way it is usually met. I declare now, and it is beyond all controversion, God always gives what you ask for in a right spirit, or gives something better. In all theologies it is believed that every individual has a guardian angel sent forth to protect, to defend and to foster. The Jewish rabbins say that Adam's guardian angel was named Razaiel, and that Abraham's guardian angel was Zakiel, and that Isaac's guardian angel was Raphael, and that Jacob's guardian angel was Peniel. If every individual has a guardian angel, shall not a Christian nation have guardian angels? Who shall they be? Those who never knew us? Those who never fought in behalf of our institutions? Those who never suffered for our land? No, no! Descend, ye spirits of the martyr Presidents, and ye mighty men of the councils of the past, ye who defended our country on land and sea. Descend, ye who preached and prayed as well as ye who fought! Mighty spirits of departed patriots, descend—come down out of the ineffable light into the shadows of earth, and lead the way. Washington and Everett, and Sumner and Garfield, and Lincoln and Burnside, and Lyon and Witherspoon, and Mason and Channing—descend, descend! Speak with lips once quieted. Strike with arms once palsied. Ride down into this fight in which earth and hell and heaven are in battle array. Thou mighty God of our fathers and brothers who fell at

Lexington and Yorktown, and South Mountain, and Gettysburg, descend and strike back national evil, and bring national good, and prove thyself the same God who answered the prayers of Hezekiah, and of Elijah, and of Deborah, and of Joshua. Thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom!

EPIDEMIC OF STRIKES

I Cor., 12: 21: "The eye cannot say to the hand I have no need of thee."

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I Cor., 12: 21: "The eye cannot say to the hand I have no need of thee."

Fifty thousand workmen in Chicago ceasing work in one day; Brooklyn stunned by the attempt to halt its railroad cars; Cleveland in the throes of a labor agitation; and restlessness among toilers all over the land have caused an epidemic of strikes; and somewhat to better things I apply the Pauline thought of my text.

You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys all controlled by one great water-wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a great piece of mechanism controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery of society, and you harm all parts. All professions interdependent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. Capital and labor interdependent. No such thing as independence. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who threw Shadrach into the furnace got their own bodies scorched. Or, to come back to the figure of the text, what a strange thing it would be if the eye should say, "I oversee the entire physical mechanism. I despise the other members of the body. If there is anything I am disgusted with it is with those miserable, low-lived hands." Or, what if the hand should say, "I am the boss workman of the whole physical economy; I have no respect for the other

members of the body. If there is anything I despise it is the eye seated under the dome of the forehead doing nothing but look." I come in and wave the flag of truce between these two contestants, and I say: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee.' "

That brings me to the first suggestion, and that is that Labor and Capital are to be brought to a better understanding by a complete canvass of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in their interests. When one goes down, they both go down. When one rises, they both rise. There will be an equilibrium after a while. There never has been an exception to the rule. That which is good for one class of society eventually will be good for all classes of society, and that which is bad for one class of society will eventually prove to be bad for all. Every speech that Labor makes against Capital postpones the day of permanent adjustment. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor postpones the day of permanent adjustment. When Capital maligns Labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When Labor maligns Capital, it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their glove, you would see the broken finger-nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger-joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were bookbinders or typesetters on small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sandpapered wagon-bodies in wheelwright shops. While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men on wages who once employed a hundred or five hundred hands. The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara sus-

pension bridge; it is only a step; and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God they might shake hands while they cross. On the other hand, laborers are the highest kind of capitalists. Where are their investments—in banks? No. In the railroads? No. Their nerve, their muscle, their bone, their mechanical skill, their physical health are magnificent capital. He who has two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, ten fingers, has machinery that puts into nothingness carpet and screw and cotton factory, and all the other implements of the planet. The capitalists are laborers, the laborers are capitalists. The sooner we understand that the better.

Again, there is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through co-operative associations. I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their savings together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist, they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are eight hundred and thirteen co-operative associations. They have three hundred and forty thousand members, they have a capital equivalent to eighteen million dollars, and they do a business annually having a gross return of sixty-three million dollars. Thomas Brassey, one of the foremost men in the British Parliament, on the subject says: "Co-operation is the one and the only relief for the laboring populations. This is the path, I believe, by which they are to come up from the hand-to-mouth style of living to reap the rewards and the honors of our advanced civilization." Lord Derby and John Stuart Mill, who gave half their lives to the study of the labor question, believed in co-operative institutions. The co-operative institution formed in Troy,

New York, stood long enough to illustrate the fact that great good might come of such an institution if it were rightly carried on and mightily developed.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

"But," says some one, "why talk of savings being put by laborers into co-operative associations when the vast multitude of toilers of this country are struggling for their daily bread, and they have no surplus?" I reply: put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for rum and tobacco, and I will establish co-operative associations in all parts of this land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over one hundred million dollars every year for tobacco. We spend over one billion five hundred million dollars directly or indirectly for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending his money in those directions should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years; and then suppose that that money be put into a co-operative association; and then suppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for overdress and overstyle and overliving on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that all up, and you could have co-operative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trade-unions.

Epidemic of Strikes

You want to know what I think of trade-unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object; and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopolies concentring the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men — unless the laboring men of this country band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade-union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade-union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not artists band together in an art-union? Do not singers band together in Handel and Haydn societies? Do not newspaper men band together in press clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together — many of them once a week — to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their legitimate work they are most admirable; but when they come around with drum and fife and flag and drive people off from their toil, from their scaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work, let him stop work; but he cannot stop me from work.

But now suppose all the laboring classes banded together for beneficent purposes in co-operative association, under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco and use it for the elevation of their families, for the education of their children, for their moral, intellectual and religious improvement? What a different state of things we would

have in this country, and they would have in Great Britain!

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulant? You say, "Will you deny the laboring men this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them. I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest-field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them. They took stimulant and I took none."

Everybody knows they cannot endure great fatigue —men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta or the ball club or the athletic wrestling they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into co-operative institutions—oh, we would have a very different state of things from what we have now!

I remark again, the laboring classes of this country are to find great relief when they learn — all of them learn — forecast and providence. Vast numbers of them put down their income and they put down their expenses, and if the income meets the expenses that is all that is necessary. I know laboring men who are in a perfect fidget until they have spent their last dollar. They fly around everywhere until they get it spent. A case came under my observation where a young man was receiving seven hundred dollars a year, and earned it by very hard work. The marriage day came. The bride had received five hundred dollars as an inheritance from her grandfather. She put the five hundred dollars in wedding equipment. Then

the twain hired two rooms on the third story. Then this man, who had most arduous employment—just as much as he could possibly endure — got evening employment so he could earn a few dollars more; and by this extra evening employment almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he take this extra evening employment? Was it to lay by something for a rainy day? No. Was it to get a life-insurance so that if he should die his wife would not be a pauper? No. It was for the one purpose of getting his wife a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar sealskin sacque! I am just giving you a fact I know. The sister of this woman, although she was a very poor girl, was not to be eclipsed; and so she went to work day and night, and toiled and toiled and toiled almost into the grave, until she got a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar sealskin sacque! Well, the news went abroad all through the street. Most of the people on that street were laboring, hardworking people, and they were not to be outshone in this way, and they all went to work in the same direction, and practically said, though not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin sacque!"

A clergyman in Iowa told me that his church and the entire neighborhood had been ruined by the fact that the people mortgaged their farms in order to go down to the Philadelphia Centennial, in 1876. First, one family would go, then another family; and finally it was not respectable not to go to the Centennial at Philadelphia, and they mortgaged their farms. The church and the neighborhood ruined in that way. Now, between such fools and pauperism there is only a very short step. In time of peace, prepare for war. In time of prosperity, prepare for adversity. Yet how many there are who drive on the verge of the precipice, and at the least touch of accident or sickness over they go. Ah! my friends, it is not right, it is

not honest. He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel. A man has no right to live in luxury and have all comforts and all brightness around him—taking his family with him at that rate—everything bright and beautiful and luxuriant, until he stumbles against a tomb and falls in, and the family go to the poorhouse. That is not common honesty. I am no advocate of skinflint saving; I abhor it. But I plead for Christian providence. There are some people who are disgusted if they see anything like economy, such as a man might show in turning down the gas in the parlor when he goes out. There are families actually embarrassed if you ring their door-bell before they have the hall lighted. There are people who apologize if you surprise them at the table. Now, it is mean or it is magnificent to save, just according to what you save for. If it is for the miserly hoarding of it, then it is despicable; but if it means better education for your children, if it means more house-help for your wife when she is not strong enough to do much work, if it means that the day of your death shall not be a horror beyond all endurance because it is to throw your family into disruption and annihilation and the poorhouse—then it is magnificent, if it is to avoid all that.

Some of the older persons remember very well Abraham Van Nest, of New York, one of its Christian merchants. He was often called mean, because he calculated so closely. Why did he calculate closely? That he might have the more to give. There was not a Bible society, or a tract society or a reformatory institution in the city of New York but he had his hand in supporting it. He denied himself many luxuries that he might give to others the necessities. He has been many years reaping his reward in heaven;

but I shall never forget the day when I, a green country lad, came to his house and spent the evening; and at the close of the evening, as I was departing, he accompanied me to the door, accompanied me to the steps, came down off the steps and said: "Here, De Witt, is forty dollars for books; don't say anything about it." It is mean or it is magnificent to save, according as you save for a good or for a bad object.

I know there are many people who have much to say against savings-banks and life-insurances. I have to tell you that the vast majority of the homesteads of this country have been the result of such institutions; and I have to tell you also that the vast majority of the homesteads of the future for the laboring classes will be the result of such institutions. It will be a great day for the working classes of England and the United States when the workingman can buy a barrel of flour, instead of flour by the small sack; when he can buy a barrel of sugar, instead of sugar by the pound; when he can pay cash for coats and hats and shoes, rather than pay an additional amount for the reason that he has to get it all charged.

Again I remark, great relief is to come for the laboring classes of this country by perception on the part of employers that they had better take their employees into their confidence. I can see very easily, looking from my standpoint, what is the matter. Employees seeing the employer in seeming prosperity do not know all the straits, all the hardships, all the losses, all the annoyances. They look at him and they think, "Why, he has it easy and we have it hard." They do not know that at that very moment the employer is at the last point of desperation to meet his engagements.

I know a gentleman very well who has over a thousand hands in his employ. I said to him some years

ago, when there was great trouble in the labor market: "How are you getting on with your men?" "Oh," he said, "I have no trouble." "Why," I said, "have not you had any strikes?" "Oh, no," he said, "I never had any trouble." "What plan do you pursue?" He said: "I will tell you. All my men know every year just how matters stand. Every litttle while I call them together and say, 'Now, boys, last year I made so much; this year I made less; so you see I cannot pay you as much as I did last year. Now, I want to know what you think I ought to have as a percentage out of this establishment, and what wages I ought to give you. You know I put all my energy in this business, put all my fortune in it and risked everything. What do you really think I ought to have and you ought to have?' By the time we come out of that consultation we are unanimous; there never has been an exception. When we prosper we all prosper together; when we suffer, we all suffer together, and my men would die for me." Now, let all employers be frank with their employees. Take them into your confidence. Let them know just how matters stand. There is an immense amount of common sense in the world. It is always safe to appeal to it.

I remark again: great relief will come to the laboring classes of this country through the religious ratification of it. Labor is honored and rewarded in proportion as a community is Christianized. Why is it that our smallest coin in this country is a penny, while in China it takes a half-dozen pieces of coin, or a dozen, to make one of our pennies in value, so the Chinese carry the cash, as they call it, like a string of beads around the neck? We never want to pay less than a penny for anything in this country. They must pay that which is worth only the sixth part or the twelfth part of a penny. Heathenism and iniquity

and infidelity depress everything. The Gospel of Jesus Christ elevates everything. How do I account for this? I account for it with the plainest philosophy. The religion of Jesus Christ is a democratic religion. It tells the employer that he is a brother to all the operatives in his establishment—made by the same God, to lie down in the same dust, and to be saved by the same supreme mercy. It does not make the slightest difference how much money you have, you cannot buy your way into the kingdom of heaven. If you have the grace of God in your heart, you will enter heaven. So you see it is a democratic religion. Saturate our populations with this Gospel, and labor will be respectful, labor will be rewarded, labor will be honored, capital will be Christian in all its behavior, and there will be higher tides of thrift setting in. Let me say a word to all capitalists: be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employees with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe with the sun and the moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh; that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world before you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man died in New York, leaving in his will forty million dollars, yet giving how much to the Church of God? how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died; that was well. But in all this will of forty million dollars

how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving forty million dollars, and not one cent to God! It is a disgrace to our civilization. Or, as illustrated in a letter which I have concerning a man who departed this life leaving between five and eight million of dollars. Not one dollar was left, this writer says, to comfort the aged workmen and workwomen, not one dollar to elevate and instruct the hundreds of pale children who stifled their childish growth in the heat and clamor of his factory. Is it strange that the curse of the children of toil follow such ingratitude? How well could one of his many millions have been disbursed for the present and the future benefit of those whose hands had woven literally the fabric of the dead man's princely fortune! Oh, capitalists of the United States, be your own executors. Be a George Peabody, if need be, on a small scale. God has made you a steward; discharge your responsibility.

My word is to all laboring men in this country: I congratulate you at your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburg and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man of the past as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter. The living illustrations easily occur to you. This will go on until you will have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratulate you also on the opportunities for your children. I congratulate you that you have to work, and that when you are dead your children will have to work.

I also congratulate you because your work is only prefatory and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth. He toiled himself, and he knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get his grace in your heart and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop shoving the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the ratlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow glittering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired, he will rest you. Are you sick, he will give you help. Are you cold, he will wrap you in the mantle of his love. Who are they before the Throne. "Ah!" you say, "their hands were never calloused with toil." Yes, they were. You say, "Their feet were never blistered with the long journey." Yes, they were; but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian working man and for every Christian working woman will be the beginning of eternal holiday.

LAST DECADE OF THE CENTURY

Rev., 19: 4: "Amen! Alleluia!"

LAST DECADE OF THE CENTURY*

Rev., 19: 4: "Amen! Alleluia!"

The nineteenth century is departing. After it has taken a few more steps, if each year be a step, it will be gone into the eternities. In a short time we shall be in the last decade of this century, which fact makes the solemnest book outside the Bible the almanac, and the most sugges've and the most tremendous piece of machinery in all the earth, the clock. The last decade of this century, upon which we shall soon enter, will be the grandest, mightiest, and most decisive decade in all the chronologies. I am glad it is not to come immediately, for we need by a new baptism of the Holy Ghost to prepare for it. Does any one say that this division of time is arbitrary? Oh, no; in other ages the divisions of time may have been, but our years date from Christ. Does any one say that the grouping of ten together is an arrangement arbitrary? Oh, no; next to the figure seven, ten is with God a favorite number. Abraham dwelt ten years in Canaan. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom. In the ancient tabernacle were ten curtains, their pillars ten and their sockets ten. In the ancient temple were ten lavers and ten candlesticks and ten tables and a molten sea of ten cubits. And the Commandments written on the granite of Mount Sinai were ten, and the kingdom of God was likened to ten virgins, and ten men should lay hold of him that was a Jew, and the reward of the greatly faithful is that they shall reign over ten cities, and in the effort to take the census of the New Jerusa-

* Preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, in 1890.

lem the number ten swings around the thousands, crying "ten thousand times ten thousand." So I come to look toward the closing ten years of the nineteenth century with an intensity of interest I can hardly describe. I have also noticed that the favorite time for great events in many of the centuries was the closing fragment of the century. There is apt to be at such a time a concentration of downfalls or enthronements, of splendors or horrors. Is America to be discovered—it must be in the last decade of the fifteenth century, namely, 1492. Was free constitutional government to be well established in America—the last years of the eighteenth century must achieve it. Were three cities to be submerged by one pitch of scoriæ—Herculaneum and Stabiæ and Pompeii in the latter part of the first century must go under. The fourth century closed with the most agitating ecclesiastical war of history—Urban the Sixth against Clement the Seventh. Alfred the Great closes the ninth century, and Edmund Ironsides the eleventh century, with their resounding deeds. The sixteenth century closed with the establishment of religious independence in the United Netherlands. The French Revolution with its Reign of Terror, the bloodiest upheaval of all time, at the close of the eighteenth century. Ay, almost every century has had its peroration of overtowering achievements.

As the closing years of the centuries seem a favorite time for great scenes of emancipation or disaster, and as the number ten seems a favorite number in the Scriptures, written by divine direction, and as we are soon to enter upon the last ten years of the nineteenth century, what does the world propose? What does the Church of Christ propose? What do reformers propose? I know not; but now in the presence of this consecrated assembly I propose that we make ready, get all our batteries planted, and all our plans well laid,

in what remains of this decade, and then in the last decade of the nineteenth century march up and take this round world for God.

When I say we, I mean the five hundred million Christians now alive. But, as many of them will not have enough heart for the work, let us copy Gideon, and as he had thirty-two thousand men in his army to fight the Midianites, but many of them were not made of the right stuff, and he promulgated a military order, saying: "Whosoever is fearful and afraid let him return and depart early from Gilead," and twenty-two thousand were afraid of getting hurt, and went home, and only ten thousand were left, and God told him that even this reduced number was too large a number, for they might think they had triumphed independent of divine help, and so the number must be still further reduced, and only those should be kept in the ranks who in passing the river should be so in haste for victory over their enemies that, though very thirsty, they would, without stopping a second, just scoop up the water in the palm of their right hand, and scoop up the water in the palm of their left hand, and only three hundred men with the battle-shout, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," scattered the Midianites like leaves in an equinox—so out of the five hundred million nominal Christians of to-day let all unbelievers and cowards go home and get out of the way. And suppose we have only four hundred million left, suppose only two hundred million left, suppose only one hundred million left, yea, suppose we only have fifty million left, we will undertake the divine crusade, and each one just scooping up a palm full of the river of God's mercy in one hand, and a palm full of the river of God's strength in the other, let us with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," the sword of the Lord and of John Knox,

the sword of the Lord and of Matthew Simpson, the sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine, the sword of the Lord and of Adoniram Judson, the sword of the Lord and of Martin Luther, go into the last decade of the nineteenth century.

Is it audacious for me to propose it? Oh, no; a captive servant in the kitchen of Naaman told the commander-in-chief where he could get rid of the blotches of his awful leprosy, and his complexion became as fair as a babe's. And did not Christ, in order to take the ophthalmia out of the eyes of the blind man, use a mixture of spittle and dust? And who showed Blucher a short-cut for his army, so that instead of taking the regular road, by which he would have come up too late, he came up in time to save Waterloo and Europe? Was it not an unknown lad, who perhaps could not write his own name? And so I, "who am less than the least of all saints," propose a short-cut to victory, and am willing to be the expectoration on some blind eye, and tell some of the brigadier-generals of the Lord of hosts how this leprosied world may in the final decade of the nineteenth century have its flesh come again as the flesh of a little child.

Is there anything in prophecy to hinder this speedy consummation? No. Some one begins to quote from Daniel about, "time, times and a half time," and takes from Revelation the seven trumpets, blowing them all at once in my ear. But, with utmost reverence, I take up all the prophecies and hold them toward heaven and say, God never has and never will stop consecrated effort and holy determination and magnificent resolve, and that if the Church of God will rise up to its full work, it can make Daniel's time twenty years and his half time ten years. Neither Isaiah, nor Ezekiel, nor Micah, nor Malachi, nor Jeremiah, nor any of the major or minor prophets will hinder us a second.

Suppose the Bible had announced the millennium to begin the year 3889, that would be no hindrance. In one sense God never changes his mind, being the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But in another sense he does change his mind, and times without number, every day, and that is when his people pray. Did he not change his mind about Nineveh? By God's command Jonah, at the top of his voice, while standing on the steps of the merchants' exchange, and the palatial residences of that city, cried out, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." Was it overthrown in forty days? No. The people gave up their sins and cried for mercy, and though Jonah got mad because his whole course of sermons had been spoiled and went into a disgraceful pouting, we have the record so sublime, I cannot read it without feeling a nervous chill running through me. "God saw their works that they turned from their evil way, and God repented of the evil that he had said he would do unto them, and he did it not." God is a father, and some of us know what that means; and some time when we have promised chastisement and our child deserved it, the little darling has put her arms around our necks and expressed such sorrow and made such promises of doing better, that her tears landed on the lips of our kiss; and we have held her a half-hour after on our knees, and would as soon think of slapping an angel in the face as of even striking her with the weight of our little finger. God is a father, and while he has promised this world scourgings, though they were to be for a thousand or five thousand years, he would, if the world repented, substitute benediction and divine caress. God changed his mind about Sodom six times. He had determined on its destruction. Abraham asked him if he would not spare it, if fifty righteous people were found there; and, narrowing down the number, if for-

ty-five people were found there; if forty people; if thirty people; if twenty people; if ten people were found there. And each of the six times the Lord answered "Yes." Oh, why did not Abraham go on just two steps further and say if five be found there and if one be found there? Then, for the sake of Lot, its one good citizen, I think Sodom would have been spared. Eight times does the Bible say that God repented when he had promised punishments, and that he withheld the stroke. Was it a slip of Paul's pen when he spoke of God's cutting short the work in righteousness? No; Paul's pen never slipped. There is nothing in the way of prophecy to hinder the crusade I have proposed for the last decade of the nineteenth century.

The whole trouble is that we put off the completion of the world's redemption to such long and indefinite distances. The old proverb, that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," might be changed a little, and be made truthfully to say what is the Gospel business of all the ages is the Gospel business of no age. We are so constituted that we cannot get up much enthusiam about something five hundred years from now, or a thousand years from now. We are fighting at too long a range. That gun called the "Swamp Angel" was a nuisance. It shot six miles, but it hardly ever hit anything. It did its chief destructive work when it burst and killed those who were setting it off. Short range is the effective kind of work, whether it be for worldly or religious purposes. Some man with half shut drones out to me the Bible quotation, "A thousand years are as one day;" that is, ten centuries are not long for the Lord. But why do you not quote the previous sentence, which says that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years? That is, he could do the work of ten centuries in twenty-four hours. The mightiest obstacle to Christian

work is the impression that the world's evangelization is away off. And we take the telescope and look on and on through centuries until we see two objects near each other, and we strain our vision and guess what they are; and we call great conventions to guess what they are, and we get down our heaviest theological book and balance our telescope on the lid, and look, and finally conclude that they are two wild beasts that we see, and the one has hairs and the other has wool, and we guess it must be the lion and the lamb lying together. In that great cradle of postponement and somnolence, we rock the church as though it were an impatient child and say, "Hush, my dear, do not be impatient; do not get excited by rivals; do not cry. Your father is coming; do not cry; your father is coming. Do not get uneasy. He will be here in two or three or ten or twenty thousand years." And we act as though we thought that when Macaulay's famous New Zealander in the far distance is seated on a broken arch of London bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, his grandchild might break in and jolt his pencil by asking him if he thought the millennium ever would appear. Men and women of the eternal God! sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? we may have it start in the decade that is soon to commence, and it will be done if we can persuade the people to get ready for the work.

What makes me think it can be done? First, because God is ready. He needs no long persuasion to do his work, for if he is not willing that any should perish, he is not willing that any of the people of the next decade shall perish; and the whole Bible is a chime of bells ringing out "Come! come! come!" And you need not go round the earth to find out how much he wants the world to come, but just walk around one stripped and bare and leafless tree, with two branches,

not arched but horizontal. But he is waiting, as he said he would, for the co-operation of the Church. When we are ready, God is ready. And he certainly has all the weaponry ready to capture this world for the truth, all the weapons of kindness or devastation. On the one hand the Gospel and sunshine, and power to orchardize and gardenize the earth, and fountains swinging in rainbow and Chatsworthian verdure, and aromas poured out of the vials of heaven; while on the other hand, he has the weaponry of devastation, thunderbolt and conflagration, and forces planetary, solar, lunar, stellar, or meteoric, that with loose rein thrown on the neck for a second would leave constellations and galaxies so many split and shivered wheels on the boulevards of heaven. And that God is on our side, all on our side. Blessed be his glorious name!

If you continue to ask me why I think that the world can be saved in the final decade of the nineteenth century, I reply, because it is not a great undertaking, considering the number of workers that will go at it if once persuaded it can be done. We have sifted the five hundred million of workers down to four hundred million, and three hundred million, and two hundred million, and one hundred million, and to fifty million. I went to work to cipher out how many souls that number could bring to God in ten years if each one brought a soul every year, and if each soul so brought should bring another each succeeding year. I found out, aided by a professor in mathematics, that we did not need anything like such a number of workers enlisted. You see it is simply a question of mathematics and in geometrical progression. Then I gave to the learned professor this problem: how many persons would it require to start with if each one brought a soul into the kingdom each year for ten years, and each one brought another, each succeeding

year, in order to have fourteen hundred million people saved, or the population of the earth at present? His answer was, two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand three hundred and seventy-five workers. So you see that when I sifted the five hundred million nominal Christians of the earth down to fifty million and stopped there, I retained for this work forty-seven million people too many. There it is in glorious mathematics. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Do you tell me that God does not care for mathematics? Then you have never seen the Giant's Causeway, where God shows his regard for the hexagonal in whole ranges of rocky columns with six sides and six angles. Then you have not studied the geometry of a bee's honeycomb with six sides and six angles. Then you have not noticed what regard God has for the square, the altar of the ancient tabernacle four square, the breastplate four square, the court of the temple in Ezekiel's vision four square, the New Jerusalem laid out four square. Or you have not noticed his regard for the circle by making it his throne, "sitting on the circle of the earth," and fashioning sun and moon and stars in a circle, and sending our planetary system around other systems in a circle, and the whole universe sweeping around the throne of God in a circle. And as to his regard for mathematical numbers, he makes the fourth book in his Bible the book of numbers, and numbers the hosts of Israel and numbers the troops of Sennacherib and numbers the hewers in the forest, and numbers the spearmen, and numbers the footmen, and numbers the converted at Pentecost, and numbers the chariots of God rolling down the steeps of heaven. So I have a right to enlist mathematics for the demonstration of the easy possibility of bringing the whole world to God in the coming decade by simple process of solicitation, each

one only having to bring one a year; although I want to take in forty thousand, and I know men now alive who, I think, by pen or voice, or both, directly or indirectly, will take hundreds of thousands each. So you see that that will discharge some of the two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand three hundred and seventy-five from the necessity of taking any.

Another reason why I know it can be done is that we may divide the work up among the denominations. God does not ask any one denomination to do the work or any dozen denominations. The work can be divided, and is being divided up, not geographically, but according to the temperaments of the human family. We cannot say to one denomination, "You take Persia," and another, "You take China," and another, "You take India," because there are all styles of temperaments in all nations. And some denominations are especially adapted to work with people of sanguine temperament or phlegmatic temperament or choleric temperament or bilious temperament or nervous temperament or lymphatic temperament. The Episcopal Church will do its most effective work with those who by taste prefer the stately and ritualistic. The Methodist Church will do its best work among the emotional and demonstrative. The Presbyterian Church will do its best work among those who like strong doctrine, and the stately service softened by the emotional. So each denomination will have certain kinds of people whom it will especially affect. So let the work be divided up. There are the nine hundred and fifty thousand Christians of the Presbyterian Church North, and other hundreds of thousands in the Presbyterian Church South, and all foreign Presbyterians, more especially Scotch, English and Irish, making, I guess, about two million Presbyterians; the

Methodist Church is still larger; the Church of England on both sides of the sea still larger; and many other denominations as much, if not more, consecrated than any I have mentioned. Divide up the world's evangelization among these denominations after they are persuaded it can be done before the nineteenth century is dead, and the last Hottentot, the last Turk, the last Japanese, the last American, the last European, the last Asiatic, the last African, will see the salvation of God before he sees the opening gate of the twentieth century.

Again, the whole world can be saved in the time specified, because we have all manner of machinery requisite. It is not as though we had to build the printing presses; they are all built, and running day and night, those printing religious papers (nine hundred and twenty-five of those religious papers in this country), those printing religious tracts and those printing religious books. And thousands of printing presses now in the service of the devil could be bought and set to work in the service of God. Why was the printing press invented? To turn out bill-heads, and circulars of patent medicines, and tell the news which in three weeks will be of no importance? From the old-time Franklin printing press, on up to the Lord Stanhope press, and the Washington press, and the Victory press, to Hoe's perfecting printing press, that machine has been improving for its best work, and its final work, namely, the publication of the glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. We have the presses, or can have them before the first of January, when the new decade is to begin, to put a Bible in the hand of every son and daughter of Adam and Eve now living.

But this brings me to the adjoining thought, namely, we have the money to do the work. I mean

the fifty million of Christians have it. Ay, the two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand Christians have it; and the dam which is beginning to leak will soon break and there will be rushing floods of hundreds and millions and billions of dollars in holy contribution when you persuade the wealthy men of the kingdom of God that the speedy conversion of the world is a possibility. I have no sympathy with this bombardment of rich men. We would each one be worth five million dollars if we could, and by hard persuasion, perhaps might be induced to take fifteen million. Almost every paper I take up tells of some wealthy man who has endowed a college, or built a church or a hospital or a free library, and that thing is going to multiply until the treasury of all our denominations and reformatory organizations will be overwhelmed with munificence, if we can persuade our men of wealth that the world's evangelization is possible, and that they may live to see it with their own eyes.

I have always cherished the idea that when the world is converted we would be allowed to come out on the battlements of heaven and see the bannered procession and the bonfires of victory. But I would like to see the procession closer by and just be permitted myself to throw on a fagot for a bigger bonfire. And if you persuade our men of wealth that there is a possibility for them to join on earth in the universal glee of a redeemed planet, instead of laborious beseeching for funds, and arguing and flattering, in order to get a contribution for Christian objects, our men of wealth will stand in line as at a post-office window or a railroad ticket-office, but in this case waiting for their turn to make charitable deposit. The Gentiles are not long going to allow themselves to be eclipsed by Baron Hirsch, the Jew, who gave forty million dollars

for schools in France, Germany, and Russia, besides endowing schools and training institutions in America. I rejoice that so much of the wealth of the world is coming into the possession of Christian men and women. And although the original Church was very poor, and its members were fish-dealers on the banks of Galilee, and had only such stock on hand as they could take in their own net, to-day in the hands of Christian men and women there is enough money to print Bibles and build churches and support missionaries under God in ten years to save the world.

Again, I think that the world's evangelization can be achieved in the time specified, because we have already the theological institutions necessary for this work. We do not have to build them; they are built, and they are filled with thousands of young men, and there will be three sets of students who will graduate into the ministry before the close of this century; and once have them understand that instead of preaching thirty or forty years, and taking into the kingdom of God a few hundred souls, right before them is the Sedan, is the Armageddon, and these young men, instead of entering the ministry timid, and with apologetic air, will feel like David, who came up just as the armies were set in array, and he left his carriage and shouted for the battle, and cried: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" and with five gravel stones skilfully flung, sent sprawling the bragging ten-footer, his mouth into the dust, and his heels into the air.

What but such a consummation could be a fit climax to this century? You notice a tendency in history and all about us to a climax. The creation week rising from herbs to fish, and from fish to bird, and from bird to quadruped, and from quadruped to immortal man. The New Testament rising from quiet

genealogical table in Matthew to apocalyptic doxology in Revelation. Now, what can be an appropriate climax to this century, which has heard the puff of the first steamer, and the throb of the first stethoscope, and the click of the first telegraph, and the clatter of the first sewing-machine, and saw the flash of the first electric light, and the revolution of the first steam plough, and the law of storms was written, and the American Bible Society and the American Tract Society were born; and instead of an audience laughing down Dr. Carey for advocating foreign missions, as was done at Northampton in England in the last century, now all denominations vying with each other as to who shall go the furthest and the soonest into the darkest of the New Hebrides; and three hundred thousand souls have been born to God in the South Sea Islands; and Micronesia and Melanesia and Malayan Polynesia have been set in the crown of Christ, and David Livingstone has unveiled Africa, and the last bolted gate of barbaric nations has swung wide open to let the Gospel in. What, I ask, with a thousand interrogation points uplifted, can be a fit, an appropriate and sufficient climax except it be a world redeemed?

Yea, I believe it can be done if we get prepared for it, because the whole air and the whole heaven is full of willing help. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth?" We make an awful mistake if we calculate only on the forces we can see. The mightiest army is in the air. So much of selfishness and pride and rivalry and bad motives of all kinds get into our work here that we are hindered. But the mighty souls that have gone up to the flying armies of the sky have left all imperfection behind; and these souls are with us, and, without a fault and with perfect natures, are on our side. You cannot make me believe that,

after toiling here for long years for the redemption of the world, until from exhaustion some of them fell into their graves, they have ceased their interest in the stupendous conflict now raging, or that they will decline their help.

Irenæus Prime! honored on earth, but now glorified in heaven, have you forgotten the work toward which you gave for more than half a century your gracious life, your loving voice, and your matchless pen? No! Then come down and help. Alexander Duff, have you forgotten the millions of India for whose salvation you suffered in Hindoo jungle and thundered on missionary platform? No! Then come down and help. David Brainerd, have you forgotten the aborigines to whom you preached and for whom you prayed until you could preach and pray no more, lying down delirious amid the miasmas of the swamp? No! Then come down and help. Moncrieff and Freeman and Campbell, have you forgotten Lucknow and Cawnpore? No! Then come down and help. I rub out of my eyes the stupidity and unbelief, and I, the servant of these great Elishas in the Gospel, see the mountains all round about full of horses of fire and chariots of fire; and they head this way. Hovered over are we by clouds of witnesses and helpers! Clouds of apostles in the air led on by Paul! Clouds of martyrs in the air led on by Stephen! Clouds of prophets in the aid led on by Isaiah! Clouds of patriarchs in the air led on by Abraham! Clouds of ancient warriors in the air led on by Joshua; and that Bible warrior at whose prayer astronomy once halted over Ajalon and Gibeon seems now to lift one hand toward the descending sun of this century, and the other hand toward the moon of the last decade, saying: "Stand thou still till the Church of God gets the final victory!"

Then let us take what remains of this decade to get ready for the final decade of the nineteenth century. You and I may or may not live to see that decade. We may or may not live to see its close, but that shall not hinder me from declaring the magnificent possibility. I confess that the mistake of my life has been, not that I did not work hard — for I could not have worked harder and lived, as God knows and my family know—but that I have not worked under the realization that the salvation of this world was a near-by possibility. But whether we see the beginning or the closing of that decade is of no importance, if only that decade can get the coronation; and then all decades shall kneel before this enthroned decade, and even the gray-grown centuries will cast their crowns before it, and it will be the most honored decade between the time when the morning stars sang together as the libretto of worlds was opened, and the time when the mighty angel, robed in cloud and garlanded in rainbow, shall, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. Alleluia! Amen!

A FAVORED NATION

Isa., 26: 15: "Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord, thou hast increased the nation."

A FAVORED NATION*

Isa., 26: 15: "Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord, thou hast increased the nation."

As sometimes in the summer noon when all the harvest-fields are flooded with light the air is suddenly darkened and you look up to find that it is the wing of hawk or eagle flying over the plain, so these sheaves of Northern wheat and Southern rice gathered in this Thanksgiving service are suddenly shadowed with the black wing of Death. Our beloved Vice-President, Thomas A. Hendricks, has departed. But it would be unwise to make this occasion sombre and funereal, and so I adjourn until my lecture to-morrow night the tribute to my warm personal friend, Thomas A. Hendricks. For surely if the departed Governor, who had by his own proclamation again and again called the people to thanksgiving, were allowed to speak, he would charge the officiating clergy to-day to stir the gladness and joy and gratitude of the people by recital of our national blessings, and in no wise be hindered by personal griefs.

The optimists and pessimists and grain merchants and fruit dealers and dry-goods men and farmers have told us such diverse stories about the real condition of this country, that I was in a great fog on the subject; so that last week I appealed to the headquarters at Washington for accurate information, and I have now not the surmises or the guesses to present, but the facts received yesterday by letter from the United

* A Thanksgiving sermon delivered in 1885. The church was decorated with specimens of harvests and fruits from all parts of the country.

States Department of Agriculture, and I hereby publicly acknowledge my indebtedness to those obliging and skilful officials, especially Mr. Nesbit and Mr. Dodge. On this day, celebrative of temporal blessings, we will take larger liberty of thought and illustration than we allow ourselves in the Sabbath pulpit.

As a firm foundation on which to build your thanksgivings to-day observe:

Fact the first: That the wheat crop of the country yields this year three hundred and fifty million bushels. And add to that the surplus which we had over from last year, and you will find that America owns more wheat to-day than ever before since the world stood. All grain this year will make an aggregate of three million bushels more than ever.

Fact the second: The corn crop exceeds all its predecessors in absolute quantity. Though not as much per acre, yet more acres have yielded, and so the corn-bin of the nation is better filled to-day than ever before.

Fact the third: Unmanufactured cotton exported this year is valued at two hundred and one million nine hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred and eighty-eight dollars, being five million dollars more sent to other countries this year than last, the exports of cotton this year twenty-nine million pounds more than last.

Fact the fourth: The tobacco crop is so luxuriant that we exported twenty-seven million pounds more this year than last year. A well-known and popular weed that is good for many things, tobacco is—to kill moths in wardrobes, and tick in sheep, and to strangulate all kinds of vermin, and to fumigate pestiferous places, and is death to all other malodors by its own superior power of stench, an article so useful to others that I wish we could export the entire crop.

Fact the fifth: The sugar crop is so large that we have sent abroad this year one hundred and seventy-

six million five hundred thousand pounds more than last. In 1884 we exported seventy-six million pounds, receiving for it five million four hundred thousand dollars, while this year we sent abroad two hundred and fifty-two million five hundred thousand pounds, getting for them sixteen million dollars. I put the sixteen million dollars of this year against the five million dollars of last year and the two hundred and fifty-two million five hundred thousand pounds of this year against the seventy-six million pounds of last year.

The so-called bears in the grain market and all the other markets are such persistent, chronic, and hemispheric croakers, that the great masses of the people have no idea, until now I tell them, of what God is doing for this country. We had a bad winter, it was said. Yes. We had a bad spring, it was said. Yes. We had a bad summer. Yes. But we had a good God, and, notwithstanding all the deluges, and all the droughts, and all the frosts, and all the insects, and all the political excitements—Republican, Democratic, and Mugwumpian—the lap of the nation is filled with blessing. Shall we, then, render to-day a jeremiad or a grand march? It will all depend upon the way you look at things. There are two ways of putting things:

Raindrop the first: "Always chill and wet, tossed by the wind, devoured by the sea."

Raindrop the second: "Aha! the sun kissed me, the flowers caught me, the fields blessed me."

Brook the first: "Alas, me! struck of the rock, dashed of the mill-wheel."

Brook the second: "I sang the miller to sleep, I ground the grist; oh, this gay somersault over the wheel?"

Horse the first: "Pull, pull, pull. This tugging in traces and holding back in the breeching, and standing at a post with a sharp wind hanging icicles from my nostrils."

Horse the second gives a horse laugh: "Useful life I have been permitted to live. See that corn! I helped break the sod and run out the furrows, and on a starlight night I filled the ravines and mountains with the voices of jingling bell and the laugh of the sleigh-riding party. Then to have the children throw in an extra quart at my winnowing, and to have Jane pat me on the nose, and say: 'Poor Charlie!' To bound along with arched neck and flaming eye and clattering hoof; what an exhilaration."

Bird the first: "Weary of emigration; no one to pay me for song. Only here to be shot at."

Bird the second: "I have banquet of a thousand wheat-fields; cup of lily to drink out of, aisle of forest to walk in, Mount Washington under foot and a continent at a glance."

Different ways of putting things.

Give us full organ to-day. Pull out all the glad stops, and while we pray and while we sing let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation. Gather your families together. Let your children be arrayed in their brightest robes. In the morning let the temples of God ring with hosannas, and in the night let your homes be filled with congratulation, laughter and song. Turn on all the lights; bracket, chandelier, and candelabra. Throw another armful of firewood on the hearth and let the fire blaze out cheerily. When you and I are gone and our children go out and look at the place where we sleep, may they be enabled to say: "There rest the father and mother who knew how to make their children happy on Thanksgiving Day."

On such a time as this shall we not render thanksgiving to God? What a wonderful change? It was not a great while ago when governments forbade religious assemblages; now they evoke them. The father, the husband, and the brother sit now at the end

of the pew through custom—a custom established in the dark ages of persecution, when it was necessary for the male members of the family to sit at the head of the church pew, armed for defence of those who could not defend themselves. Now, on Thanksgiving Day we meet in churches at the call of secular authority.

I find great cause of congratulation in our municipal propects. Our present Mayor retires from office with the kind wishes of our citizens, and our new Mayor will enter with the moral support of all good people of all parties. Municipal reform is a perpetual work, and every few years there need to be official brooms to sweep the city halls. For lack of it you know how in former years New York suffered. Never since God corrected the politics of Sodom by burying the city in brimstone were there greater outrages enacted on earth than in these clusters of cities under the disguise of municipal government. Frauds about parks, about pavements, about station-houses, about pipes, about city halls, about aqueducts, about courts, about election-frauds about everything. Fraudulent men applied for contracts of fraudulent officials, who wrote the contracts upon paper they had stolen, and then went home over pavements every stone of which had been put down in dishonesty, and in carriages every spoke and rivet of which were the evidences of their crime. Fraudulent election inspectors sat around fraudulent ballot-boxes and took fraudulent votes and made fraudulent returns, and sent to our State Legislatures men fit only for the idiot asylum or the penitentiary. Things went on until the decent people in all our cities were for ten years under saddest depression. The newspapers did not dare speak out for fear they would lose the public printing. The pulpits did not dare to speak out because there were prominent men in the churches who had one hand on

the spoils and the other on the throat of the clergy, telling them they had better be prudent and keep quiet. Matters were beyond all human redemption, and no statesmanship, no human skill could ever have met the crises. But the Lord Almighty rose up and he put it into the hearts of the best men of both parties to band together and lay their hands to the work. The monstrosities were exposed, the vagabonds of fraud were arrested, and the work extended from New York until Brooklyn and Philadelphia and Boston and Chicago and all the cities felt the moral earthquake.

But every few years the work needs to be done over again in all our cities. Our Brooklyn city government costs too much and our taxes are infamous. Do you say that the city has enlarged and therefore it costs more to govern it? Yes, it has mightily enlarged, but the taxable property has also mightily increased, and it ought not to cost as much to govern a city with six hundred thousand inhabitants as when it held three hundred thousand, because there are more now to bear the burden. There is something wrong in the neighborhood of the City Hall. May the incoming administration discover and extirpate it. For the brightening prospects in all our cities we may this day appropriately lift the Jubilate.

I have much also to congratulate you upon in the condition and prospects of the nation. We have the most thorough feeling of amity in this country that we ever had. The hatred between North and South is not only healed, but the scars are gone. The oldest man among us never saw such brotherhood as to-day. Is it not a pity that the North and South have nothing to quarrel about? What a dismal failure the campaign orators made in the last Presidential election in their attempt to stir up the old feuds. We were for a great many years before the war and some years after the

war under the delusion that we were at peace in this country, but there never has been any peace until within the past ten years.

Even at the time that Brooks was cudgeling Sumner and chains were stretched around Boston Court House to keep fugitives from escaping from the hands of the Marshal, and all our Northern cities were in riot and bloodshed about the relation of black men to their owners, we were under the delusion that we were at peace. Monstrous absurdity. It was war perpetual. Pennsylvania Hall burned on account of this political agitation in the city of Philadelphia—was that peace? The printing press of the Alton *Observer* was thrown into the river—was that peace? In 1820, when the air was hot with sectional imprecation about the admission of Missouri as a slave State—was that peace? The burning of a college in New Hampshire in 1835 because colored youth were admitted—was that peace? South Carolina nullification—was that peace? Presbyterian and Methodist churches North and South split with a fracture that shook all Christendom on account of political agitation—was that peace? No; all billingsgate and scorn and vituperation and hatred and revenge and blasphemy on both sides were exhausted. It was war of tongue, war of pen, war of trade, war of Church, war bitter, furious, consuming, relentless.

Thank God, that time has gone by! We have come to a new state of feeling and brotherhood such as we have never enjoyed, and our Congress, instead of spending nine-tenths of its time wasting the public treasury, discussing sectional difficulties as it used, will give nine-tenths of its time to the discussion of the agricultural, the mining, the manufacturing, the commercial, the literary, and the moral interests of this nation. Are we not to be thankful to God for this state

of feeling? He has not dealt so with any other nation. Praise him all ye people!

I find further cause of congratulation in the development of our national resources. Our wisest men in all departments of merchandise say that business is looking up and that our greatest prosperities are yet to come. It is the inevitable law of nature, which is also the law of God, that the material resources of this country must in the future produce material wealth. You will hear the anvil ring with a sturdier blow. You will see the furnaces glow with a fiercer fire. You will see the wheel strike with a swifter dash. America has not yet been fully discovered. Various Americas have been found, but there are better ones perhaps to come. Columbus found only the shell of this country. Agassiz came along and discovered fossiliferous America. Silliman came and discovered geological America. Longfellow came and discovered poetic America. But there are other Americas yet to be found. Our resources have not all been tested. We have a land capable of supporting three thousand six hundred million of people.

We have just begun to open the outside door of this great underground vault in which nature holds its treasures, the copper, the zinc, the coal, the iron, the gold, the silver. If you have ever crossed the mountains to California you have some idea of it. The rail trains have only just begun to bring the harvests of the West down to our seaboard. The American fishermen have only just begun to cast their net on the right side of the ship. The dry-docks have just begun to set the keels and clamp the spars of our trading vessels.

What populations, what enterprises, what wealth, what civilization, what an advance from the time when under King Edward a man was put to death for burning coal and from the time when the House of Com-

mons forbade the use of what was called the noxious fuels, and these days, when the long trains rush down from the mines and fill our coal-bins and gorge the furnaces of our ocean steamers. One hundred and sixty thousand square miles of coal-fields. Two fields of coal, one reaching from Illinois, down through Missouri, into Iowa, and the other from Pennsylvania down into Alabama, while side by side with these great coal-fields are the mines of iron; these two great giants, these two Titans of the earth, iron and coal, insuring perpetual wealth to the nation, standing side by side to help each other; the iron to excavate and pry up the coal, and the coal to smelt and forge and mould the iron—eight hundred thousand tons of iron sent forth from the mines in one year in this country; thirty-two million tons of coal sent out from the mines of this country in a year. And all this only a prophecy of a larger yield when we shall come on with larger trains and more miners and stronger machinery to develop and to gather up, to transfer and to employ all this treasure. Make this calculation for yourselves, if you can make it: If England's coal-field, thirty-two miles long by eight miles wide, can keep, as it does, seventeen million six hundred thousand spindles at work in that small island, what may we not expect of our national industries when these one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of coal shall unite with one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of iron, both stretching themselves up to full height and strength—two black, world-shaking giants.

Lift up thine eyes, oh, nation of God's right hand, at the glorious prospects. Build larger your barns for the harvests. Dig deeper the vats for the spoil of the vineyards, enlarge the warehouses for the merchandise. Multiply galleries of art for the pictures and statues. Advance, oh, nation of God's right hand. But remem-

ber that national wealth, if unsanctified, is sumptuous waste, is ruin, is debauchery, is magnificent woe, is splendid rottenness, is gilded death. Woe to us for the wine-vats if drunkenness wallows in them. Woe to us for the harvests if greed gathers them. Woe to us for the merchandise if avarice swallows it. Woe to us for the cities if misrule walks there. Woe to the land if God-defying crime debauches it. Our only safety is in more Bibles, more churches, more free schools, more consecrated men, more pure printing-presses, more of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, that corrects all wrongs and is the source of all blessedness.

I congratulate you also on the fact that the manners and customs of society are improving. This is going to be a better world to live in. Take it all in all, it has vastly improved. I know that there are people who long for the good old times. They say, "Just think of the pride of people at this day! Just look at the ladies' hats, how big they are!" Why, there is nothing in the ladies' hats of to-day to equal the coal-scuttle hats a hundred years ago. They say, "Just look at the way the people dress their hair!" Why, the extremest style of to-day will never equal the top-knots which our great-grandmothers rolled up with high combs that we would have thought would have made our great-grandfathers die with laughter. The hair was lifted into a pyramid a foot high. On the top of that tower lay a rosebud. Shoes of bespangled white kid and heels two or three inches high. Grandfather went out to meet her on the floor with coat of sky-blue silk and vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace, lace ruffles around his wrists and his hair falling in a queue. Oh, you modern hair-dressers, stand aghast at the locks of our ancestry!

A Favored Nation

They say our ministers are all askew, but just think of our clergymen entering the pulpit with their hair fixed up in the shape of one of the ancient bishops. The great George Washington had his horse's hoofs blackened when about to appear on parade, and wrote to Europe ordering sent for the use of himself and family one silver-laced hat, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, a coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve-buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric handkerchiefs, besides ruffles and tucker.

I once said to my father, an aged man: "Are people so much worse now than they used to be?" He made no answer for a minute, for the old people do not like to confess much to the boys. But after awhile his eye twinkled and he said: "Well, DeWitt, the fact is that people were never any better than they ought to be."

Talk about dissipations, ye who ever have seen the old-fashioned sideboard. Did not I have an old relative who always, when visitors came, used to go upstairs and take a drink, through economical habits, not offering anything to the visitors. Many of the fancy drinks of to-day were unknown to them; but their hard cider, mint julep, metheglin, hot toddy and lemonade, in which the lemon was not at all prominent, sometimes made lively work for the broad-brimmed hats and silver knee-buckles. Talk of dissipating parties of to-day and keeping of late hours. Why, did they not have their bees and sausage-stuffings and tea-parties and dances that for heartiness and uproar truly eclipsed all the waltzes, lances, and redowas and breakdowns of the nineteenth century, And they never went home till morning. And as to old-time courtships, Washington Irving describes them.

Talk about the dishonesties of to-day! Fifty years ago, the Governor of New York State had to disband

the Legislature because of its utter corruption. Think of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States and coming within one vote of being President. Think of the ministry having in it such men as Dean Swift and Sterne, their genius only equaled by their nastiness. Why, society was so much worse than it now is that I do not see how our fathers and mothers could have been induced to stay in it, although on our account I am glad they consented.

"But," say the deprecators of our time, "just think of the awful wars we have in these days, one half of the nation rising up to kill the other half." Yet, there has been no war in modern times so ghastly as in the olden. Think of Austerlitz, where thirty thousand fell; of Fontenoy, where one hundred thousand fell; of Chalons, where three hundred thousand fell; of Marius's fight, in which two hundred and ninety thousand fell, and the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred one million six hundred thousand; of Neishar, where he slew one million seven hundred and forty-seven thousand, and the eighteen millions this monster slew in fourteen years as he went forth declaring his purpose of exterminating the entire Chinese nation and making the empire a pasture for cattle. Think of the death-throes of the five million men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the one hundred and thirty thousand that perished in the siege of Ostend, of the three hundred thousand dead at Acre, of one million one hundred thousand dead at Jerusalem, of one million eight hundred and sixteen thousand dead at Troy. What may come of the threatened conflict on the other side the sea I know not, but up until the present time there has been no war compared with the wars of the ancients.

This Thanksgiving morning finds this land above all others in a position to be grateful. What are we

coming to in abundance when I tell you that only a part of this continent yields anything? Now that the Northern Pacific Railroad is through, all our resources are to be multiplied illimitably. Mr Dalrymple, in the Dakota Territory, has a farm of forty thousand acres; in harvest time he has one hundred and twenty reapers and binders going at the same time. The different divisions of his farm are connected by telephone; thirty steam threshing-machines, men in corps like an army, his farm one year yielding four hundred and thirty-two thousand bushels of wheat—nine hundred carloads; the Grandon farm, twenty-five thousand acres; the Case farm, fifteen thousand acres; the Cheney, fifteen thousand acres; the Williams farm, fifteen thousand acres—the product of all these regions only limited by the means of transportation to market. Our land enriched by a vast multitude of foreigners who came here, not the tramps or the tatterdemalions of other lands, but tens of thousands of them their best citizens. Let us this morning thank God for the prospects opening before this nation.

Oh, wheel into the ranks, all ye people! North, South, East, West; all decades, all centuries, all millenniums. Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

NATIONAL RUIN

Rev., 18: 10: "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come."

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On cis-Atlantic shores a company of American scientists are now landing, on their way to find the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city, mother and child of the same name—Babylon. The ancient mounds will invite the spades and shovels and crowbars, while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. Our scientific friends will find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they will go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archæological uncovering.

But is it possible that this is all that remains of Babylon? A city once five times larger than London, and twelve times larger than New York, Walls three hundred and seventy-three feet high, and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amyitis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude

into fruits and flowers and arborescence unimaginable. A great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it. A city of bazaars and of market-places, unrivaled for aromatics and unguents and high-mettled horses, with grooms by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabric, and rarest purples extracted from shell-fish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephantine hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a repartee to the sun. Fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages. But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling, and guffawing, and hiccoughing, around the state table were the rulers of the land, General Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction, so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered. When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime threnody of the text: "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come."

But do nations die? Oh, yes, there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born, they have a middle life, they have a decease; they have a cradle and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Have we a right to conclude that because our republic is alive to-day it will be alive forever? Let me call the roll of some of the

dead civilizations and some of the dead cities and let some one answer for them. Egyptian civilization, stand up. "Dead!" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes a chorus crying: "Dead, dead!" Assyrian Empire, stand up, and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Nineveh. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish kingdom, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of divine interposition, and of miraculous vicissitude and of heroic behavior, and of appalling depravity, dead. Phœnicia, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to Central Asia, and sending out navigators to the Atlantic Ocean in another direction, dead. Pillars of Hercules, and rocks on which the Tyrian fishermen dried their nets, all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Eurybiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylæ, dead. Roman Empire, stand up and answer. Empire once bounded by the British Channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara Desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic Ocean on the west. Home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owning—Roman Empire, answer. Gibbon, in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," says: "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge Triumphalis, and the Mamartine prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum, and Basilica of Constantine, and the Arch of Titus and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying:

"Dead, dead!" After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero, dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Cæsar, dead. The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun, and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. Mexican Empire, dead. French Empire, dead.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations, and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt and unless God in his mercy interfere, and through a purified ballot-box and a widespread Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot-box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose this morning, and in following Sabbath mornings, to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American government, and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through with these discourses the mode in which each and every one may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plough up the whole field.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that political bribery, which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable peccadillo. Whole States swept by the scourge of political bribery. The peddlers carrying gold from Wall Street, gold from Third Street, gold from State Street, and gold from the Brewers' Association, are at all the political headquarters of the doubtful States, dealing out the infamous inducement. Then it is not only the money spent for

votes, but the success of the election will be used as a bribe for the whole nation, inducing the multitude of men who sit on the fence to jump off and run with the triumphant party for the one hundred thousand offices at disposal. Such an election will not let you know whom the State wants for President of the United States. It will only indicate which party has the largest exchequer.

After one Presidential election a banquet was spread in New York to celebrate the victory, and in the presence of many of the mightiest men of the nation it was announced that one of the States had been bought up—had been carried in the election by bribery. Another word was used than the word bribery, but everybody understood. There was no surprise. Everybody knew which State had been bought. There used to be bribery, but it held its head in shame. It was under the utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin Legislature and many other public officials in that State. The Governor of the State at that time received fifty thousand dollars for his signature. His private secretary received five thousand dollars. Thirteen members of the Senate received one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in bonds. Sixty members of the other house received from five to ten thousand dollars each. The Lieutenant-Governor received ten thousand dollars. The clerks of the house received from five to ten thousand dollars each. The Bank Comptroller received ten thousand dollars. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the legislators and officials by the lobbyists. You see, the railroad company was very generous. But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now, political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election

on the first Tuesday of next November. Unless this diabolism ceases in this country, Bartholdi's statue, on Bedloe's Island, with uplifted torch to light other nations into the harbor, had better be changed, and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incendiarism. Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease, the American Government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation, and let my text inscribe upon it these words: "Alas! alas! for Babylon, that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come." If you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

Another evil which in former years threatened the destruction of American institutions, but which has now fortunately disappeared, was the solidifying of the sections against each other. A solid North, a solid South. If this had gone on, we should after a while have had a solid East against a solid West, solid Middle States against solid Northern States, a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is many years since the war closed, and yet at every Presidential election the old antagonism has been aroused.

When Garfield died, and all the States gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and from Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself: "I think sectionalism is dead." But alas! no. The difficulty will never be ended until each State of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties. This country cannot exist unless it exists as one body, the national capital the heart, sending out through all the arteries of communication warmth and life to the very extremities. This nation cannot exist unless it exists as one family, and

you might as well array solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread-tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining-room; and you might as well have solid ears against solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia is the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio River change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years without permanent compound fracture.

Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is the low state of public morals. What killed Babylon of my text? What killed Phœnica? What killed Rome? Their own depravity; and the fraud and the drunkenness and the lechery which have destroyed other nations will destroy ours, unless a merciful God prevent. To show you the low state of public morals, I have to call your attention to the fact that many men nominated for offices in the State and nation at different times are entirely unfit for the positions for which they have been nominated. We have now ten persons nominated for the offices of President and Vice-President. Two of them are women. They are good. But three out of the eight men nominated for the offices of President and Vice-President have no more qualification for them than a wolf has qualification to be professor of pastoral theology in a flock of sheep, or a blind mole has qualification to lecture a class of eagles on optics, or than a vulture has qualification to chaperon a dove. The mere pronunciation of some of their names makes a demand for carbolic acid and fumigation! Yet Christian men will follow right on under the political standards.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The peculation and the knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxis and Strombolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven-descended Democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse everything; but after a while the heaven-descended Republican party outwitted pandemonium with the Star Route infamy.

We have in this country people who say the marriage institution amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our day who are not good enough to be scavengers in Sodom! I went over to San Francisco four or five years ago—that beautiful city, that queen of the Pacific. May the blessing of God come down upon her great churches and her noble men and women! When I got into the city of San Francisco, the mayor of the city and the president of the Board of Health called on me and insisted that I go and see the Chinese quarters; no doubt so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are. But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said: "Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" I said: "Do you think you can stand it all?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" "Then," I said, "my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarters, but your millionaire libertines!" And two of them sat right before me—Felix and Drusilla. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear,

but when I see a man go unwhipt of justice, laughing over his shame and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl red-hot anathema and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there ought to be!

There is enough out-and-out licentiousness in American cities to-day to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who, on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in ashes that the eighteen hundred subsequent years have not been able to complete the exhumation. There are in American cities to-day whole blocks of houses which the police know to be infamous, and yet by purchase they are silenced, by hush money; so that such places are as much under the defence of the government as public libraries and asylums of mercy. These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You cannot cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath and with most decisive amputation cutting off the scabrous and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this nation which will attend the obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of a marine reptile, the cephaloptera, which enfolded and crushed a ship of war; but it is no superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead nations proclaims to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephaloptera of national depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot-box, by the rolling of the

prison door, by hangman's halter, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation? A son of King Crœsus is said to have been dumb and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of silence, and cried out: "Kill not my father, Crœsus!" When I see the cheatery and the wantonness and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yea, matricide—upon our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with thunderous tones of fiery protest.

I want to put all of the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand, and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. This nation is not going to perish. Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied: "I am keeping hope." And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender. "Hope, thou, in God." He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation.

Do you know what is the prize for which contention is made to-day? It is the prize of this continent. Never since the hour when, according to Milton, Satan was

> Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
> With hideous ruin and combustion down,

have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other

side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent ten thousand five hundred miles long, seventeen million square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals, and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere—Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring Straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral, and temporal, and spiritual, and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all computation save by him with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious, and national movements.

Ah! it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon, the youngest of us. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulchre, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden. By that time this country will be all Paradise, or all Dry Tortugas. Eternal God, to thee we commit the destiny of this people!

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN

Esther, 4: 14: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time at this?"

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Esther, 4: 14: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time at this?"

Esther the beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Jewish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work, lest she should lose her own life; but her cousin Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." Esther had her God-appointed work; you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed, or dry technicalities of religion glorified, you have come to the wrong church, but if you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready, in the Lord's name, to look you in the face.

When two armies have rushed into battle, the officers of each army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder; they want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What

we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be unmistakably aggressive Christians. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The Church of Jesus Christ would be better without ten thousand of them. They are the chief obstacles to the Church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come into the Church the bondmen of the world, and yet before you go out you may become princes of the Lord God Almighty.

You remember what excitement there was in this country when the Prince of Wales came here—how the people rushed out by hundreds of thousands to see him. Why? Because they expected that some day he would sit upon the throne of England. But what was all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty—yea, to be queens and kings unto God? "They shall reign with him forever and forever." But you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of the piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more of fresh air, more out-door exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days and weeks and

months and years of his life feeling his pulse, instead of going out into earnest, active, every-day work? I have been among the wonderful and bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina, where I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers. Yet, when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their own Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left of them. This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember, when I was a boy, I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted. If you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have a habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small and exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere would be aromatic with their Christian piety. The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful; but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the

blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. Time is going by so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle. A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From these sixteen years you must subtract all the time that you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From these eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in sickness—leaving you about seven years in which to work for God. O my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest-time, and with so few hours in which to reap? So I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be less than seven years.

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the Gospel, and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Is that the Master's spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel the people to come in?" What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if he had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if he had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulchre of our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth!"

Oh, friends, this is no time for inertia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast, when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts, when express railroad trains are carrying messengers of sin,

when fast clippers are laden with opium and rum, when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment. The fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who only a little while ago were incorrupt. Oh, never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the Church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian temples; they are gathered in temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe, their baptism; the blood of crushed hearts, the awful wine of their sacrament; blasphemies, their litany; and the groans of the lost world, the organdirge of their worship.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand, not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies; and I am amazed to see how many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence, and so they vacillate, and swing to and fro, and are useless, and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cis-Atlantic, trans-Atlantic, long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to the great Salt Lake City! Ah, do not take hold of a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a judgment day. But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the Church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary so-

ciety ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian Church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the ministry of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out: "Who ever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever listened to such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Nazareth and Capernaum and Genessaret and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the raven, from the lilies, from the cornstacks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow." All the great enterprises in and out of the Church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride every form of religious discussion which goes down walking with every-day men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses of mankind. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are two hundred thousand people in Glasgow who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least three hundred thousand souls in the city of Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministration of Christ's truth; and the

Church of God to this day, instead of being a place full of "living epistles read and known of all men," is more like a "dead-letter" post-office.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the Church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the Church converting the world, the world is converting the Church! Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies and says, "Now we will just wait until, from exhaustion and starvation, they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God, it will be by storm. You will have to bring up the great siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements, you will have to give the quick command, "Forward, charge!"

There is work for you and for me right before us. Here is my pulpit and my preaching. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in the pulpit, and through cowardice or through self-seeking may keep back the word I ought to utter, while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will bring on the shout of a great victory.

Oh, that you all might feel that the Lord Almighty was putting upon you the hands of ordination! Go forth and preach this Gospel. You have as much

right to preach as I have, or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God would have you preach, and there preach. Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said, "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after a while, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him, "Oh, you are nothing but a Methodist." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India, while the English army was there, and put a candle into the hands of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

In the minister's house where I prepared for college there worked a man by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayer Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men sat around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting-room. If I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than the greatest arch-

bishop arrayed in costly canonicals! Go preach this Gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I license you. Go preach this Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath schools, in the prayer meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not!

I remark again that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age, you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and in the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian Church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib, or burn Sodom, or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when he once arises in his strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness, the chariot wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily; but there is the promise, and yonder is the throne, and when Omniscience has lost its eyesight, and Omnipotence falls back impotent, and Jehovah is driven from his throne, then the Church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then.

Despots may plan and armies may march and the congresses of the nations may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the kings of the earth are only the dust of the chariot wheels of God's providence. And I hope that before the sun of this century shall have set the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe, God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of his eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for his own triumph, and returning from

universal conquest, he will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth his footstool.

> Then shall all nations' song ascend
> To thee, our Father, Ruler, Friend,
> Till heaven's high arch resound again
> With peace on earth, good will to men.

I preach this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The despotisms will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and Judaism will confess the true Messiah, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and in wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle-cries; and then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outflashings of the judgment throne, and the trumpeting of the resurrection angels, and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the hosanna and the groaning of the saved and the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole world be filled with his glory!

WASHINGTON FOR GOD

Luke, 24: 47: "Beginning at Jerusalem."

WASHINGTON FOR GOD*

Luke, 24: 47: "Beginning at Jerusalem."

"There it is," said the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, coroneted with temple and palace and radiant, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Chariots of kings had rolled through it. Battering-rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel, or plumb-line tested its first wall, or royalty swung its first sceptre. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom, Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great national heart whose throb sends life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to his disciples, when he ordered them to start on the work of Gospelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now, in his Providence, to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. As surely as God lives, and he is able to do as he says he

* This sermon was preached by Dr. Talmage in the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, of which he was then pastor.

will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of Navesink to the Golden Horn, from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico; and Christ will walk every lake, whether bestormed or placid, and be transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glacier, shall be filled with angelic overture of "Glory to God and good-will to men." Warned by the doom of nations which declined the mission on which they were sent and perished, I pray that this nation may accept its high work of emancipating the hemispheres.

Again and again does the old Book promise that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser, that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by his consecrated people, it will be taken for Apollyon! The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it cannot be a drawn battle. It is coming, the Armageddon! Either the American Sabbath will perish and this nation be handed over to Herods and Hildebrands and Diocletians and Neros of baleful power; and Alcoholism will reign, seated upon piled-up throne of beer barrels, his mouth foaming with domestic and national curse; and crime will lift its unhindered knife of assassination, and rattle keys of worst burglary, and wave torch of wildest conflagration, and our cities be turned into Sodoms, waiting for Almighty tempests of fire and brimstone, and one tidal wave of abominations will surge across the continent—or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity, and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of occupants, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of heaven, shall

walk through the land, and Christ reign over this nation either in person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of heaven. It will be one or the other. By the throne of him who liveth forever and ever, I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as he always does—blessed be his glorious name!—I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

William the Conqueror ordered the curfew, the custom of ringing the bell at midnight, at which all the fires on the hearths were to be banked, and all the lights extinguished, and all the people retire to their pillows. I pray God that the curfew of this century may not be sounded and the fires be banked and the lights extinguished, as the clock strikes the midnight hour that divides the nineteenth century from the twentieth century, until this beloved land, which was to most of us a cradle and which will be to most of us a grave, shall come into the full possession of him who is so glorious that William the Conqueror could not be compared to him, even the One who rideth forth, "conquering and to conquer."

Why would it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the North and the South. It is neither Northern nor Southern. It commingles the two climates. It brings together the two elements of population. It is not only right, but beautiful, that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the Alabamian speaks of his orange groves! And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you

know that he comes from the land of the Adamses—Samuel and John and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or Ohioan whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the Southern or Northern State of Presidents? If a man does not like his native clime, it is because while he lived there, he did not behave well. Our capital stands where, by its locality and political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the North and the other toward the South, and if it had another it would be held out to the great West, so that a mighty work of grace starting here would probably be a national awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say: "Come, let us go up and worship the God of Nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the pentecostal three thousands." It had often been said that the only way the North and the South could be brought into complete accord, would be to have a war with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, should forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, so it has proved. The war with Spain has made the sections forget past controversies; but what is needed is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which about forty million Northerners and Southerners shall be on the same side, and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either Northern or Southern or Western. This is neither, or, rather, it is all.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, because more representative men are in Washington than in any other

city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get into the Senate and House of Representatives and other important places who are fitted for the positions in neither head nor heart; but this is exceptional and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the National Legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York, and Massachusetts had men in Senate or House of Representatives who went maudlin and staggering drunk across those high places. Never nobler group of men sat in Senate or House of Representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. So in all departments of official position, with here and there an exception, are to-day the brainiest men and most honorable men of America. Now, suppose the Holy Ghost power should fall upon our capital city, and these men from all parts of America should suddenly become pronounced for Christ! Do you say the effect would be electrical? More than that, it would be omnipotent! Do you say that such learned and potent men are not wrought upon by religious influence? That shows that you have not observed what has been going on in past years. Commodore Foote, representing the navy; General Grant and Robert E. Lee, representing the Northern and Southern armies; Chief Justice Chase, representing the Supreme Court; the Frelinghuysens, Theodore and Frederick, representing the United States Senate; William Pennington and scores of others, representing the House of Representatives, have surrendered to that Gospel, which will, in this capital of the American nation, if we are faithful in our prayers and exertions, turn into the

kingdom of God men of national and international power, their tongues of eloquence becoming the tongues of fire in another Pentecost. There are on yonder hill those who by the grace of God will become John Knoxes, and Chrysostoms, and Fenelons, and Bourdeloues, when once regenerated. There is a delusion I have heard in prayer-meetings, and heard in pulpits, that a soul is a soul—one soul worth as much as another. I deny it. The soul of a man who can bring a thousand or ten thousand souls into the kingdom of God, is worth a thousand times or ten thousand times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and heaven than in any other part of the nation, because it would reach all the States, cities, towns, and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital!

Some of us remember 1857, when, at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which five hundred thousand people were converted in different States of the Union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church. I picked up an old book a few days ago, and was startled, and thrilled, and enchanted to read these words, written at that time by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper. He wrote: "The First Presbyterian Church can scarce contain the people. Requests are daily preferred for an interest in the prayers offered, and the reading of these forms is one of the ten-

derest and most effective features of the meetings. Particular pains are taken to disclaim and exclude everything like sectarian feeling. General astonishment is felt at the unexpected rapidity with which the work has thus far proceeded, and we are beginning to anticipate the necessity of opening another church." Why, not have that again, and more that that? There are many thousands more of inhabitants now than then. Beside that, since then, the telephone, with its quasi-omnipresence, and the swift cable-car, for assembling the people. I believe that the mightiest revival of religion that this city has ever seen is yet to come, and the earth will tremble from Capitoline Hill to the boundaries on all sides with the footsteps of God as he comes to awaken, and pardon, and save, these great populations. People of Washington, meet us next Thursday night, at half-past seven o'clock, to pray for this coming of the Holy Ghost—not for a pentecostal three thousand, that I have referred to, but thirty thousand. Such a fire as that would kindle a light that would be seen from the sledges crunching through the snows of Labrador to the Caribbean Sea, where the whirlwinds are born. Let our cry be that of Habakkuk, the blank verse poet of the Bible: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Let the battle-cry be, Washington for God! the United States for God! America for God! the world for God! We are all tired of skirmishing. Let us bring on a general engagement. We are tired of fishing with hook and line. With one sweep of the Gospel net let us take in many thousands. This vast work must begin somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the rallying cry, why may not I, one of the Lord's servants? By providential arrangement, I am every week in sermonic communication with

every city, town, and neighborhood of this country, and I now give the watchword to North and South, and East and West. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentance and faith, this call to a continental awakening!

This generation will soon be out of sight. Where are the mighty men of the past who trod your Pennsylvania avenue and spake in yonder National Legislature, and decided the stupendous questions of the supreme judicatory? Ask the sleepers in the Congressional Cemetery. Ask the mausoleums all over the land. Their tongues are speechless, their eyes closed, their arms folded, their opportunities gone, their destiny fixed. How soon time prorogues parliaments and adjourns senates and disbands cabinets and empties pulpits and dismisses generations! What we would do, we must do quickly or not at all. I call upon people who cannot come forth from their sick-beds to implore the heavens in our behalf from their midnight pillows, and I call upon the aged who cannot, even by the help of their staff, enter the churches, to spend their last days on earth in supplicating the salvation of this nation, and I call upon all men and women who have been in furnaces of trouble, as was Shadrach, and among lions, as was Daniel, and in dungeons of trouble, as was Jeremiah, to join in the prayer, and let the Church of God everywhere lay hold of the Almighty Arm that moves nations. Then Senators of the United States will announce to the State legislatures that sent them here, and Members of the House of Representatives will report to the Congressional districts that elected them, and the many thousands of men and women now and here engaged in the many departments of national service will write home, telling all sections of the country that the Lord is here, and that he is on the march for the redemption

of America. Hallelujah! the Lord is coming! I hear the rumbling of his chariot wheels. I feel on my cheeks the breath of the white horses that draw the Victor! I see the flash of His lanterns through the long night of the world's sin and sorrow!

We want in this country, only on a larger scale, that which other centuries have seen of God's workings: as in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, when Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon led on; as in the awakening of the seventeenth century, when Bunyan and Flavel, and Baxter led on; as in the awakening of the eighteenth century, when Tennant, and Edwards, and the Wesleys led on; as in the awakening of 1857, led on by Matthew Simpson, the seraphic Methodist, and Bishop MacIlvaine, the Apostolic Episcopalian, and Albert Barnes, the consecrated Presbyterian, and others, just as good, in all demoninations. Oh, will not some of those glorious souls of the past come down and help us? Come down off your thrones, Nettleton and Finney and Daniel Baker and Edward Payson and Truman Osborne and Earle and Knapp and Inskip and Archibald Alexander—that Alexander the Great of the Christian Churches. Come down! How can you rest up there when the world is dying for lack of the Gospel? Come down and agonize with us in prayer. Come down and help us to preach in our pulpits. Come down and inspire our courage and faith. Heaven can get along without you better than we can. But more than all (and overwhelmed with reverent emotion we ask it), come, thou of the deeply-dyed garments of Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of thy strength, mighty to save! Lord God of Joshua! Let the sun of this century stand still above Gibeon, and the moon above the valley of Ajalon until we can whip out the five kings of hell, tumbling them down the precipices

as the other five kings went over the rocks of Bethhoron. Ha! Ha! It will so surely be done that I cannot restrain the laugh of triumph.

From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic, to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific, this country will be Emmanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and holy push, and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinnock, when he said: "It is a doleful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit, but, oh! how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit." That was an all-suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitefield sealed all his letters: "We seek the stars." Lord God! Wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached and it was said that men fell before the Word like slacked lime. Let us all, layman and clergyman, to the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old-fashioned revival of religion, but on a vaster scale, so that the world will be compelled to say, as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion!"

But there is a human side as well as a divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising," the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house, after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, which was very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could hoist it no

higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss-carpenter shouted: "Lift men or die! All together! Yo—heave!" With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives, and mothers, and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss-carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands, and fathers, and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss-carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted: "Now! Altogether! Lift or die! Yo—heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood-vessels, the great beam went to its place, and wild cheering was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts. More Christian men to help, ay, more Christian women to reinforce. If the work fail, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and women of God! Lift or die! The top-stone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do his part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of upheaval.

I would like to see, this hour, that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors, enter the door of Mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly-married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as

time. Young man, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors, and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Oh, what news to tell, what news to relate to your old father and mother, what news to telegraph to your friends on the other side of the mountains, what news with which to thrill your loved ones in heaven! It was of such news that a man read in a noonday meeting in Philadelphia. He arose, and unrolling a manuscript, read:

Where'er we meet, you always say
  What's the news? what's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
  What's the news? what's the news?
Oh! I have got good news to tell;
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,
  That's the news! that's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
  That's the news! that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
  That's the news! that's the news!

And now, if any one should say,
  What's the news? what's the news?
Oh, tell him you've begun to pray —
  That's the news! that's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land,
  That's the news! that's the news!

MORAL CHARACTER OF CANDIDATES

Exodus, 20: 1–17: "The Ten Commandments."

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The lightnings and earthquakes united their forces to wreck a mountain of Arabia Petræa in olden time, and travelers to-day find heaps of porphyry and greenstone rocks, boulder against boulder, the remains of the first law library, written, not on parchment or papyrus, but on shattered slab of granite. The corner-stones of all morality, of all wise law, of all righteous jurisprudence, of all good government, are the two tablets of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments. All Roman law, all French law, all English law, all American law that is worth anything, all common law, civil law, criminal law, martial law, law of nations, were rocked in the cradle of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. And it would be well in these times of great political agitation if the newspapers would print the Decalogue some day in place of the able editorial. But let the Ten Commandments loose upon the great political parties of our day and there would be wild panic.

The fact is that some people suppose that the law has passed out of existence, and some are not aware of some of the passages of that law, and others say this or that is of the more importance, when no one has any right to make such an assertion. These laws are the pillars of society, and if you remove one pillar you damage the whole structure. I have noticed that men are particularly vehement against sins to which they are not particularly tempted, and find no especial wrath against sins in which they themselves indulge.

They take out one gun from this battery of ten guns, and load that and unlimber that and fire that. They say: This is an Armstrong gun, and this is a Krupp gun, and this is a Nordenfelt five-barreled gun, and this is a Gatling ten-barreled gun, and this is a Martini thirty-seven barreled gun." But I have to tell them that they are all of the same calibre, and that they shoot from eternity to eternity.

Many questions are before the people in the coming elections all over the land, but I shall try to show you that the most important thing to be settled about all these candidates is their personal moral character. To-day, in this brief course of sermons I am preaching on national affairs, and within a few days of the Presidential election, I propose to test the character of persons nominated for office in city, State and nation, and to test them by the Decalogue. Many of the clergymen have gone on the political platform in these times —and I have no criticism to offer in regard to them— some going on one political platform and some on the opposite political platform. I hope they are all better than I am, yet I have not felt called of God to copy their example, but rather in a few Sabbath morning sermons, omitting all personalities, to lay down certain principles which will stand the test of the Judgment Day. The Decalogue forbids idolatry, image making, profanity, maltreatment of parents, Sabbath desecration, murder, theft, incontinence, lying, and covetousness. That is the Decalogue by which you and I will have to be tried, and by that same Decalogue you and I must try candidates for office.

Of course we shall not find anything like perfection. If we do not vote until we find an immaculate nominee we will never vote at all. We have so many faults of our own we ought not to be censorious or maledictory or hypercritical in regard to the faults of

others. The Christly rule is as appropriate for November as any other month in the year, and for the fourth year as for the three preceding years: "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

Most certainly are we not to take the statement of red-hot partisanship as the real character of any man. From nearly all the great cities of this land I receive daily or weekly newspapers, sent to me regularly and in compliment, so I see both sides—I see all sides—and it is most entertaining, and my regular amusement, to read the opposite statements. The one statement says the man is an angel, and the other says he is a devil; and I split the difference, and I find him half-way between. There has never been an honest or respectable man running for the United States Presidency since the foundations of the American Government, if we may believe the old files of newspapers in the museums. What a mercy it is that they were not all hung before inauguration day! If a man believe one-half of what he sees in the newspapers in these times, his career will be very short outside of Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. I was absent during this last week, and I was dependent entirely upon what I read in regard to what had occurred in these cities, and I read there was a procession in New York of five thousand patriots, and a minute after I read in another sheet that there were seventeen thousand; and then I read in regard to another procession that there were ten thousand, and then I read in another paper that there were sixty thousand. A campaign orator in the Rink or the Academy of Music received a very cold reception—a very chilling reception—said one statement. The other statement said the audience rose at him; so great was the enthusiam that for a long while the orator could not be heard, and it was only after

lifting his hand that the vociferation began to subside! One statement will twist a letter one way, and another statement will twist it another way. You must admit it is a very difficult thing in times like these to get a very accurate estimate of a man's character, and I charge you, as your religious teacher, I charge you to caution, and to mercifulness, and to prayer.

I warn you also against the mistake which many are making, and always do make, of applying a different standard of character for those in high place and of large means from the standard they apply for ordinary persons. However much a man may have, and however high the position he gets, he has no especial liberty given him in the interpretation of the Ten Commandments. A great sinner is no more to be excused than a small sinner. Do not charge illustrious defection to eccentricity, or chop off the Ten Commandments to suit especial cases. The right is everlastingly right and the wrong is everlastingly wrong. If any man nominated for any office in this city, State, or nation differs from the Decalogue, do not fix up the Decalogue, but fix him up. This law must stand whatever else may fall.

I call your attention also to the fact that you are all aware of, that the breaking of one commandment makes it the more easy to break all of them, and the philosophy is plain. Any kind of sin weakens the conscience, and if the conscience is weakened, that opens the door for all kinds of transgression. If, for instance, a man go into this political campaign wielding scurrility as his chief weapon, and he believes everything bad about a man, and believes nothing good, how long before that man himself will get over the moral depression? Neither in time nor eternity. If I utter a falsehood in regard to a man I may damage him, but I get for myself tenfold more damage. That is a gun that kicks. If, for instance, a man be

profane, under provocation he will commit any crime. I say under provocation. For if a man will maltreat the Lord Almighty, would he not maltreat his fellow-man? If a man be guilty of malfeasance in office he will, under provocation, commit any sin. He who will steal will lie, and he who will lie will steal. If, for instance, a man be unchaste, it opens the door for all other iniquity, for in that one iniquity he commits theft of the worst kind, and covetousness of the worst kind, and falsehood—pretending to be decent when he is not—and maltreats his parents by disgracing their name, if they were good. Be careful, therefore, how you charge that sin against any man either in high place or low place, either in office or out of office, because when you make that charge against a man you charge him with all villainies, with all disgusting propensities, with all rottenness. A libertine is a beast lower than the vermin that crawl over a summer carcass—lower than the swine, for the swine has no intelligence to sin against. Be careful, then, how you charge that against any man. You must be so certain that a mathematical demonstration is doubtful as compared with it.

And, then, when you investigate a man on such subjects, you must go the whole length of investigation, and find out whether or not he has repented. He may have been down on his knees before God and implored the divine forgiveness, and he may have implored the forgiveness of society and the forgiveness of the world; although if a man commit that sin at thirty or thirty-five years of age there is not one case out of a thousand where he ever repents. You must in your investigation see if it is possible that the one case investigated may not have been the glorious exception. But do not chop off the seventh commandment to suit the case. Do not change Fairbanks's

scale to suit what you are weighing with it. Do not cut off a yardstick to suit the dry goods you are measuring. Let the law stand, and never tamper with it.

Above all, I charge you do not join in the cry that I have heard—for fifteen, twenty years I have heard it—that there is no such thing as purity. If you make that charge you are a foul-mouthed scandaler of the human race. You are a leper. Make room for that leper! When a man, by pen or type or tongue, utters such a slander on the human race that there is no such thing as purity, I know right away that that man himself is a walking lazaretto, a reeking ulcer, and is fit for no society better than that of devils damned. We may enlarge our charities in such a case, but in no such case let us shave off the Ten Commandments. Let them stand as the everlasting defense of society and of the Church of God.

The committing of one sin opens the door for the commission of other sins. You see it every day. Those Wall Street embezzlers, those bank cashiers absconding as soon as they are brought to justice, develop the fact that they were in all kinds of sin. No exception to the rule. They all kept bad company, they nearly all gambled, they all went to places where they ought not. Why? The commisson of the one sin opened the gate for all the other sins. Sins go in flocks, in droves, and in herds. You open the door for one sin, that invites in all the miserable segregation. The campaign orators this autumn, some of them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, will think no wrong in Sabbath-breaking. All the week hurling the eighth commandment at one candidate, the seventh commandment at another candidate, and the ninth commandment at still another. They think no wrong in riding all Sunday, and they

are at this moment, many of them, in the political headquarters calculating the chances. All the week hurling one commandment at Mr. Blaine, another commandment at Mr. Cleveland, and another commandment at Mr. St. John—what are they doing with the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? Breaking it. Is not the fourth commandment as important as the eighth, as the seventh, as the ninth? Some of these political campaign orators, as I have seen them reported, and as I have heard in regard to them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, yet tossing the name of God from their lips recklessly, guilty of profanity. What are they doing with the third commandment? Is not the third commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain"—is not the third commandment as important as the other nine? Oh, yes, we find in all departments men are hurling their indigation against sins perhaps to which they are not especially tempted —hurling it against iniquity toward which they are not particularly drawn.

I have this book for my authority when I say that the man who swears or the man who breaks the Sabbath is as culpable before God as either of those candidates is culpable if the things charged on him are true. What right have you and I to select which commandment we will keep and which we will break? Better not try to measure the thunderbolts of the Almighty, saying this has less blaze, this has less momentum. Better not play with the guns, better not experiment much with the divine ammunition. Cicero said he saw the Iliad written on a nut-shell, and you and I have seen the Lord's prayer written on a five-cent piece; but the whole tendency of these

times is to write the Ten Commandments so small nobody can see them. I protest this day against the attempt to revise the Decalogue which was given on Mount Sinai amid the blast of trumpets and the cracking of the rocks and the paroxysm of the mountain of Arabia Petræa.

I bring up the candidates for city, State and national power, I bring them up, and I try them by this Decalogue. Of course, they are imperfect. We are all imperfect. We say things we ought not to say, we do things we ought not to do. We have all been wrong, we have all done wrong. But I shall find out one of the candidates who comes, in my estimation, nearest to obedience of the Ten Commandments, and I will vote for him, and you will vote for him unless you love God less than your party; then you will not.

Herodotus said that Nitocris, the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, was so fascinated with her beautiful village of Ardericca, that she had the river above Babylon changed so it wound this way and wound that, and curved this way and curved that, and though you sailed on it for three days every day you would be in sight of that exquisite village. Now, I do not care which way you sail in morals, or which way you sail in life, if you only sail within sight of this beautiful group of divine commandments. Although they may sometimes seem to be a little angular, I do not care which way you sail, if you sail in sight of them you will never run aground and you will never be shipwrecked.

I never felt more impressed from God than I do this moment of the importance of what I am saying to this audience. Society needs toning up on all these subjects. I tell you there is nothing worse to fight than the ten regiments, with bayonets and sabres

of fire, marching down the side of Mount Sinai. They always gain the victory, and those who fight against them go under. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men being slain by the Decalogue. What is the matter with that young man of whom I read, dying in his dissipations? In his dying delirium he said: "Now, fetch on the dice. It is mine! No, no! It is gone, all is gone! Bring on more wine! Bring on more wine! Oh, how they rattle their chains! Fiends, fiends, fiends! I say you cheat! The cards are marked! Oh, death! oh, death! oh, death! Fiends, fiends, fiends!" And he gasped and was gone. The Ten Commandments slew him.

Let not ladies and gentlemen in this nineteenth century revise the Ten Commandments, but let them in society and at the polls put to the front those who come the nearest to this God-lifted standard. On Tuesday morning next read the twentieth chapter of Exodus at family prayers. The moral or the immoral character of the next President of the United States will add seventy-five per cent. unto or subtract seventy-five per cent. from the national morals. You and I cannot afford to have a bad President; the young men of this country cannot afford to have a bad President; the commercial, the moral, the artistic, the agricultural, the manufacturing, the religious interests of this country, cannot afford to have a bad President; and if you, on looking over the whole field, cannot find a man who, in your estimation, comes within reasonable distance of obedience of the Decalogue, stay at home, do not vote at all.

I suppose when in the city of Sodom there were four candidates put up for office, and Lot did not believe in any of them, he did not register. I suppose if there came a crisis in the politics of Babylon, where Daniel did not believe in any of the candidates, he

stayed at home on election day, praying with his face toward Jerusalem. But we have no such crisis, we have no such exigency, thank God. Yet I have to say to you to-day that the moral character of a ruler always affects the ruled; and I appeal to history. Wicked King Manasseh depressed the moral tone of all the nation of Judah, and threw them into idolatry. Good King Josiah lifted up the whole nation by his excellent example. Why is it that to-day England is higher up in morals than at any point in her national history? It is because she has the best ruler in all Europe, all the attempts to scandalize her name a failure. The political power of Talleyrand brooded all the political tricksters of the last ninety years. The dishonest Vice-Presidency of Aaron Burr blasted this nation until important letters were written in cipher, because the people could not trust the United States mail. And let the court circles of Louis XV and Henry VIII march out, followed by the debauched nations.

The higher up you put a bad man the worse is his power for evil. The great fabulist says that the pigeons were in fright at a kite flying in the air, and so these pigeons hovered near the dovecote; but one day the kite said, "Why are you so afraid? why do you pass your life in terror? make me king, and I'll destroy all your enemies." So the pigeons made the kite king, and as soon as he got the throne his regular diet was a pigeon a day. And while one of the victims was waiting for its turn to come, it said: "Served us right!" The malaria of swamps rises from the plain to the height, but moral malaria descends from the mountain to the plain. Be careful, therefore, how you elevate into authority men who are in any wise antagonistic to the Ten Commandments.

As near as I can tell, the most important thing now

to be done is to have about forty million copies of the Sinaitic Decalogue printed and scattered throughout the land. It was a terrible waste when the Alexandrian library was destroyed, and the books were taken to heat four thousand baths for the citizens of Alexandria. It was very expensive heat. But without any harm to the Decalogue, you could with it heat a hundred thousand baths of moral purification for the American people. I say we want a tonic—a mighty tonic—a corrective—an all-powerful corrective—and Moses in the text, with steady hand, notwithstanding the jarring mountains and the full orchestra of the tempest and the blazing of the air, pours out the ten drops—no more, no less—which this nation needs to take for its moral convalescence.

But I shall not leave you under the discouragement of the Ten Commandments, because we have all offended. There is another mountain in sight, and while one mountain thunders the other answers in thunder; and while Mount Sinai, with lightning, writes doom, the other mountain, with lightning, writes mercy. The only way you will ever spike the guns of the Decalogue is by the spikes of the cross. The only rock that will ever stop the Sinaitic upheaval is the Rock of Ages. Mount Calvary is higher than Mount Sinai. The English Survey Expedition, I know, say that one Sinaitic peak is seven thousand feet high and another eight thousand and another nine thousand feet high, and travelers tell us that Mount Calvary is only a slightly raised knoll outside of the wall of Jerusalem; but Calvary in moral significance overtops and over-shadows all the mountains of the hemispheres, and Mount Washington and Mount Blanc and the Himalayas are hillocks compared with it. You know that sometimes one fortress will silence another fortress. Moultrie silenced Sumter; and against the mountain of the

law I put the mountain of the cross. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," booms one, until the earth jars under the cannonade. "Save them from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom," pleads the other, until earth and heaven and hell quake under the reverberation. And Moses, who commands the one, surrenders to Christ, who commands the other.

> Once by the law our hopes were slain,
> But now in Christ we live again.

Aristotle says that Mount Etna erupted one day and poured torrents of scoria upon the villages at the base, but that the mountain divided its flame and made a lane of safety for all those who came to rescue their aged parents. And this volcanic Sinai divides its fury for all those whom Christ has come to rescue from the red ruin on both sides. Standing as I do to-day, half-way between the two mountains—the mountain of the 20th of Exodus and the mountain of the 19th of John—all my terror comes into supernatural calm, for the uproar of the one mountain subsides into quiet, and comes down into so deep a silence that I can hear the other mountain speak—ay, I can hear it whisper: "The blood, the blood, the blood that cleanseth from all sin."

The Survey Expedition says that the Sinaitic mountains have wadys, or water courses—Alleyat and Ajelah—emptying into Feiran. But those streams are not navigable. No boat put into those rocky streams could sail. But I have to tell you this day that the boat of Gospel rescue comes right up amid the water courses of Sinaitic gloom and threat, ready to take us off from under the shadows into the calm sunlight of God's pardon and into the land of peace. Oh, if you could see that boat of Gospel rescue coming this day, you would feel as John Gilmore, in his

book, "The Storm Warriors," says that a ship's crew felt on the Kentish Knock Sands, off the coast of England, when they were being beaten to pieces and they all felt they must die! They had given up all hope, and every moment washed another plank from the wreck, and they said, "We must die, we must die!" But after a while they saw a Ramsgate lifeboat coming through the breakers for them, and the man standing highest up on the wreck said: "Can it be? Can it be? It is, it is, it is, it is! Thank God! It is the Ramsgate lifeboat! It is, it is, it is, it is!" And the old Jack tar, describing that lifeboat to his comrades after he got ashore, said: "Oh, my lads, what a beauty it did seem, what a beauty it did seem coming through the breakers that awful day!" May God, through the mercy in Jesus Christ, take us all off the miserable wreck of our sin into the beautiful lifeboat of the Gospel!

THE MISSION OF THE WHEEL

Ezekiel, 10: 13: "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

THE MISSION OF THE WHEEL

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

Ezekiel, 10: 13: "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

Next Thursday will, by proclamation of President and Governors, be observed in Thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace: for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field, and mechanic's shop, and author's study, by those who never wore an epaulette or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own door-sill. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the text.

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep seas arresting his pathway, and wild beasts capable of his destruction; yet he was to conquer. It could not be by physical force, for, compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could not be by physical speed, for compare him to the antelope's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar or plunge, for the condor beats him in one

direction, and the porpoise in the other. Yet he was to conquer the world. Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were insufficient. He must be reinforced, so God sent the wheel.

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible. Sometimes, as in Ezekiel, illustrating providential movement; sometimes, as in the Psalms, crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's charioted progress. The wheel that started in Exodus, rolls on through Proverbs, through Isaiah, through Jeremiah, through Daniel, through Nahum, through the centuries — all the time gathering momentum and splendor, until, seeing what it has done for the world's progress and happiness, we clap our hands in thanksgiving, and employ the apostrophe of the text, crying, "O Wheel!"

I call on you in this Thanksgiving week to praise God for the triumphs of machinery, which have revolutionized the world and multiplied its attractions. Even Paradise, though very picturesque, must have been comparatively dull. Hardly anything going on. No agriculture needed, for the harvest was spontaneous. No architecture required, for they slept under the trees. No manufacturer's loom necessary for the weaving of apparel, for the fashions were exceedingly simple. To dress the garden could not have required ten minutes a day.

Having nothing to do, they got into mischief, and ruined themselves and the race. It was a sad thing to be turned out of Paradise, but, once turned out, a beneficent thing to be compelled to work. To help man up and on, God sent the wheel. If turned ahead, the race advances; if turned back, the race retreats. To arouse your gratitude and exalt your praise, I would show you what the wheel has done for the domestic world, for the agricultural world, for

the traveling world, for the literary world. "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machine! It has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life, and added immeasurable advantages. The needle for ages had punctured the eyes and pierced the side, and made terrible massacre. To prepare the garments of a whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch! stitch! stitch!" Thomas Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing prose.

Slain by the sword, we buried the hero with "Dead March in Saul," and flags half-mast. Slain by the needle, no one knew it but the household that watched her health giving way. The winter after that the children were ragged and cold and hungry, or in the almshouse. The hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its cunning. Soul and body had parted at the seam. The thimble had dropped from the palsied finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human life drop into the grave. The spool was all unwound. Her sepulchre was digged, not with sexton's spade, but with a sharper and shorter implement — a needle. Federal and Confederate dead have ornamented graves at Arlington Heights and Richmond and Gettysburg, thousands by thousands; but it will take the archangel's trumpet to find the million graves of the vaster army of women needle-slain.

Besides all the sewing done for the household at home, there are hundreds of thousands of sewing women. The tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of hunger and cold and insult and homesickness and suicide — five acts.

But I hear the rush of a wheel. Woman puts on the band and adjusts the instrument, puts her foot on the treadle and begins. Before the whirr and rattle, pleurisies, consumptions, headaches, backaches, heartaches are routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave. Roll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardors and severities of the seasons are overcome. Winding the bobbin, threading the shuttle, tucking, quilting, ruffling, cording, embroidering, underbraiding set to music. Lock-stitch, twisted loop-stitch, crochet stitch, a fascinating ingenuity. All honor to the memory of Alsop and Duncan and Greenough and Singer and Wilson and Grover and Wilcox for their efforts to emancipate woman from the slavery of toil! But more than that, let there be monumental commemoration of Elias Howe, the inventor of the first complete sewing machine. What it has saved of sweat and tears God only can estimate. In the making of men's and boys' clothing in New York city in one year it saved seven million five hundred thousand dollars; and in Massachusetts, in the making of boots and shoes, in one year it saved seven million dollars.

No wonder that at some of the learned institutions, like the New Jersey State Normal School, and Rutgers' Female Institute, and Elmira Female College, acquaintance with the sewing-machine is a requisition, a young lady not being considered educated until she understands it. Winter is coming on, and the household must be warmly clad. The "Last Rose of Summer" will sound better played on a sewing-machine than on a piano. Roll on, O wheel of the sewing-machine! until the last shackled woman of toil shall be emancipated. Roll on!

Secondly, I look into the agricultural world to see

what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Coat off, and with a cradle made out of five or six fingers of wood and one of sharp steel, the harvester went across the field, stroke after stroke, perspiration rolling down forehead and cheek and chest, head blistered by the consuming sun, and lip parched by the merciless August air. At noon, the workmen lying half dead under the trees. The grain brought to the barn, the sheaves were unbound and spread on a threshing-floor, and two men with flails stood opposite each other hour after hour, and day after day, pounding the wheat out of the stalk. Two strokes, and then a cessation of sound. Thump! thump! thump! thump! thump! thump! Pounded once and then turned over to be pounded again. Slow, very slow. The hens cackled and clucked by the door, and picked up the loose grains, and the horses, half asleep and dozing over the mangers where the hay had been.

But, hark! to the buzz of wheels in the distance! The farmer has taken his throne on a reaper. He once walked, now he rides. Once worked with arm of flesh, now with arm of iron. He starts at the end of the wheat field, heads his horses to the opposite end of the field, rides on. At the stroke of his iron chariot the gold of the grain is surrendered; the machine rolling this way and rolling that, this way and that, until the work which would have been accomplished in many days is accomplished in a few hours. The grain field prostrate before the harvesters.

What quick, clean work the wheel of the reaper does make! Soon after, the horses are fastened to the threshing-machine back of the barn. The iron-toothed cylinders are ready for their prey. The horses start, the unbound wheat is plunged into the vortex,

and the broken straw is in one place, and the pure St. Louis wheat is in another place. The driving-wheel strapped, the cylinder humming with terrible velocity, the inexperienced warned off for fear of accident, the ground aquake with the mighty revolution, I stand in awe and thanksgiving at the agricultural conquest, and cry out with the text, "O, wheel!"

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than the Sea Island cotton? I take up the unmelted snow in my hand. How beautiful it is! But do you know by what painstaking and tedious toil it passed into anything like practicality? If you examined that cotton you would find it full of seeds. It was a severe process by which the seed was to be extracted from the fibre. Vast populations were leaving the South because they could not make any living out of this product. One pound of green seed-cotton was all that a man could prepare in one day; but Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts Yankee, woke up, got a handful of cotton, and went to constructing a wheel for the parting of the fibre and the seed. Teeth on cylinders, brushes on cylinders, wheels on wheels. South Carolina gave him fifty thousand dollars for his invention, and instead of one man taking a whole day to prepare a pound of cotton for the market, now he may prepare three hundred weight, and the South is enriched, and the commerce of the world is revolutionized, and over eight million bales of cotton were prepared this year, enough to keep at work in this country fourteen million three hundred thousand spindles, employing two hundred and seventy thousand hands, and enlisting two hundred and eighty-one million four hundred thousand dollars of capital.

Thank you, Eli Whitney, and L. S. Chichester, of New York, his successor. Above all, thank God for their inventive genius, that has done so much for the

prosperity of the world. When I see coming forth from this cotton production and cotton manufacture enough cloth to cover the tables of a nation, and enough spool thread to sew every rent garment, and enough hosiery to warm the nation's feet, and enough cordage to fly the sails of all the shipping, and enough wadding to supply the guns of all the American sportsmen, and enough twine to fly all the kites outside of Wall street, and enough tape to tie up all the briefs of all the attorneys, and enough flannels to blanket a slumbering world, I thank God.

For the fifty thousand dollars received for his cotton-gin, Whitney gave a wealth that makes the word "millions" imbecile. Strange that one machine should work such marvels. Have you noticed the construction of the cotton-gin? On one side of it I count three wheels, and on another side I count three wheels, while on the third side there is a wheel on top of a wheel, and the salutation of the text bursts from my lips, while I cry in ecstasy, and admiration of gratitude, "O wheel!"

Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has done for the traveling world. No one can tell how many noble and self-sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the coach-wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer.

I will not enter into the controversy as to whether John Fitch, or Robert Fulton, or Thomas Somerset was the inventor of the steam engine. They all suffered and were martyrs of the wheel, and they shall all be honored. John Fitch wrote:

"The 21st of January, 1743, was the fatal time of bringing me into existence. I know of nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a man of feeling as a turbulent wife and steamboat building. I experienced the former and quit in season, and had I been in my right senses I should undoubtedly have treated the

latter in the same manner; but for one man to be teased with both, he must be looked upon as the most unfortunate man in the world."

Surely John Fitch was in a bad predicament. If the steamboat boiler did not blow him up, his wife would! In all ages there are those to prophesy the failure of any useful invention. You do not know what the inventors of the day suffer. When it was proposed to light London with gas, Sir Humphrey Davy, the great philosopher, said that he should as soon think of cutting a slice from the moon and setting it upon a pole to light the city. Through all abuse and caricature Fitch and Fulton went until yonder the wheel is in motion, and the *Clermont*, the first steamboat, is going up the North river, running the distance — hold your breath while I tell you — from New York to Albany in thirty-two hours. But the steamboat wheel multiplied its velocities until the *Lucania* of the Cunard, and the *Majestic* of the White Star line, and the *New York* of the American line, and the *Kaiser Wilhelm* of the North German Lloyd line cross the Atlantic ocean in six days or less. Communication between the two countries is so rapid and so constant, that whereas once those who had been to Europe took on airs for the rest of their mortal lives — and to me for many years the most disagreeable man I could meet was the man who had been to Europe, despising all American pictures and American music and American society, because he had seen European pictures and heard European music and mingled in European society — now a transatlantic voyage is so common that a sensible man would no more boast of it than if he had been to New York or Boston.

All the rivers and lakes and seas have turned white with rage under the smiting of the steamboat wheel.

In the phosphorescent wake of it sail the world's commercial prosperities. Through the axle of that wheel nations join hands, and America says to Venice: "Give me your pictures"; and to France, "Give me your graceful apparel"; and to England, "Give me your Sheffield knives and Nottingham laces and Manchester goods, and I will give you breadstuffs, corn and rye and rice. I will give you cotton for your mills; I will give you cattle for your slaughter-houses. Give me all you have to spare and I will give you all I have to spare," and trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic nations grasp each other's hands in brotherhood.

What a difference between John Fitch's steamboat, sixty feet long, and the *Oceanic*, seven hundred and four feet long! The ocean wheel turns swifter and swifter, filling up the distance between the hemispheres, and hastening the time spoken of in the Book of Revelation, when there shall be no more sea.

While this has been doing on the water, James Watts' wheel has done as much on the land. How well I remember Sanderson's stage-coach, running from New Brunswick to Easton, as he drove through Somerville, New Jersey, turning up to the post-office and dropping the mail-bags with ten letters and two or three newspapers; on the box, Sanderson, himself, six feet two inches, and well proportioned, long lash-whip in his hand, the reins of six horses in the other, the "leaders" lathered along the lines of the traces, foam dripping from the bits. It was the event of the day when the stage came. It was our highest ambition to become a stage-driver. Some of the boys climbed on the great leathern boot of the stage, and those of us who could not get on shouted "Cut behind!" I saw the old stage-driver not long ago, and I expressed to him my surprise that one around whose head I had seen a halo of glory in my boyhood time

was only a man like the rest of us. Between Sanderson's stage-coach and a Chicago express train, what a difference! All the great cities of the nation strung on an iron thread of railways!

At Doncaster, England, I saw George Stephenson's first locomotive. If in good repair it could run yet, but because of its make and size it would be the burlesque of all railroaders. Between that rude machine, crawling down the iron track, followed by a clumsy and bouncing train, and one of our Rocky Mountain locomotives, with a village of palace-cars, becoming drawing-rooms by day and princely dormitories by night, what bewitching progress!

See the train move out from one of our great depots for a thousand miles' journey! All aboard. Tickets clipped and baggage checked, and porters attentive to every want. Under tunnels dripping with dampness that never saw the light. Along ledges where an inch off the track would be the difference between a hundred men living and a hundred dead. Full head of steam, and two men in the locomotive charged with all the responsibility of whistle and Westinghouse brake. Clank, clank! go the wheels. Clank, clank! echo the rocks. Small villages only hear the thunder and see the whirlwind as the train shoots past. A city on the wing! Thrilling, startling, sublime, magnificent spectacle — a rail train in lightning procession.

When, years ago, the railroad men "struck" for wages our country was threatened with annihilation, and we realized what the railroad wheel had done for this country. Over one hundred and eighty thousand miles of railroad in the United States. In one year over a billion dollars received from passengers and freight. White Mountains, Alleghany Mountains, Rocky Mountains, Sierra Nevadas bowing to the iron

yoke. All the rolling stock of New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, Michigan Central, Georgia, Great Southern, Union Pacific, and all the other wheels of the tens of thousands of freight cars, wrecking cars, cabooses, drawing-room cars, sleeping cars, passenger cars, of all the accommodation, express and special trains, started by the wheel of the grotesque locomotive that I saw at Doncaster. For what it has done for all Christendom, I ejaculate in the language of the text, "O wheel!"

While the world has been rolling on the eight wheels of the rail car, or the four wheels of the carriage, or the two wheels of the gig, it was not until 1876, at the Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, that the miracle of the nineteenth century rolled in — the bicycle. The world could not believe its own eyes, and not until quite far on in the eighties were the continents enchanted with the whirling, flashing, dominating spectacle of a machine that was to do so much for the pleasure, the business, the health, and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for six thousand years. Man's slowness of locomotion was a mystery. Was it of more importance that the reindeer or the eagle rapidly exchanged jungles or crags than that man should get swiftly from place to place? Was the business of the bird or the roebuck more urgent than that of the incarnated immortal? No! At last we have the obliteration of distances by pneumatic tire. At last we have wings. And what has this invention done for woman? The cynics and constitutional growlers would deny her this emancipation, and say: "What better exercise can she have than a broom, or a duster, or a churn, or rocking a cradle, or running up and down stairs, or a walk to church with a prayer book under her arm?" And they rather rejoice to find her disabled with broken pedal or punctured tire

half way out to Chevy Chase or Coney Island. But all sensible people who know the tonic of fresh air, and the health in deep respiration, and the awakening of disused muscles, and the exhilaration of velocity, will rejoice that wife, and mother, and daughter, may have this new recreation. Indeed, life to so many is a hard grind that I am glad at the arrival of any new mode of healthful recreation. We need have no anxiety about this invasion of the world's stupidity by the vivacious, and laughing, and jubilant wheel, except that we always want it to roll in the right direction — toward place of business, toward good recreation, toward philanthropy, toward usefulness, toward places of divine worship, and never toward immorality or Sabbath desecration. My friend, Will Carleton, the poet, said what I like when he wrote of this new velocity:

> We claim a great utility that daily must increase;
> We claim from inactivity a sensible release;
> A constant mental, physical, and moral help, we feel,
> That bids us turn enthusiast, and cry, God bless the wheel!

Never yet having mounted one of those rolling wonders, I stand by the wayside, far enough off to avoid being run over, and in amazement and congratulation cry out, in Ezekiel's phraseology of the text, "O wheel!"

Fourthly, I look into the literary world and see what the wheel has accomplished. I am more astounded with this than anything that has preceded. Behold the almost miraculous printing-press. Do you not feel the ground shake with the machinery of the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Western dailies? Some of us remember when the hand ink-roller was run over the cylinder, and by great haste eight hundred copies of

the village newspaper were issued in one day and no lives lost; but invention has crowded invention, and wheel jostled wheel, stereotyping, electrotyping, taking their places, Benjamin Franklin's press giving way to the Lord Stanhope press; and the Washington press, and the Victory press, and the Hoe perfecting press have been set up. Together with the newspaper come the publication of innumerable books of history, of poetry, of romance, of art, of travel, of biography, of religion, dictionaries, encylopedias, and bibles. Some of these presses send forth the most accursed stuff, but the good predominates. Turn on with wider sweep and greater velocity, O wheel! Wheel of light, wheel of civilization, wheel of Christianity, wheel of divine momentum.

On those four wheels — that of the sewing-machine, that of the reaper, that of travel, that of the printing-press — the world has moved up to its present prosperity. I call on you to thank God for the triumphs of machinery as seen in our home comforts and added national grandeur.

And now I gather on an imaginary platform, as I literally did gather them on Thanksgiving days when I preached in Brooklyn, specimens of our American products. Here is corn from the West, a foretaste of the great harvest that is to come down to our seaboard; enough for ourselves and for foreign shipment. Here is rice from the South, never a more beautiful product grown on the planet, mingling the gold and green. Here are two sheaves, a sheaf of Northern wheat and a sheaf of Southern rice bound together. May the band never break! Here is cotton, the wealthiest product of America. Here is sugar-cane, enough to sweeten the beverages of an empire. Who would think that out of such a homely stalk there would come such a luscious product. Here are pal-

metto trees that have in their pulses the warmth of Southern climes. Here is the cactus of the South, so beautiful and so tempting it must go armed. Here are the products of American mines. This is iron, this is coal — the iron representing a vast yield, our country sending forth one year eight hundred thousand tons of it; the coal representing a hundred and sixty thousand square miles of it — the iron prying out the coal, the coal smelting the iron. This is silver, silver from Colorado and Nevada — those places able yet to yield silver napkin-rings, and silver knives, and silver castors, and silver platters for all our people. Here is mica from the quarries of New Hampshire. How beautiful it looks in the sunlight! Here is copper from Lake Superior, so heavy I dare not lift it. Here is gold from Virginia and Georgia. Here are apples, making you think of the long winter nights of your boyhood, when the neighbors came in, and you had apples and hickory nuts and cider. Here is corn from New Jersey. State of Theodore Frelinghuysen and William L. Dayton and Samuel L. Southard — the State of New Jersey, sometimes caricatured by people who are mad because they were not fortunate enough to have been born there! Here are lemons and oranges. Here are bananas from Florida. What a magnificent growth this is! What a leaf! implying shadow, comfort and refuge.

I look around me on this imaginary platform, and it seems as if the waves of agricultural, mineralogical, pomological wealth dash to the platform, and there are four beautiful beings that walk in, and they are all garlanded. And one is garlanded with wheat and blossoms of snow, and I find she is the North. And another comes in, and her brow is garlanded with rice and blossoms of magnolia, and I find she is the South. And another comes in, and I find she is gar-

landed with seaweed and blossoms of spray, and I find she is the East. And another comes in, and I find she is garlanded with silk of corn and radiant with California gold, and I find she is the West. And coming face to face, they take off their garlands, and they twist them together into something that looks like a wreath, but it is a wheel, the wheel of national prosperity, and I say in an outburst of Thanksgiving joy for what God has done for the North and the South and the East and the West, "O wheel!"

At different times in Europe they have tried to get a Congress of kings at Berlin, or at Paris, or at St. Petersburg; but it has always been a failure. Only a few kings have come. But on this imaginary platform that I have built we have a convention of all the kings — King Corn, King Cotton, King Rice, King Wheat, King Oats, King Iron, King Coal, King Silver, King Gold, and they all bow before the King of Kings, to whom be all the glory of this year's wonderful production.

HEROES OF THE NAVY

James, 3: 4: " Behold also the ships."

HEROES OF THE NAVY*

James, 3: 4: "Behold also the ships."

If this exclamation was appropriate about eighteen hundred and seventy-two years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry docks for purposes of peace the *Oceanic* of the White Star Line, the *Lucania* of the Cunard Line, the *St. Louis* of the American Line, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* of the North-German Lloyd Line, the *Augusta Victoria* of the Hamburg-American Line; and in an age, which, for purposes of war, has launched the screw-sloops like the *Idaho*, the *Shenandoah*, the *Ossipee*, and our ironclads like the *Kalamazoo*, the *Roanoke*, and the *Dunderberg*, and those which have already been buried in the deep like the *Monitor*, the *Housatonic*, and the *Weehawken*, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchres, and the *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn*, and the *Texas*, and the *Olympia*, the *Iowa*, the *Massachusetts*, the *Indiana*, the *New York*, the *Marietta*, of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the *Constitution*, or the *Alliance*, or the *Constellation* that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their port-holes silent of the brazen throats

* Sermon for the Sabbath after Admiral Dewey and his men arrived in New York harbor, and the whole nation was stirred with patriotic emotion.

that once thundered out of them. If in the first century, when war vessels were dependent on the oars that paddled at the side of them for propulsion, my text was suggestive, with how much more emphasis and meaning and overwhelming reminiscence we can cry out, as we see the *Kearsarge* lay across the bows of the *Alabama* and sink it, teaching foreign nations they had better keep their hands off our American fight, or as we see the ram *Albemarle* of the Confederates running out and in the Roanoke, and up and down the coast, throwing everything into confusion as no other craft ever did, pursued by the *Miami*, the *Ceres*, the *Southfield*, the *Sassacus*, the *Mattabesett*, the *Whitehead*, the *Commodore Hull*, the *Louisiana*, the *Minnesota*, and other armed vessels, all trying in vain to catch her, until Captain Cushing, twenty-one years of age, and his men blew her up, himself and only one other escaping, and as I see the flag-ship *Hartford*, and the *Richmond*, and the *Monongahela*, with other gun-boats, sweep past the batteries of Port Hudson, and the Mississippi flows forever free to all Northern and Southern craft, and under the fire of Dewey and his men the Spanish ships at Manila burn or sink, and the fleet rushing out of Santiago harbor are demolished by our guns, and the brave Cervera surrenders, I cry out with a patriotic emotion that I cannot suppress if I would, and would not if I could, "Behold also the ships."

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things. Lord God of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon! So, ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well

get under way and stand out to sea. Let all land lubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

Never since the sea fight of Lepanto, where three hundred royal galleys, manned by fifty thousand warriors, at sunrise, September 6th, 1571, met two hundred and fifty royal galleys, manned by one hundred and twenty thousand men, and in the four hours of battle eight thousand fell on one side, and twenty-five thousand on the other; yea, never since the day when at Actium, thirty-one years before Christ, Augustus with two hundred and sixty ships scattered the two hundred and twenty ships of Mark Antony and gained universal dominion as the prize; yea, since the day when at Salamis the twelve hundred galleys of the Persians, manned by five hundred thousand men, were crushed by Greeks with less than a third of that force; yea, never since the time of Noah, the first ship captain, has the world seen such a miraculous creation as that of the American navy in 1861.

There were about two hundred available seamen in all the naval stations and receiving ships, and here and there an old vessel. Yet orders were given to blockade thirty-five hundred miles of sea coast, greater than the whole coast of Europe, and beside that the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Mississippi, and other great rivers, covering an extent of two thousand more miles, were to be patrolled. No wonder the whole civilized world burst into guffaws of laughter at the seeming impossibility. But the work was done, done almost immediately, done thoroughly, and done with a speed and consummate skill that eclipsed all the history of naval architecture. What brilliant achievements are suggested by the mere mention of the names of the rear admirals! If all they did should be written, every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. But

these names have received the honors due. The most of them went to their graves under the cannonade of all the forts, navy yards, and men-of-war, the flags of all the shipping and capitals at half-mast.

I recite to-day the deeds of our naval heroes, many of whom have not yet received appropriate recognition. "Behold also the ships." As we will never know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it cost, I recall the unrecited fact that the men of the navy in all our wars ran especial risks. They had not only the human weaponry to contend with, but the tides, the fog, the storm. Not like other ships could they run into harbor at the approach of an equinox, or a cyclone, or a hurricane, because the harbors were hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, and a fog might overthrow all the plans of wisest commodore and admiral, and accident might leave them not on the land ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea, as when in our civil war the torpedo blew up the *Tecumseh* in Mobile Bay, and nearly all on board perished. They were at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as wrecked the Spanish Armada might any day swoop upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks. No digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of retreat. Mightier than all the fortresses on all the coasts is the ocean when it bombards a flotilla.

In the cemeteries for Federal and Confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those are who went down in the war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack tars knew that while loving arms might carry the men who fell on the land, and bury them with solemn liturgy, and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlines into

the sea, or went down with all on board under the stroke of a gun-boat, there remained the shark and the whale and the endless tossing of the sea which cannot rest. Once a year, in the decoration of the graves, those who fell in the land were remembered; but how about the graves of those who went down at sea; Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. A few of them are gathered into naval cemeteries of the land, and we every year garland the sod that covers them; but who will put flowers on the fallen crew of the exploded *Westfield* and *Shawsheen*, and the sunken *Southfield*, and the *Winfield Scott?* Bullets threatening in front, bombs threatening from above, torpedoes threatening from beneath, and the ocean, with its reputation of six thousand years for shipwreck, lying all around, am I not right in saying it required a special courage for the navy in 1863 as it required especial courage in 1898?

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rig singing,

> A life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep!

the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean, and the guns at Quarantine firing parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, wheel-house gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors and destroyed furniture, steering-wheel broken, smoke-stack crushed, a hundred-pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks ploughed up, and smoke-blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who

are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love wife and parents and children.

Oh, men of the American navy returned from Manila, and Santiago, and Havana, as well as those who are survivors of the naval conflicts of 1863 and 1864, men of the Western Gulf squadron, of the Eastern Gulf squadron, of the South Atlantic squadron, of the North Atlantic squadron, of the Mississippi squadron, of the Pacific squadron, of the West India squadron, and of the Potomac flotilla, hear our thanks! Take the benediction of our churches. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way, we would get you not only a pension, but a home, and a princely wardrobe and an equipage and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. It is considered a gallant thing when in a naval fight the flag-ship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy! if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flag-ship sailing ahead of you, of which Christ is the admiral, and he watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and he leads you toward the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with your own blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven!

While we are heartily greeting and banqueting the sailor-patriots just now returned, we must not forget the veterans of the navy now in marine hospitals, or spending their old days in their own or their

children's homesteads. Oh, ye veterans! I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war times. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. The sinking of the *Weehawken* off Morris Island, December 6th, 1863, was a mystery. She was not under fire. The sea was not rough. But Admiral Dahlgren, from the deck of the flag steamer *Philadelphia*, saw her gradually sinking, and finally she struck the ground; but the flag still floated above the wave in the sight of the shipping. It was afterward found that she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have in nerve, and muscle, and bone, and dimmed eyesight, and difficult hearing, and shortness of breath, many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as though your life blood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red River expedition, or as though you had gone down with the *Melville* off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying as did the illustrious *Weehawken*. Good cheer, my boys! The memory of man is poor, and all that talk about the country never forgetting those who fought for it is an untruth. It does forget. Witness how the veterans sometimes had to turn the hand organs on the street to get their families a living. Witness how ruthlessly some of them were turned out of office that some bloat of a politician might take their place. Witness the fact that there is not a man or woman now under forty-five years of age who has any full appreciation of the four years' martyrdom of 1861 to 1865, inclusive. But while men may forget,

God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock. He remembers the forecastle. He remembers the frozen ropes of that January tempest. He remembers the amputation without sufficient ether. He remembers the horrors of that deafening night when forts from both sides belched on you their fury, and the heavens glowed with ascending and descending missiles of death, and your ship quaked under the recoil of the one hundred pounder, while all the gunners, according to command, stood on tiptoe with mouth wide open, lest the concussion shatter hearing or brain. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given. God is the best of all paymasters, and for those who do their whole duty to him and the world, the pension awarded is an everlasting heaven.

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected the British navy, manoeuvred before them for that purpose. In the Baltic Sea the Czar and Czarina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy, I go out with you on the Atlantic ocean, where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts — 1776, 1812, 1865 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironclads, fire-rafts, gun-boats and men-of-war! There they come, all sail set, and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal tossing from their cutting prows. That is the *Delaware*, an old revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Decatur. Yonder goes the *Constitution*, Commodore Hull commanding. There is the *Chesapeake*, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose dying words were: "Don't give up the ship;" and the *Niagara*, of 1812, commanded by Commodore Perry, who wrote on the back of an old letter, resting on his navy cap: "We have

met the enemy, and they are ours." Yonder is the flag-ship *Wabash*, Admiral Dupont commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *Minnesota*, Admiral Goldsborough commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *Philadelphia*, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *San Jacinto*, Admiral Bailey commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *Black Hawk*, Admiral Porter commanding; yonder, the flag steamer *Benton*, Admiral Foote, commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *Hartford*, David G. Farragut commanding; yonder, the *Brooklyn*, Rear-Admiral Schley commanding; yonder, the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey commanding; yonder, the *Oregon*, Capt. Clark commanding; yonder, the *Texas*, Capt. Phillip commanding; yonder, the *New York*, Rear-Admiral Sampson commanding; yonder, the *Iowa*, Capt. Robley D. Evans, commanding.

And now all the squadrons of all departments, from smallest tug-boat to mightiest man-of-war, are in procession, decks and rigging filled with men who on the sea fought for the old flag ever since we were a nation. Grandest fleet the world ever saw! Sail on before all ages! Run up all the colors! Ring all the bells! Yea, open all the port-holes! Unlimber the guns and load, and fire one great broadside that shall shake the continents in honor of peace and the eternity of the American Union! But I lift my hand, and the scene has vanished. Many of the ships have dropped under the crystal pavement of the deep, sea-monsters swimming in and out the forsaken cabin, and other old craft have swung into the navy yards, and many of the brave spirits who trod their decks are gone up to the Eternal Fortress, from whose casements and embrasures may we not hope they look down to-day with joy upon a nation in reunited brotherhood?

All those of you who were in naval service during

the war of 1865 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, six o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least sixty. Many of you have passed into the seventies. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would revive in your minds the fact that at least two great Admirals of the civil war were Christians, Foote and Farragut. Had the Christian religion been a cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held prayer-meetings and conducted a revival on the receiving ship *North Carolina,* and on Sabbaths, far out at sea, followed the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, aboard the sloop-of-war *Natchez,* impressed by the words of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for two weeks to the Bible, and at the end of that declared openly, "Henceforth, under all circumstances, I will act for God." His last words, while dying at the Astor House, New York, were: "I thank God for His goodness to me. He has been very good to me." When he entered heaven he did not have to run a blockade, for it was amid the cheers of a great welcome. The other Christian admiral will be honored on earth until the day when the fires from above shall lick up the waters from beneath, and there shall be no more sea.

Oh, while old ocean's breast
  Bears a white sail,
And God's soft stars to rest
  Guide through the gale,
Men will him ne'er forget,
  Old heart of oak —
Farragut, Farragut —
  Thunderbolt stroke!

According to his own statement, Farragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood, and practiced all kinds of sin. One day he was called into the cabin of his father, who was a ship master. His father said, "David, what are you going to be, anyhow?" He answered, "I am going to follow the sea." "Follow the sea," said the father, "and be kicked about the world and die in a foreign hospital?" "No," said David: "I am going to command like you." "No," said the father; "a boy of your habits will never command anything," and his father burst into tears and left the cabin. From that day David Farragut started on a new life.

Captain Pennington, an honored elder of my Brooklyn church, was with him in most of his battles and had his intimate friendship, and he confirmed what I had heard elsewhere, that Farragut was good and Christian. In every great crisis of life he asked and obtained the Divine direction. When in Mobile Bay the monitor *Tecumseh* sank from a torpedo, and the great warship *Brooklyn,* that was to lead the squadron, turned back, he said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he says, "I prayed, 'O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?' And a voice commanded me, 'Go on,' and I went on." Was there ever a more touching Christian letter than that which he wrote to his wife from his flag-ship *Hartford?* "My dearest wife, I write and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, and I hope He is, and in Him I place my trust. If He thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to His will in that as all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen

to me. May His blessings rest upon you and your dear mother."

Cheerful to the end, he said on board the *Tallapoosa* in the last voyage he ever took, "It would be well if I died now in harness." The sublime Episcopal service for the dead was never more appropriately rendered than over his casket, and well did all the forts of New York harbor thunder as his body was brought to the wharf, and well did the minute guns sound and the bells toll as in a procession having in its ranks the President of the United States and his cabinet, and the mighty men of land and sea, the old admiral was carried amid hundreds of thousands of uncovered heads on Broadway, and laid on his pillow of dust in beautiful Woodlawn, September 30th, amid the pomp of our autumnal forests.

But just as much am I stirred at the scene on war-ship's deck before Santiago last summer, when the victory gained for our American flag over Spanish oppression, the captain took off his hat, and all the sailors and soldiers did the same, and silently they offered thanks to Almighty God for what had been accomplished, and when on another ship the soldiers and sailors were cheering as a Spanish vessel sank, and its officers and crew were struggling in the waters, and the captain of our war-ship cried out, "Don't cheer! The poor fellows are drowning." Prayers on deck! Prayers in the forecastle! Prayers in the cabin! Prayers in the hammocks! Prayers on the look-out at midnight! The battles of that war opened with prayer, were pushed on with prayer, and closed with prayer, and to-day the American nation recalls them with prayer.

We hail with thanks the new generation of naval heroes, those of the year 1898. We are too near their marvelous deeds to fully appreciate them. A century

from now poetry, and sculpture and painting and history will do them better justice than we can do them now. A defeat at Manila would have been an infinite disaster. Foreign nations not overfond of our American institutions would have joined the other side, and the war so many months past would have been raging still, and perhaps a hundred thousand graves would have opened to take down our slain soldiers and sailors. It took this country four years to get over the disaster at Bull Run at the opening of the civil war. How many years it would have required to recover from a defeat at Manila in the opening of the Spanish war I cannot say. God averted the calamity by giving triumph to our navy under Admiral Dewey, whose coming up through the Narrows of New York harbor day before yesterday was greeted by the nation whose welcoming cheers will not cease to resound until tomorrow; and next day in the Capitol of the nation the jeweled sword voted by Congress shall be presented amid booming cannonade, and embannered hosts, and our autumnal nights shall become a conflagration of splendor, but the tramp of these processions, and the flash of that sword, and the huzza of that greeting, and the roar of those guns, and the illumination of those nights will be seen and heard as long as a page of American history remains inviolate.

Especially let the country boys of America join in these greetings to the returned heroes of Manila. It is their work. The chief character in all the scene is the once country lad, George Dewey. Let the Vermonters come down, and find him older, but the same modest, unassuming, almost bashful person that they went to school with and with whom they sported on the playground. The honors of all the world cannot spoil him. A few weeks ago at a banquet in England, some of the titled noblemen were affronted be-

cause our American minister-plenipotentiary associated the name of Dewey with that of Lord Nelson. As well might we be affronted because the name of Nelson is associated with that of our most renowned admiral. The one name in all the coming ages will stand as high as the other. So this day, sympathizing with all the festivities and celebrations of the past week, and with all the festivities and celebrations to come this week, let us anew thank God and those heroes of the American navy who have done such great things for our beloved land. Come aboard the old ship Zion, ye sailors and soldiers, whether still in the active service or honorably discharged and at home, having resumed citizenship. And ye men of the past, your last battle on the seas fought, take from me, in God's name, salutation and good cheer. For the few remaining fights with sin and death and hell make ready. Strip your vessel for the fray; hang the sheet chains over the side. Send down the top-gallant masts. Barricade the wheel. Rig in the flying jib-boom. Steer straight for the shining shore, and hear the shout of the great Commander of earth and heaven as he cries from the shrouds, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God." Hosanna! Hosanna!

MUST THE CHINESE GO

Luke, 10: 29: "Who is my neighbor."

MUST THE CHINESE GO?*

Luke, 10: 29: "Who is my neighbor."

A keen lawyer had Christ under the fire of cross-examination, and this was one of the questions. The answer which Christ gave, enlarged the world's idea of neighborhood, and that idea of neighborhood has ever since been enlarging. It seemed a figure of speech to say that people living on the other side of the world were our neighbors; but steam from Southampton to New York, and from China to San Francisco, and rail-tracks across all the continents, and cables under all the seas, have literally made the whole earth one neighborhood.

Is the Chinaman a neighbor? Does he belong to the race of which God is the Father? Is he a brute, or an immortal? Will he help us, or will he hurt us? Must he be welcomed, or driven back? These are tremendous questions which press upon the nation, and answer them we must, and answer them we will. The subject will yet be as much of an agitation on the Atlantic coast as it is on the Pacific coast. I wish that what I say on this subject might be received in silence, for though neither your approval nor disapproval would disturb me, it might disturb others.

I want you, to start right in your opinions, and therefore, I shall give you the result of one summer's observation in California, where the Chinese populations have become an important factor. Arriving in San Francisco Saturday afternoon, August 7th, I

* Delivered at the time this question was being fiercely discussed.

had been but a few moments in my hotel when the highest officers of the city called upon me in the interest of the anti-Chinese sentiment, and from morning until night, and for many days, I do not think there was half an hour in which I was not brought into the presence of this subject by committee, or letter, or document; so that if any man ever had a good opportunity of seeing the whole subject from both sides, I had that opportunity.

It is the habit to take people from the East to see the Chinese quarters, or what they call Chinatown. The newspapers say President Hayes once visited Chinatown, but that they covered up the worst parts of the place, that he might be deceived in regard to the true character of Chinatown. No such imposition was practiced upon me, for the five gentlemen with whom I went were openly and above-board always antagonistic to Chinese immigration, and it was their one desire to have me see the worst side of it.

Dr. Mears, a most obliging gentleman, the President of the Board of Health of San Francisco, went with me, and if there is a man on the continent antagonistic to Chinese immigration it is Dr. Mears. So I saw the worst, and it is bad enough and filthy enough and dreadful enough; but I tell you, as I told the people of San Francisco in their Grand Opera House, that underground New York life is fifty per cent. worse than Chinatown. The white iniquity of our Atlantic coast cities is more brazen than the yellow iniquity of San Francisco, and as to malodors, it is the difference between the malodors of whisky and the malodors of opium; and the malodors of whisky are to me a thousandfold more offensive than the malodors of opium. The crowded tenement-houses of New York are more crowded and more abominable than the crowded Chinese quarters.

I told the people of San Francisco, standing face to face, "If you will let your three hundred policemen be augmented by five hundred special policemen sworn in for the duty, men from your banking-houses and your churches — if they will go out in the name of God and the strength of the law, they will in one night extirpate the last iniquity of Chinatown." Do you tell me that two hundred and eighty thousand good San Franciscans cannot put down twenty thousand bad people?

From what I saw that summer in San Francisco, and from my observation in California in other years, I give it to you as my opinion, corroborated by the opinion of tens of thousands of people in California, that, of all the foreign populations which have come to the United States during the last forty years, none are more industrious, more sober, more harmless, more honest, more genial, more courteous, more obliging than the Chinese. I have in my possession affidavits from all classes of people in California, in which they present the truthfulness, the integrity, the love of order, the industry of the Chinese people. They have no equal as laundrymen; they are unrivalled as house help. I was told in many of the homes of San Francisco that one Chinese servant will do the work of three servants of any other kind.

It is objected to the Chinese that they underbid other labor, since they can live so much cheaper than other nationalities, and so they injure American labor and every other style of labor. I reply to that, in many departments the Chinese receive higher wages than any other class of persons. There are no such wages paid in Brooklyn or New York for domestic service as are paid to the Chinese in San Francisco to-day. Besides that, suppose they did underbid other labor, would you cast them out on that account?

Then, to be consistent, you must drive out all those who work sewing-machines and reapers and hay-rakes, because these different styles of machinery are underbidding other styles of work, and injuring those who toil with the bare hand.

As to this absurd notion that is going through the country about the Chinese injuring American labor, I have to tell you this fact, that wages are higher in California, have been higher in California, than in any other State of the American Union. When we shall have in every great city, twenty or thirty or forty thousand Chinese workmen, wages will be larger than they are now, and we will have greater prosperity.

Again, it is objected to the Chinese that they do not spend all their money where they make it, but send it all back to China. False again. The Chinese pay in the city of San Francisco rent for residences and for wash-houses, and so on, yearly two million four hundred thousand dollars. Would not the people of any city think it was a grand addition to its municipal condition if it had two million four hundred thousand dollars added every year? Further, as taxes to the State government the Chinese in California pay over four million dollars a year. It all stays in California. Moreover, they pay in customs to the United States government annually nine million four hundred thousand dollars. That all stays in this country. Now, away with the falsehood that the Chinese spend none of their money in this country? Besides that, if they did send it all away, could you blame them much? How much money would you invest in a country where you were denied the rights of citizenship, and where you might any hour suffer outrage and expatriation?

The Chinese are blamed because they demand that after death their bones be sent home to China. If you and I were as badly treated as the Chinese have been treated in San Francisco, we would

not want to be buried within three thousand miles of where the indignity had been enacted. We would argue, "If they treat us so badly while we have our arms to strike back, how will they treat us when we are powerless?" Besides that, it comes very poorly from us, the charge that the Chinese send home their money. There are hundreds and thousands of American and English merchants in China; where do they send their money to? Besides that, we have been applauding and complimenting for the last thirty years the German and Irish serving-maids who have been denying themselves all luxuries and sending their money back to the old folks at home. We have admired that self-denial and that generosity, and we have had no words to express our admiration for their willingness to send their money to Germany and Ireland; and I think what is good for one nation is good for another.

Besides that, O men of the Atlantic coast! do you know in what direction and for what purpose much of the money goes that is sent back to China? The parents of many of these Chinese in America are serfs, the subject of a base feudal system, and much of the money that is sent back to China is for the liberation of their parents. I have that from a mandarin high in authority. If your parents were in bondage, would not you send some money home to purchase their liberation? Would you not send all you have? Instead of caricaturing the Chinese for sending their money back to China, let us admire their self-denial — for they love luxuries as much as we do — let us applaud their self-denial.

But it is said they have such severe economies. Well, that is bad! That is a crime you cannot charge much upon the American people! The fact is, these people come in with a lower order of civilization, and

they are industrious, and they pay all their debts and save something for a rainy day; and such a style of civilization we cannot abide in this country! We do not want our higher style of civilization interfered with — that style which allows a man to spend four times more money than he makes, and to steal the rest! Away with this barbarism, which works all the time and pays all its debts!

Again, it is objected that the Chinese are pagans, and that they have peculiar dress. What, now, do you refer to — the Chinese queue? George Washington wore a queue, Benjamin Franklin wore a queue, John Hancock wore a queue, your great-grandfathers wore queues; and anything that Washington and Franklin and John Hancock and your ancestry did must have been eminently respectable.

Besides that, Chinese apparel is often more than eclipsed by American apparel. Have you forgotten crinoline monstrosities of twenty years ago? the coal-scuttle bonnets of your grandmothers, the silver knee-buckles of your grandfathers, and how at different times in this country there has been an elaboration and an overtopping and appalling mystery of womanly head attire that ought to make us lenient in our criticism of Mongolian conspicuities?

We see in this (for their dress is a part of their religion) and in other things that a man's religious belief is not to be interfered with. Do you think the Huguenots and the Pilgrim Fathers and the patriots of the Revolution would have contended as they did for civil and religious liberty in this country, if they had known that their descendants would make religious belief a test of residence and citizenship? If this government continues to stand, it will be because alike defended are the joss-houses of the Chinese, the cathe-

drals of the Roman Catholics, the meeting-houses of the Quakers, and the churches of the Presbyterians.

Do you want me to make a choice between a religion which insults and stones a man because of the color of his skin or the length of his hair or the economy of his habits, on the one hand, and a paganism which patiently endures all this, working right on until death comes — if you want to have me make a choice between such a religion and such a paganism, I say, "Give me paganism." If you have a superior civilization, a superior Christianity, present them to these people in a courteous and Christian way. And this brings me to say that the first Sabbath forenoon I spent in a Chinese church in San Francisco, and I had the privilege, through an interpreter, of telling those Mongolians of that Christ who was not an American Christ, nor a Chinese Christ, nor a German Christ, nor an Italian Christ, nor a Spanish Christ, but the round world's Christ; and I think it was the greatest joy of the summer to me that I heard afterward that through the services salvation was brought to some of their souls. There they are to-day, renowned in heaven and little appreciated on earth, the Presbyterian mission under Dr. Loomis, the Methodist mission on Washington street, the Congregational mission near the park, the Episcopalian mission and other great charities, and while I stood in their Grand Opera House, face to face with the San Franciscans, I said: "The man that gives one penny for the support of these Christian missions does more for the settlement of the Chinese question than could be accomplished by ten thousand orators haranguing for ten thousand years about the evils of Chinatown."

These Chinese make grand Christians; and there are going to be more of them — five hundred mil-

lions of them — if the Bible be true when it says the land of Sinim is to surrender to God. Oh, how insignificant and contemptible will seem many of the Christians of this generation when in the future it shall be demonstrated that these Chinese were brought to our country, not so much by the stigmatized Six Emigration Companies, but by the God of the Bible, to have them Christianized, and multitudes of them sent home again for the redemption of China.

Now, my friends, these Chinese are either inferior, or they are our equals, or they are our superiors. If they are our inferiors, flat skulls will never dominate high foreheads; stupidity will never overcome large brain. If they are inferior, you have nothing to dread. If they are your equals, does not your sense of justice say then they ought to have equal rights? If they are our superiors, then we cannot afford to maltreat them. Who are these men? Some of them were descended from men who have forgotten more than we ever knew. Education is more widely spread in China than in America. You cannot find a Chinese who cannot read and write. You can find hundreds of thousands of Americans who, when they are compelled to put their names to a legal document, sign it, "his mark." This Chinese nation invented the art of printing, invented the mariner's compass, invented the manufacture of porcelain, invented paper-making, and other important things ages before any other nation could even guess them out. Five hundred years before Christ came, Confucius, a Chinaman, anticipated the Golden Rule, and when some one asked him to compress into one sentence a directory for human life, he answered, "Do not do to others what you would not have them to do you." I think the Chinese are God's favored nation from the fact that he has made

more of that nation than any other nation on earth — a vast multitude of them.

China is the richest country in all the earth. Think of the ruby, and the amethyst, and the porphyry, and the agate, and the lapis lazuli, and the turquoise, and the emerald, and the crystal — enough precious stones to build the four walls of heaven! Think of the gold, and the silver, and the iron, and the lead, and the copper waiting for the cellar-door of her mountains to be thrown open! Think of the rosewood, and the camphor, and the cedar, and the cypress, and the varnish trees, and the ebony, and the ivory — enough to make the cabinet-ware of all nations. Think of the wheat, and the barley, and the mango, and the pineapple, and the persimmon, and the cocoanut, and the rice — enough to make puddings for all the earth, and tea enough to refresh all nations!

Do you not understand that their right to come here implies our right to go there? It will not be many years before there will be as many Americans in China as there are Chinese in America; and the question all over China will be, "Must the Americans go?" If, when a man had to ride in an emigrant-wagon six months to cross the Pacific coast, many went, do you not think New Yorkers and Long Islanders will go to China when they can go there in five weeks, when they are fully persuaded of all the treasures of that great land? It is the will of Providence that the whole world should be on wheels, and the nations are going to move north, move south, move east, and move west.

The nations will intermarry, and far down in the future men will have the blood of fifty nationalities in their arteries, and there will be in all the earth only one great nation — one nation on five continents — a grand homogeneous, great-hearted, all-climated, five-

zoned, world-encircling Christian nation. They broke to pieces at the foot of Babel; they will come together at the foot of the Cross. Under the shadow of the one they were confounded; under the light of the other they will be harmonized; and when all nations and kingdoms and people become one empire, can you doubt who will be king? "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Again, it is objected that these Chinese are merely the slaves of the six Chinese emigration companies — that they are the slaves of the Sam Yup Company, the Kong Chow Company, the Yung Wo Company, the Wing Yung Company, the Hop Wo Company, the Yan Wo Company. Now, say the political parties, "We don't want any more slavery in this country; we had black slavery, and got rid of it; now don't give us any yellow slavery." But what are the facts? The facts are these: That these six Chinese emigration companies pay the fare of the Chinese crossing the Pacific ocean, the Chinese contracting that they will work it out after they get here, and there is no more honorable bargain made in any American city than that. These six Chinese companies say to the Chinese, "You are poor; now here is clothing and here is passage-money, and here is money to get food crossing the ocean, and we will take charge of you a little while after you get there, and you will, when you get in America, by your own hands, toil to pay for this passage-money." That is all there is of it. Those Chinese are no more slaves in America than you lawyers are the slaves of the clients that give you a retaining fee; no more slaves than you builders are the slaves of the capitalist who prepays you something before you begin the job. The six Chinese companies prepay the Chinese, and then the Chinese here work it out, and the two planks of the two political parties

which imply the opposite are lying swindles on the American people. I tell you, men of the Atlantic coast, that this Chinese scare is the most unfounded, absurd, and unmitigated humbug that was ever enacted.

For twenty-five years, the Chinese have been coming to America and there are no more than two hundred thousand Chinese in America, whereas of other nationalities that have been coming there are millions, and millions and millions. All the Chinese immigration for the last twenty-five years, as compared with the immigration from other countries, is as a drop of rain on the summer sea; and if they increase no faster for the next hundred years than they have in the last twenty-five, the immigration will be completely insignificant as compared with those people who come from other nations. And, moreover, there are fewer Chinese in America to-day than last year — fewer now than two years ago, while the whole spirit of the Chinese government is against any people going away from their borders. What a pitiable thing it is that the two political parties in order to get the electoral vote of California in the Presidential election, should put these anti-Chinese planks in their platforms! I was not surprised at the Democratic party, because they always have considered the question of color and race a reasonable question; but when I saw the Republican party, after fighting a four years' horrible war to establish the principle that all colors and all races are equal before God and the law; when I remembered that five hundred thousand human lives had been paid as the purchase for the establishment of that principle, and then I saw the Republican party withholding from the yellow man what they had demanded for the black man, I was amazed beyond all expression, and I wondered if the sceptre was not departing.

Now, what are the circumstances in the case? Nearly a century ago, in the year 1784, the first American flag was seen in Chinese waters. Ever since then we have been begging and coaxing the Chinese to come out and be neighborly. In 1844 the government of the United States practically said, "Oh, you dear Chinese, do come over and see us; come and bring your work with you; come and stay; come by hundreds and by thousands; do come."

In 1867 the government of the United States sent out Mr. Burlingame, a skillful ambassador, and the United States government said through him to the Chinese nation, "Oh, you dear Chinese, when will you come? We wait, we long, we expect; do come, do come." Mr. Burlingame presented the case in so genial a way that when he died the emperor deified him, and he is one of the gods of China to-day.

"Well," said the coy and shy Chinese, "will you treat us well if we come?" "Oh, yes," we said; "we will not only defend you, but we will welcome you; you can wear your hair as you please; you can worship the gods you please; only do come, and we'll be so happy!" Overpersuaded, and against all the prejudices of the Chinese nation, they came.

Well, how have the Chinese been treated in this country? Brickbatted and slain; taxed before they could get ashore, for the privilege of landing; taxed for street-sweeping, when not one dollar of the money raised went for the cleansing of the Chinese quarters; taxed for the United States government, which gave them no defense; the way from the steamboat wharf to their stopping place in the Chinese quarters one long scene of blasphemy and bloodshed, and no police. In other words, the United States government broke its treaty. Eight hundred thousand dollars by the Chi-

nese government cheerfully paid as indemnity for Americans that had been abused in China. The United States government refuses to pay for the wrongs done the Chinese in America. In the name of Almighty God, the Maker of nations, He who hath made of one blood all people, I impeach the United States government for its perfidy toward the Chinese.

Now, I do not want you to join in this crusade against the Chinese. There have been outrages already committed in New York. I understand some have been committed in Brooklyn. When you greet those from European nations who come through the Barge office, and pray for them all prosperity, use the same supplication for the children of Asia, who by the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railways are handed over the mountains. There is no Gospel in brickbats. No room in this land for violence. The meanest and most insignificant and leprous Chinese that ever lay in a hospital will live as long as God lives. That foreigner is immortal — immortal. And that nation is to be evangelized; whether her people are trans-Pacific or cis-Pacific, they are to be evangelized, and in the millennial glory side by side will stand Europe and Africa, America and Asia, and the Sierra Nevadas and the Himalayas will answer each other, with salvation echo and re-echo.

I rejoice to know that this whole question of Chinese immigration and every other style of immigration God is going to settle. Every little while in this country we get in great excitement, and fly around as though everything is going to pieces; but God never gets excited. What a time we had with the slavery question. For half a century the North proposed one thing and the South proposed another thing. Matters grew worse and worse. Then God rose up. He

said, "Here is a question higher than human wisdom, and I will settle it;" and He settled it at Shiloh, at South Mountain, and Atlanta, and Gettysburg — settled it by the graves of a million Northern and Southern people. So, this Chinese question is complicate and tremendous. It is a question higher than your city halls, higher than the heathen goddess on the top of your Capitol at Washington, higher than your highest church steeples. It is a question so high that it is on a level with the throne of God, and the same great power that decides the tides of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, swinging them this way or that, will decide these tides of human migration whichever way He will. If He says "Come," they will come. If He says "Go," they will go.

Do not in your nervousness try to build up a high, stout wall to keep the Chinese out while you let others in. Such a wall as that, God's earthquakes would shake from beneath, and God's thunderbolts of wrath would smite from above, and that wall would heave and rock and fall on the demagogues who built it, and on the nation who favors it, and on the Christianity that is too cowardly to denounce it. God will say, "That American temple I built for civil and religious liberty, and for a Gospel that would have all men saved; I founded that temple in the blood of the Revolutionary fathers. The arches of that temple went up on the shoulders of men who died for their principles; the baptismal fonts of that temple were filled with the tears of exiled nations who came here for refuge; the sword of your patriot ancestry was the trowel that mortared the foundation; and lo! on these sacred altars you have sacrificed the swine of passion and hate, and these columns have been defiled with unholy hands; now let the temple perish. Down it must come

— column and capital, arch and dome — and I will in some other land and among a more generous people, and in a brighter age of the world, demonstrate before earth and heaven how that I would have all men equal and free!"

TWO DECADES—1864 AND 1884

I Chron., 21: 27: "And the Lord commanded the angel; and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof."

TWO DECADES—1864 AND 1884*

I Chron., 21: 27: "And the Lord commanded the angel; and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof."

One day in Davidic times the people looked up and saw against the sky something which made the blood curdle and the cheek blanch and the breath stop — an angel of overtowering stature, and armed with a sword long and bright as summer lightning when it cleaves the sky from zenith to horizon. The broad blade with curved edge pointed toward doomed Jerusalem. The sheath hung dangling at the side of the great supernatural being, the sheath, of course, of such vast proportion as to have held the sword before it was brandished. As long as that uncovered sword was pointed toward Jerusalem havoc and massacre and bloodshed went on; but after a while, in answer to the prayers of the people and the sacrifices on the threshing-floor of Ornan, the angel drew back the sword with the right hand, and seizing the sheath with the left he inserted the sharp point into the mouth of the scabbard, and flung the sword down deep, until the haft of it struck the rim of the scabbard with resound that made the mountains about Jerusalem tremble. Then the havoc stopped, and the wounds healed, and the former glories of the city were eclipsed by the splendors subsequent. Hear you not the clang of sabre and scabbard as they come together in the words of my text? "And the Lord commanded the angel; and He put up His sword again into the sheath thereof."

* A sermon preached on Sunday before Decoration Day, 1884.

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic! And soldiers who fought on the other side! All one now in kindly brotherhood, whether you wore the color that suggested the gray of the morning sky or the blue of the full noon! And let no man who, by word or deed, tries to open the old wounds, ever offer, either in this world or the next, to take my hand! Hear me while I draw out the contrast betwen the time when the angel of war stood in the American sky, pointing his long, keen sword toward this, our beloved land, plunging the nation for four years in awful hemorrhage, and now, when, in answer to the prayers and sacrifices on ten thousand altars, that angel of war that stood above us hath hurled the bloody scimetar into the scabbard with a clang that made everything from the Canadas to the Gulf vibrate with gladness.

At this season of decoration of the soldiers' graves, both at the North and South, it is appropriate that I rouse your patriotism, and revive your reminiscence, and stir your gratitude by putting 1864 beside 1884. I shall make two circles around these two dates. Around 1864 I shall put a garland of red dahlias for the carnage. Around 1884 I shall put a garland of white lilies for the peace. The first date I shall crown with a chaplet of cypress. The second date I shall crown with a sheaf of wheat. The one date a dead march, and the other a wedding anthem. Twelve o'clock at night compared with twelve o'clock at noon.

Contrast, first of all, the feelings of sectional bitterness in 1864 with the feeling of sectional amity in 1884. At the first date the South had banished the national air, "The Star Spangled Banner," and the North had banished the popular air of "'Way Down South in Dixie." The Northern people were "mud-sills," and the Southern people were "white trash." The more Southern people were killed in battle the

better the North liked it. The more Northern people were killed in battle the better the South liked it. For four years the head of Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis would have been worth a million dollars if delivered on the other side of the line. No need now, standing in our pulpits and platforms, of saying that the North and South did not hate each other. The hatred was as long and terrible as the sword in the hand of the angel of war, who, standing midheaven, gripped it, and pointing toward this nation, swung closer down till it gashed a grave trench clear through the quivering heart of the continent. To estimate how very dearly we loved each other, count up the bombshells that were hurled, and the carbines that were loaded, and the cavalry horses that were mounted. North and South facing each other, all armed in the attempt to kill.

The two sections not only marshaled all their earthly hostilities, but tried to reach up and get hold of the sword spoken of in the text — the sword of heaven — and the prayer of Northern and Southern pulpits gave more information to the heavens about the best mode of settling this trouble than was ever used. For four years both sides tried to get hold of the Lord's thunderbolts, but could not quite reach them. At the breaking out of the war we had not for months heard of my dear uncle, Samuel K. Talmage, President of Oglethorpe University in Georgia. He was about the mildest man I ever knew, and as good as could be. The first we heard of him was his opening prayer in the Confederate Congress in Richmond, which was reported in the New York Herald, which prayer, if answered, would, to say the least, have left all his Northern relatives in very uncomfortable circumstances. The ministry at the North prayed one way, and the ministry at the South prayed

another way. No use in hiding the fact that the North and South cursed each other with a withering and all-consuming curse.

Beside that antipathy of 1864 I place the complete accord of 1884. Meeting in New York to raise money to build a home at Richmond for crippled Confederate soldiers, the meeting presided over by a man who lost an arm and a leg in fighting on the Northern side, and, having the other leg, which was not lost, so hurt that it does not amount to much. Cotton exhibition two years ago at Atlanta attended by tens of thousands of Northern people and by General Sherman, who was greeted with kindness, as though they had never seen him before. United States government soon afterwards voting a million dollars toward a New Orleans exhibition, to be held next December, in which every Northern State will be represented. A thousand-fold kindlier feeling after the war than before the war.

No more use of gunpowder in this country, except for Fourth of July pyrotechnics or a shot at a roebuck in the Adirondacks. Brigadier generals in the Southern Confederacy making their fortunes as lawyers in our northern cities. Rivers of Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina turning the mills of New England capitalists. The old lions of war — Forts Sumter, and Moultry, and Lafayette, and Pickens, and Hamilton — sound asleep on their iron paws, and instead of our raising money to keep enemies out of our harbor, raising money for the Bartholdi statue on Bedloe's Island, the figure of Liberty with uplifted torch to light the way of all who want to come in. Instead of 1864, when you could not cross the line between the contestants without fighting your way with keen steel, or going through by passes carefully scrutinized at every step by bayonets, you need only

a railroad ticket from New York to Charleston or New Orleans to go clear through, and there is no use for any weapon sharper or stronger than a steel pen. Since the years of time began their roll, has there ever been in two decades such an overmastering antithesis as between 1864, of complete bitterness, and 1884, of complete sympathy? It is the difference between the archangel of war mid-sky with sword brandished, and the archangel of war mid-sky with sword scabbarded.

Contrast also the domestic life of 1864 with the domestic life of 1884. You were either leaving home or far away from it, communicating by uncertain letter. What a morning that was when you left home! Father and mother crying, sisters crying, you smiling outside, but crying inside. Everybody nervous and excited. Boys of the blue and gray! Whether you started from the banks of the Hudson, or the Androscoggin, or the Savannah, don't you remember the scenes at the front door, at the rail car window, or the steamboat landing? The huzza could not drown out the suppressed sadness. Do you not remember those charges to write home often, and take good care of yourself, and be good boys, and the good-bye kiss which they thought, and you thought might be forever?

Then the homesickness as you paced the river bank on a starlight night on picket duty, and the sly tears that you wiped off when you heard a group by a camp-fire singing the plantation song about the "Old Folks at Home." The dinner of hard-tack on Thanksgiving day, and the Christmas without any presents, and the long nights in the hospital, so different from the sickness when you were at home, with mother and sisters at the bedside, and the clock in the hall giving the exact moment for the medicine. And that

forced march when your legs ached, and your head ached, and your wounds ached, and more than all, your heart ached — homesickness which had in it a suffocation and a pang worse than death. You never got hardened as did the guardsman in the Crimean war, who heartlessly wrote home to his mother: "I don't want to see any more crying letters come to the Crimea from you. Those I have received I put into my rifle, after loading it, and have fired them at the Russians, because you appear to have a strong dislike to them. If you had seen as many killed as I have, you would not have as many weak ideas as you now have." You never felt like that. When a soldier's knapsack was found after his death in our American war, there was generally a careful package containing a Bible, a few photographs, and letters from home.

On the other hand, tens of thousands of homes waiting for news. Parents saying: "Twenty-thousand killed! I wonder if our boy was among them?" Fainting dead away in post-offices and telegraph stations. Both the ears of God filled with the sobs and agonies of kindred waiting for news, or dropping under the announcement of bad news. Speak, swamps of Chickahominy, and midnight lagoons, and fire-rafts on the Mississippi, and gunboats before Vicksburg, and woods of Antietam, and tell to all the mountains, and valleys, and rivers, and lakes of North and South, the jeremiads of 1864 that have never been syllabled!

Beside that domestic perturbation and homesickness of twenty years ago put the sweet domesticity of 1884. Where do you come from to-night? From home. The only camp-fire you now sit at is at the one kindled in stove, or furnace, or hearth. Instead of a half ration of salt pork, a repast luxurious, because partaken of by loving family circle and in

sacred confidences. Oh, now I see who those letters were for, the letters you, the young soldier, took so long in your tent to write, and that you were so particular to put in the mail without anyone seeing — lest you be teased by your comrades. God spared you to come back, and though the old people have gone, you have a home of your own construction, and you are here to-night, contrasting those awful absences and filial, and brotherly, and loverly heart-breaks with your present residence, which is the dearest place you will find this side of heaven —the place where your children were born, and the place where you want to die. To write the figures 1864 I set up four crystals — crystals of tears; to write the figures 1884 I stand up four members of your household — figures of rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, if I can get them to stand still long enough.

Contrast also the religious opportunities of twenty years ago with now. Often on the march from Sunday morn till night, or commanded by officers who considered the names of God and Christ of no use except to swear by. Sometimes the drum-head the pulpit; and you standing in heat or cold; all the surroundings of military life having a tendency to make you reckless; no privacy for prayer or Bible reading; no sound of church bells; Sabbaths spent far away from the places where you were brought up. To-day the choice of sanctuaries; easy pew; all Christian surroundings; the air full of God, and Christ, and heaven, and doxology; three mountains lifting themselves into the holy light — Mount Sinai thundering its law, Mount Calvary pleading the sacrifice, Mount Pisgah displaying the promised land.

Contrast of national condition. 1864 — Spending money by the millions in devastation of property and

life. 1884 — With finances so reconstructed that all the stock gamblers of Wall street have now failed to make a national panic.

1864 — The surgeons of the land setting broken bones, and amputating gangrened limbs, and studying gunshot fractures, and inventing easy ambulances for the wounded and dying. 1884 — Surgeons giving their attention to those in casualty of agriculture, or commerce, or mechanical life. The rushing of the ambulance through our streets not suggesting battle, but quick relief to some one fallen in peaceful industries.

1864 — Thirty-five million inhabitants in this land. 1884 — Fifty-five million.

1864 — Wheat about eighty million bushels. 1884 — The wheat about five hundred million bushels.

In 1864 — Cotton less than three million bales; in 1884 cotton more than seven million bales.

In 1864 — Pacific coast five weeks from the Atlantic; in 1884, for three reasons, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Northern Pacific, only seven days across.

Look at the long line of churches, universities, asylums, and houses with which, during the last two decades, this land has been decorated. Oh, was not this a country worth fighting for? Do not the magnificent prosperities of 1884 compensate for the hardships of 1864? Soldiers! Praise God that He has spared you to see this day, and as you risked your bodies in battle give your souls in peace to God and your country.

Living soldiers of the North and South! Take new and especial ordination at this season of the year to garland the sepulchres of your fallen comrades. Nothing is too good for their memories. Turn all the private tombs and the national cemeteries into gardens.

Ye dead of Malvern Hill, and Cold Harbor, and Murfreesboro, and Manassas Junction, and Cumberland Gap, and field hospital, receive these floral offerings of the living soldiery.

But they shall come back again, all the dead troops. We sometimes talk about earthly military reviews, such as took place in Paris in the time of Marshal Ney, and in London in the time of Wellington, and in our own land. But what tame things compared with the final review, when all the armies of the ages shall pass for divine and angelic inspection! St. John says the armies of heaven ride on white horses, and I do not know why many of the old cavalry horses of earthly battle that were wounded and worn out in the service may not have resurrection. It would be only fair that, raised up and ennobled, they should appear in the grand review of the Judgment Day. It would not take any more power to reconstruct their poor bodies than to reconstruct ours, and I should be very glad to see them among the white horses of apocalyptic vision.

Hark to the trumpet blast, the reveille of the last judgment! They come up, all the armies of all lands and all centuries, on whichever side they fought, whether for freedom or despotism, for the right or the wrong. They come! they come! Darius, and Cyrus, and Sennacherib, and Joshua, and David, leading forth the armies of scriptural times. Hannibal and Hamilcar leading forth the armies of the Carthaginians. Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi leading on the armies of the Italians. Tamerlane and Genghis Khan followed by the armies of Asia. Gustavus Adolphus and Ptolemy Philopater, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Semiramis, and Washington leading battalion after battalion. The dead American armies of 1776 and 1812, and the one million of Northern and

Southern dead in our civil war. They come up. They pass on in review. The six million fallen in Napoleonic battles. The twelve million Germans fallen in the thirty years' war. The fifteen million fallen in the war under Sesostris. The twenty million fallen in wars of Justinian. The twenty-five million fallen in Jewish wars. The eighty million fallen in the crusades. The one hundred and eighty million fallen in Roman wars with Saracens and Turks. The thirty-five billion men estimated to have fallen in battle, enough, according to one statistician, if they stood four abreast, to reach clear around the earth four hundred and forty-two times.

But we shall have time to see them pass in review before the throne of judgment — the cavalrymen, the spearsmen, the artillerymen, the infantry, the sharpshooters, the gunners, the sappers, the miners, the archers, the skirmishers, men of all colors, of all epaulettes, of all standards, of all weaponry, of all countries. Let the earth be specially balanced to bear their tread. Forward! Forward! Let the orchestra of the heavenly galleries play the grand march, joined by all the fifers, drummers, and military bands that ever sounded victory or defeat at Eylau or Borodino, Marathon or Thermopylae, Bunker Hill or Yorktown, Solferino or Balaclava, Sedan or Gettysburg, from the time that Joshua halted astronomy above Gibeon and Ajalon till the last man surrendered to Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir. Attention! companies, battalions, ages, centuries, and the universe. Forward in the grand review of the judgment! Forward!

Gracious and eternal God! On that day may it be found that we were all marching in the right regiment, and that we carried the right standard, and that we fought under the right commander; all heaven, some on amethystine battlement and others standing in shining gates, some on pearly shore and others in turreted heights, giving us the resounding million-

voiced cheer: "To him that overcometh." And our Commander and King, having reviewed the troops, all nations of heaven and earth will salute Him as the One who, standing so long in the sky with the sword of conquest stretched toward the earth, hath at last put it back with a mighty thrust and echoing clang into the sheath of universal victory.

SETTLED IN HEAVEN

Psalms, 119: 89: "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

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This world has been in process of change ever since it was created. Mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradle and grave. Once this planet was all fluid, and no being, such as you or I have ever seen, could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun, and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The earth's center of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the Arctic and there was snow in the Tropic. There has been a re-distribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of the air is different now from what it once was. Volcanoes once terribly alive are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor. The ocean changing its amount of saline qualities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surface. Upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

Moravians in Greenland have removed their boat poles because the advancing sea submerged them. Linnæus records that eighty-seven years before a rock was one hundred feet nearer the water than when he wrote. Forests have been buried by the sea, and land that was cultured by farmer's hoe can be touched only by sailor's anchor. Loch Nevis of Scotland, and Dingle Bay of Ireland, and the fjords of Norway, where pleasure boats now float, were once valleys and glens. Many of the islands of the sea are

the tops of sunken mountains. Six thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean are sinking. The diameter of the earth, according to scientific announcement, is one hundred and eighty-nine miles less than it was. The entire configuration of the earth is altered. Hills are denuded of their forests. The frosts and the waters and the air bombard the earth till it surrenders to the assault. The so-called "everlasting hills" do not last. Many railroad companies cease to build iron bridges because the iron has a life of its own, not a vegetable life or an animal life, but a metallic life, and when that life dies the bridge goes down. Oxidation of minerals is only another term for describing their death. Mosses and seaweeds help destroy the rocks they decorate.

The changes of the inanimate earth only symbolize the moral changes. Society ever becomes different for better or worse. Boundary lines between nations are settled until the next war unsettles them. Uncertainty strikes through laws and customs and legislation. The characteristic of this world is that nothing in it is settled. At a time when we hoped that the arbitration planned last summer at The Hague, Holland, would forever sheathe the sword and spike the gun and dismantle the fortress, the world has on hand two wars which are digging graves for the flower of English and American soldiery. From the presence of such geological and social and national and international unrest, we turn with thanksgiving and exultation to my text, and find that there are things forever settled, but in higher latitudes than we have ever trod. "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

High up in the palace of the sun at least five things are settled — that nations which go continuously and persistently wrong, perish; that happiness is the re-

sult of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment; that this world is a schoolhouse for splendid or disgraceful graduation; that with or without us the world is to be made over into a scene of arborescence and purity; that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off.

Do you doubt my first proposition, that nations which go wrong perish? We have in this American nation all the elements of permanence and destruction. We need not borrow from others any trowels for upbuilding or torches for demolition. Elements of ruin; Nihilism, infidelity, agnosticism, Sabbath desecration, inebriety, sensuality, extravagance, fraud. They are all here. Elements of safety: God-worshiping men and women by scores of millions, honesty, benevolence, truthfulness, self-sacrifice, industry, sobriety, and more religion than has characterized any nation that has ever existed. They are all here. The only question is as to which of the forces will gain dominancy. The one class ascendant, and this United States government, I think, will continue as long as the world exists. The other class ascendant, and the United States goes into such small pieces that other governments would hardly think them worth picking up.

Have you ever noticed the size of the Cemetery of Dead Nations, the vast Greenwood and Pere le Chaise, where mighty kingdoms were buried? Open the gate and walk through this cemetery and read the epitaphs. Here lies Carthage, born one hundred years before Rome, great commercial metropolis on the bay of Tunis, a part of an empire that gave the alphabet to the Greeks and their great language to the Hebrews; her arms the terror of nations, commanding at one

time sixteen thousand miles of coast; her Hamilcar leading forth thirty myriads, or three hundred thousand troops; her Hannibal carrying out in manhood the oath he had taken in boyhood to preserve eternal enmity to Rome, leaving costly and imposing monuments at Agrigentum a ghastly heap of ruins. Carthage! Her colonies on every coast, her ships plowing every sea. Carthage! Where are her splendors now? All extinguished. Where are her swords? The last one broken. Where are her towers and long ranges of magnificent architecture? Buried under the sands of the Bagradas. As ballast of foreign ships much of her radiant marble has been carried away to build the walls of trans-Mediterranean cathedrals, while other blocks have been blasted in modern times by the makers of the Tunis railway. And all of that great and mighty city and kingdom that the tourist finds to-day is here and there a broken arch of what was once a fifty-mile aqueduct. Our talented and genial friend, Henry M. Field, in one of his matchless books of travel, labors hard to prove that the slight ruins of that city are really worth visiting. Carthage buried in the Cemetery of Dead Nations. Not one altar to the true God did she rear. Not one of the Ten Commandments but she conspicuously violated. Her doom was settled in heaven when it was decided far back in the eternities that the nation and kingdom that will not serve God shall perish.

Walk on in the Cemetery of Nations and see the long lines of tombs: Thebes and Tyre and Egypt and Babylon and Medo-Persian and Macedonian and Saxon heptarchy — great nations, small nations, nations that lived a year, and nations that lived five hundred years.

Our own nations will be judged by the same moral

laws by which all other nations have been judged. The judgment day for individuals will probably come far on in the future. Judgment day for nations is every day. Every day weighed, every day approved, or every day condemned. Never before in the history of this country has the American nation been more surely in the balances than it is this minute. Do right and we go up. Do wrong and we go down. I am not so anxious to know what this statesman or that warrior thinks we had better do with Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, as I am anxious to know what God thinks we had better do. The destiny of this nation will not be decided on yonder Capitoline hill or at Manila, or at the presidential ballot-box, for it will be settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in the same high place is that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment. If we who may sometimes have a thousand dollars to invest find it such a perplexity to know what to do with it, and soon after find that we invested it where principal and interest have gone down through roguery or panic, what must be the worriment of those having millions to invest, and whose losses correspond in magnitude with their resources! People who have their three or four dollars a day wages are just as happy as those who have an income of five hundred thousand dollars a year. Sometimes happiness is seated on a footstool, and sometimes misery on the throne. All the gold of earth in one chunk cannot purchase five minutes of complete satisfaction. Worldly success is an atmosphere that breeds the maggots of envy and jealousy and hate. There are those who will never forgive you if you have more emoluments or honor or ease than they have. To take you down is the dominant wish of most of those who are not as high as you are.

They will spend hours and days and years to entrap you. They will hover around newspaper offices to get one mean line printed depreciating you. Your heaven is their hell.

A dying president of the United States said many years ago, in regard to his lifetime of experience, "It don't pay." The leading statesmen of America, in letters of advice, warn young men to keep out of politics. Many of the most successful have tried in vain to down their troubles in strong drink. On the other hand, there are millions of people who on departing this life will have nothing to leave but a good name and a life insurance, whose illumined faces are indices of illumined souls. They wish everybody well. When the fire-bell rings they do not go to the window at midnight to see if it is their store that is on fire, for they never owned a store; and when the September equinox is abroad they do not worry lest their ships founder in a gale, for they never owned a ship; and when the nominations are made for high political office they are not fearful that their name will be overlooked, for they never applied for office. There is so much heartiness and freedom from care in their laughter that when you hear it you are compelled to laugh in sympathy, although you know not what they are laughing about.

When the children of that family assemble in the sitting-room of the old homestead to hear the father's will read, they are not fearful of being cut off with a million and a half dollars, for the old man never owned anything more than the farm of seventy-five acres, which yielded only enough plainly to support the household. They have more happiness in one month than many have in a whole lifetime. Would to God I had the capacity to explain to you on how little a man can be happy, and on how much he may

be wretched! Get your heart right, and all is right. Keep you heart wrong, and all is wrong. That is a principle settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in that high place is that this world is a schoolhouse or college for splendid or disgraceful graduation. We begin in the freshman class of good or evil, and then pass into the sophomore, and then into the junior, and then into the senior, and from that we graduate angels or devils. In many colleges there is an "elective course," where the student selects what he will study — mathematics, or the languages, or chemistry, or philosophy; and it is an elective course we all take in the schoolhouse or university of this world.

We may study sin until we are saturated with it, or righteousness until we are exemplifications of it. Graduate we all must, but we decide for ourselves the style of graduation. It is an elective course. We can study generosity until our every word and every act and every contribution of money or time will make the world better, or we may study meanness until our soul shall shrink up to a smallness unimaginable. We may, under God, educate ourselves into a self-control that nothing can anger, or into an irascibility that will ever and anon keep our face flushed with wrath and every nerve aquiver. Great old schoolhouse of a world, in which we are all being educated for glory or perdition!

Some have wondered why graduation day in college is called "commencement day," when it is the last day of college exercises, but graduation days are properly called commencement days. To all the graduates it is the commencement of active life, and our graduation day from earth will be to us commencement of our chief life, our larger life, our more tremendous life, our eternal life. But what a day

commencement day on earth is! The student never sees any day like it — at any rate, I never did. Old Niblo's theatre in New York comes back to me. The gowned and tassel-hatted professors behind us, and our kindred and friends before us and above us, and the air redolent with garlands to be thrown us. What a commencement day it was for all of us about to graduate! But mightier day will it be when we graduate from this world. Will it be hisses of condemnation or handclapping of approval? Will there be flung to us nettles or wreaths? Will it be a resounding "Come," or a reverberating "Depart"?

In the real college, before graduation and commencement comes examination day, and before our graduation and commencement will come examination. It will be asked what we have been doing, what we have learned under the tutelage of years of joy and sorrow, and under the teaching of the Holy Ghost are we educated for heaven. Have we done our best with the curriculum of study put before every mortal and immortal? Oh! this world is not the terminus of a journey. It is not a theatre on whose stage we are enacting the tragic or comic. It is a schoolhouse for splendid or disgraceful graduation, and death is commencement. All that is settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in the high places of the universe is that this world, with or without us, will be made over into a scene of aborescence and purity. Do not think that such a consummation depends upon our personal fidelity. It will be done anyhow. God's cause does not go a-begging. If all the soldiers of Jesus Christ now living should become deserters and go over to the enemy, that would not defeat the cause. A large part of the Bible is taken up with telling us what the world will be. There is a large army, human and angelic, now in the field, but God's

reserve forces are more numerous and more mighty than those now at the front. And if he could in Gideon's time rout the Midianites with a crash of crockery, and if he could in Shamgar's time overcome a host with an ox-goad, and if in Samson's time he could defeat an army with a bleached jawbone, and if the walls of Jericho went down under a blast of perforated ram's horn, and if in Christ's day blind eyes were cured by ointment of spittle, then God can do anything he says he will do. As yet, he has taken only one sword, out of a whole army of weapons. Do not get nervous, as if the Lord were going to be defeated. The redemption of these hemispheres was settled in heaven, and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Habakkuk and Malachi and St. John only reported what the Lord God Almighty had decided upon. My only fear is that our regiment will not get into the fight to do something worthy of the Christ who redeemed us, and we be left in lazy encampment at Tampa, when we ought to have been at Santiago.

Oh, that coming day of the world's perfection! The earth will be so changed that the sermonology will be changed. There will be no more calls to repentance, for all will have repented. No more gathering of alms for the poor, for the poor will have been enriched. No hospital Sunday, for disjointed bones will have been set and the wounds all healed, and the incurable diseases of other times will have been overcome by a materia medica, and a pharmacy, and a dentistry, and a therapeutics that have conquered everything that afflicted nerve, or lung, or tooth, or eye, or limb. Healthology complete and universal. The poultice, and the ointment, and the panacea, and the catholicon, and the surgeon's knife, and the dentist's forceps, and the scientist's X-ray will have fulfilled their mission. The social life of the world will

be perfected. In that millennial age, I imagine ourselves standing in front of a house lighted for levee. We enter among groups filled with gladness, and talking good sense, and rallying each other in pleasantries, and in every possible way forwarding good neighborhood. No looking askance; no whispered backbiting; no strut of pretension; no oblivion of some one's presence because you do not want to know him. Each one happy, determined on making some one else happy. Words of honest appreciation instead of hollow flattery. Suavities and genialities, instead of inflations and pomposities. Equipage and upholstery and sculpture and painting paid for. Two hours of mental and moral improvement. All the guests able to walk as steadily down the steps of that mansion as when they ascended them. No awakening the next morning with aching head and bloodshot eye, and incompetent for the day's duties. The social life as prefect as refinement and common sense, and culture, and prosperity, and religion can make it. The earth made better than it was at the start. And all through gospelizing influences, directly or indirectly.

I suppose the greatest tidal wave that ever rolled the seas was that which in 1868 was started by the Peruvian earthquake. At Arica, Peru, the wave was fifty feet high, and swung warships a mile forward on the land. At San Pedro, California, the wave was sixty feet high. It moved on to the Sandwich Islands and submerged some of them, and beat against the shores of New Zealand, and rolled up the beach of Japan, and stopped not until it had encircled the entire globe. Oh, what a wave! But the earthquake that shook the mountain where our Lord died started a higher and swifter and mightier tidal wave that will roll round and round the earth until all its rebellions and abominations have gone under.

That was an exciting scene after the battle of Bosworth, which was fought between Richard III and the Earl of Richmond, the King falling and the Earl triumphing, when Lord Stanley brought the crown and handed it to the Earl, seated on horseback, while the dying and the dead of the battle were lying all around. But it is a more thrilling spectacle as we look forward through the centuries and see the last armed and imperial iniquity of the world slain and the crown of universal victory put upon the conqueror on the white horse of the apocalypse, and all nations "hail the power of Jesus' name." That the whole earth will be redeemed is one of the things long ago settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in that high place is that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off. The old adage says that "Beggars must not be choosers," and the human race in its depleted state had better not be critical of the mode by which God would empalace all of us. I could easily think of a plan more complimentary to our fallen humanity than that which is called the "plan of salvation." If God had allowed us to do part of the work of recovery, and he to do the rest; if we could do three-quarters of it and he do the last quarter; if we could accomplish most of it and he just put on the finishing touches, many could look with more complacency upon the projected reinstatement of the human family. No, no! We must have our pride subjugated, our stubborn will made flexible and a supernatural power demonstrated in us at every step. A pretty plan of salvation that would be, of human draughting and manufacturing! It would be a doxology sung to ourselves. God must have all the glory. Not one step of our heavenly throne made

by earthly carpentry. Not one string could we twist of the harp of our eternal rejoicing. Accept all as an unmerited donation from the skies, or we will never have it at all.

"Now," says some one, "if Christ is the only way what about the heathen, who had never heard of him?" But you are not heathen, and why divert us from the question of our personal salvation? Satan is always introducing something irrelevant. He wants to take it out of a personality into an abstraction. Get our own salvation settled, and then we will discuss the salvation of other people. "But," says some one, "what percentage of the human race will be saved?" What will be the comparative number saved and lost?" There Satan thrusts in the mathematics of redemption. He suggests that you find out the mathematical proportion of the redeemed. But be not deceived. I am now discussing the eternal welfare of only two persons, yourself and myself. Get ourselves right, before we bother ourselves about getting others right. O, Christ, come hither and master our case! Here are our sins — pardon them; our wounds — heal them; our burdens — lift them; our sorrows — comfort them. We want the Christ of Bartimeus to open our blind eyes, the Christ of Martha to help us in our domestic cares, the Christ of Olivet to help us to preach our sermons, the Christ of Lake Galilee to still our tempests, the Christ of Lazarus to raise our dead. Not too tired is He to come, though He has on His whipped shoulders so long carried the world's woe, and on His lacerated feet walked this way to accept our salutation.

By the bloody throes of the mountain on which Jesus died, and by the sepulchre where His mutilated body was enclosed in darkened crypt, and by the Olivet from which He arose, while astonished disciples clutched for His robes to detain Him in their com-

panionship, and by the radiant and omnipotent throne on which He sits, waiting for the coming of all those whose redemption was settled in heaven, I implore you to bow your head in immediate and final submission. Once exercise sorrow for what you have done, and exercise trust in Him for what He is willing to do, and all is well for both worlds. Then you can swing out defiance to all opposition, human and diabolic. In conquering His foes he conquered yours. And have you noticed that passage in Colossians that represents Him "having despoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them, openly triumphing," so bringing before us that overwhelming spectacle of a Roman triumph?

When Pompey landed at Brindisi, Italy, returned from his victories, he disbanded the brave men who had fought under him and sent them rejoicing to their homes, and entering Rome his emblazoned chariot was followed by princes in chains from kingdoms he had conquered, and flowers, such as only grew under those Italian skies, strewed the way, and he came under arches inscribed with the names of battlefields on which he had triumphed, and rode by columns which told of the fifteen hundred cities he had destroyed, and the twelve million people he had conquered or slain. Then the banquet was spread, and out of the chalices filled to the brim they drank to the health of the conqueror. Belisarius, the great soldier, returned from his military achievements, and was robed in purple, and in the procession were brought golden thrones and pillars of precious stones, and the furniture of royal feasts, and amid the splendors of kingdoms overcome he was hailed to the hippodrome by shouts such as had seldom rung through the capital. Then also came the convivialities. In the year 274 Aurelian made his entrance to Rome in triumphal car, in which he stood, while a winged figure of victory

held a wreath above his head. Zenobia, captive queen of Palmyra, walked behind his chariot, her person encircled with fetters of gold, under the weight of which she nearly fainted, but still a captive. And there were in the procession two hundred lions and tigers and beasts of many lands, and sixteen hundred gladiators excused from the cruel amphitheatre that they might decorate the day, and Persian and Arabian and Ethiopian ambassadors were in the procession, and the long lines of captives — Egyptians, Syrians, Gauls, Goths, and Vandals.

It was to such scenes as that the New Testament refers when it speaks of Christ "having despoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them, openly triumphing." But, Oh, the difference in those triumphs! The Roman triumph represented arrogance, cruelty, oppression, and wrong, but Christ's triumph meant emancipation and holiness and joy. The former was a procession of groans accompanied by a clank of chains, the other a procession of hosannas by millions set forever free. The only shackled ones of Christ's triumph will be Satan and his cohorts tied to our Lord's chariot wheel, with all the abominations of all the earth bound for an eternal captivity. Then will come a feast, in which the chalices will be filled "with the new wine of the kingdom." Under arches commemorative of all the battles in which the bannered armies of the church militant through thousands of years of struggle have at last won the day, Jesus will ride, Conqueror of earth and hell and heaven. Those armies, disbanded, will take palaces and thrones. "And they shall come from the East, and the West, and the North, and the South, and sit down in the kingdom of God," and may you and I, through the pardoning and sanctifying grace of Christ, be guests at that royal banquet!

INDEXES

INDEXES

PREFATORY NOTE

A glance at the following Indexes will show their purpose and value. The **Texts** of Sermons are first given in Biblical order, they then appear in conjunction with the **Titles** of Sermons in alphabetical order. The titles are indexed as fully as cross-references will permit. The Index of **Anecdotal** and **Historical Illustrations** will afford a mine of wealth to the preacher, Sunday-school teacher and Christian worker. In the Index of **Subjects** those dwelt upon at any length will be found in groups, while others more lightly touched upon are dismissed with a line. While nothing short of a concordance would exhibit all the variety of Dr. Talmage's presentations of truth, familiarity with these Indexes will prove their thoroughly practical and comprehensive character.

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